

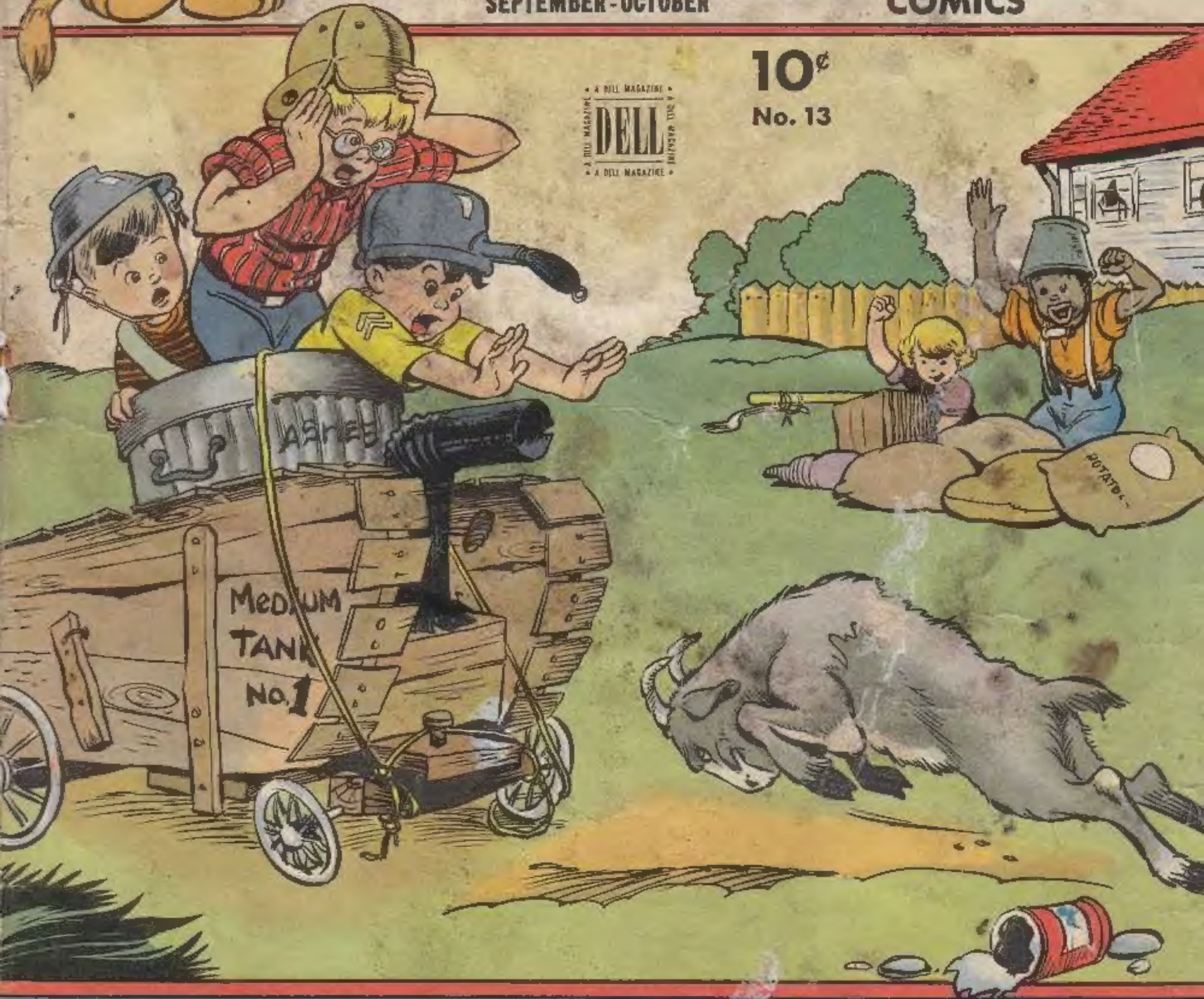
Our Gang

SEPTEMBER - OCTOBER

COMICS

10¢
No. 13

• A DELL MAGAZINE •
DELL
• A DELL MAGAZINE •



TOM and Jerry

BELIEVE ME, TUFFY, WHEN I GET THROUGH DEVELOPING MY MUSCLES, OL' TOMCAT HAD BETTER WATCH OUT!

I'M GONNA WORK FROM THE GROUND UP AN' DEVELOP MY TOE MUSCLE FIRST!

HEH HEH!
HEH HEH!

THUMP

WIGGLE
WIGGLE

ALL RIGHT, WISE GUY, LAUGH! BUT JUST WATCH WHAT I DO TO THAT CAT!

ZZZ
ZZ

BANG! ★★
CRASH!
YOW! ★★

ZZZ
ZZ

HOW CAN A GUY GET ANY REST AROUND HERE?

HELP!

PLOP!

OW!

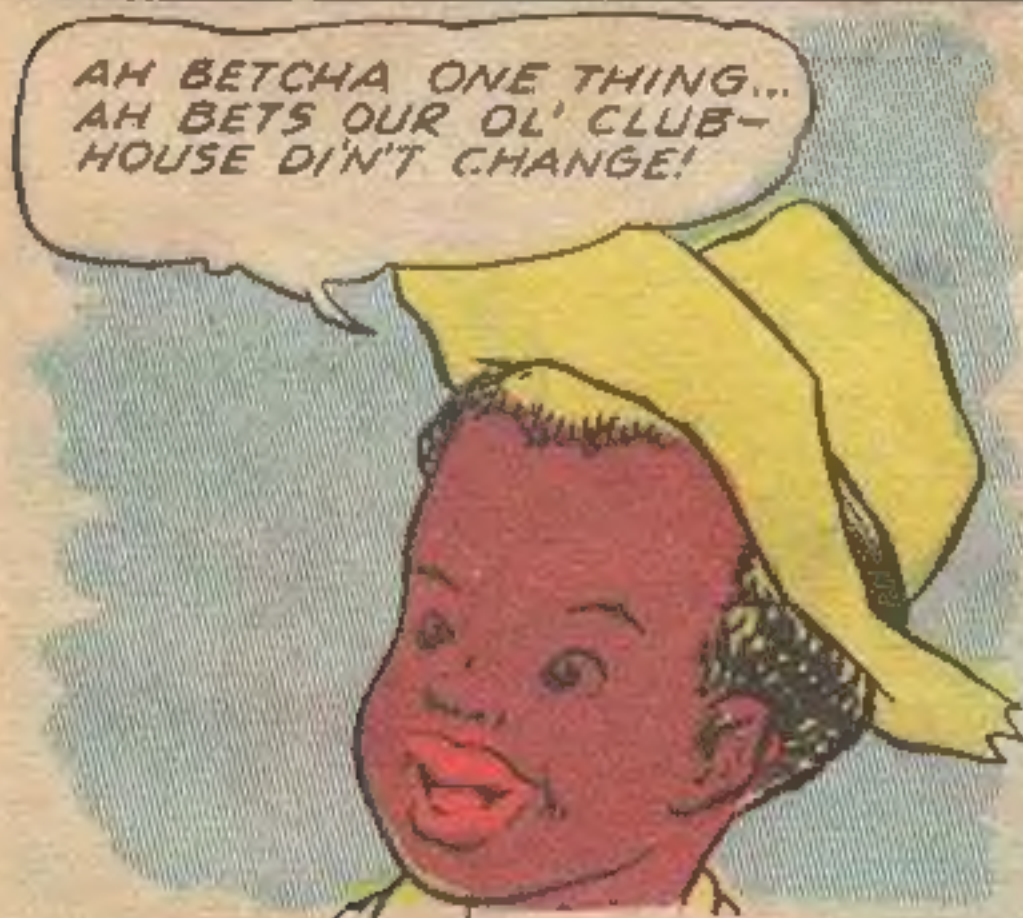
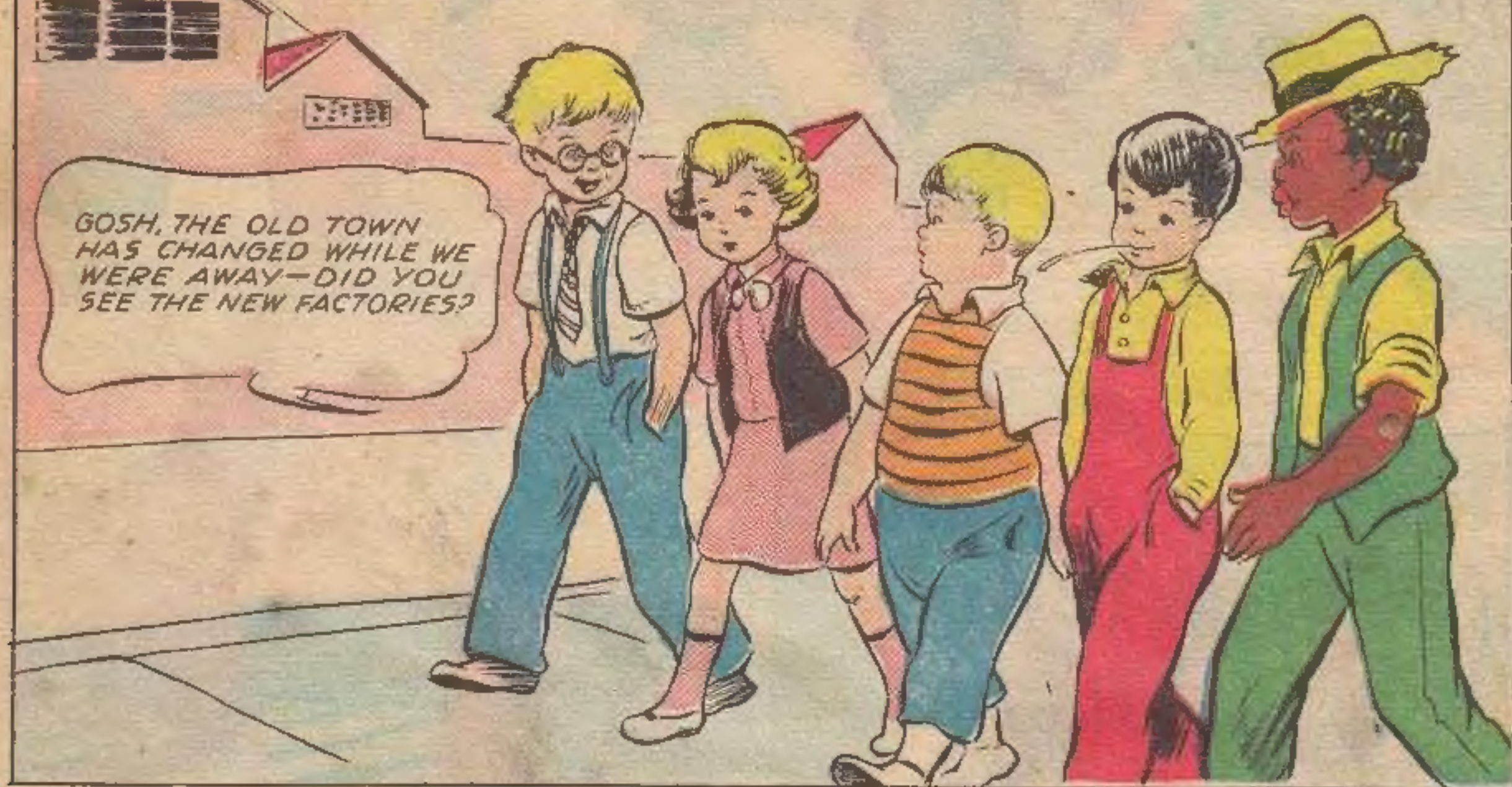
HELP!

MUSCLES - PHOOEY!!

OW!
OW!

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PRESENTS...

Our Gang



THIS IS A GREAT HONOR—THEY'RE GONNA MAKE SHRAPNEL OUT OF OUR HEADQUARTERS AND DELIVER IT TO THE JAPS!

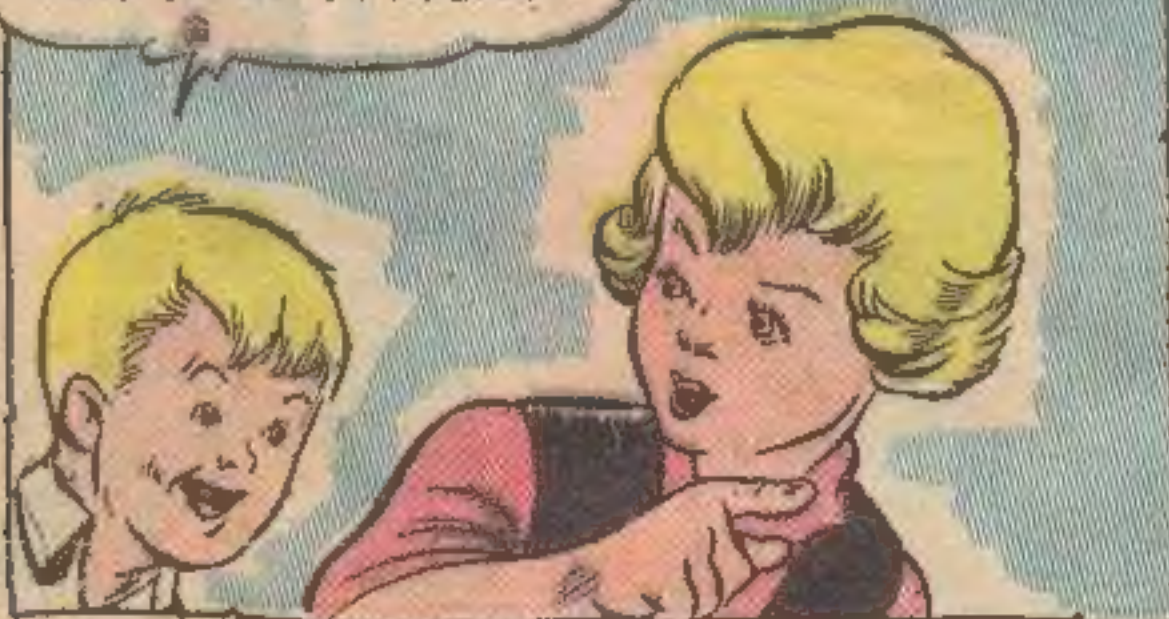
HOORAY! MAYBE THEY'LL DROP IT ON TOKYO!

HOT DOG! WE CAN HANG A STAR IN THE WINDOW OF OUR NEXT CLUB!



COME ON...LET'S GO LOOK FOR A NEW SITE FOR OUR NEW CLUBHOUSE.

OUR OLD CLUBHOUSE WAS SURE A SIGHT!



HELLO, MR. SLATER... WE WONDERED IF WE COULD BUILD OUR CLUBHOUSE ON YOUR VACANT LOT.

NO!



MORNIN', MISS SIMPSON! CAN WE BUILD OUR CLUBHOUSE DOWN BACK OF YOUR OLD BARN?

MERCY, NO! GOODBYE!

GOLLY PETUNIA! WHAT'S GOIN' ON? EVERYBODY ACTS LIKE WE WERE ENEMY AGENTS!

YEH. NOBODY WANTS US AROUND!

HERE COMES JANET AND SHE LOOKS MAD!

AW, SHUCKS!



KNOW WHAT'S THE MATTER? EVERYBODY'S DOWN ON ANY KIDS AROUND HERE BECAUSE THERE'S BEEN SO MUCH JOO-VEN-ILE DE-LINKRACY GOIN' ON!

YOU MEAN JUVENILE DELINQUENCY—BUT WE'VE NOT DONE ANYTHING WRONG!

I MEAN I'M GOOD AN' MAD—AN' BESIDES, THAT'S AN AWFUL BIG WORD TO USE FOR JUST PLAIN BAD KIDS!





THERE'S BEEN A LOT OF MISCHIEF CAUSED BY A BUNCH OF HOODLUMS.

THEY'VE GIVEN ALL KIDS A BAD NAME BY CAUSING TROUBLE... NO GROWN PERSON WILL TRUST ANY BOYS OR GIRLS.

WELL, PEOPLE CAN'T BLAME US FOR THINGS WE HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH— LET'S GO ASK MY UNCLE HORACE ABOUT THAT STONE STABLE AT THE REAR OF HIS PLACE.



WE'LL MAKE AN ATHLETIC CLUB OUT OF IT... HE'LL APPROVE OF THAT 'CAUSE HE SAYS ATHLETICS BUILD CHARACTER AS WELL AS MUSCLE.

YOU SAY YOU'D LIKE TO MAKE IT INTO A CLUB FOR YOUNG FOLKS, EH? WELL, I DUNNO, HAPPY.

BUT JUST THINK, UNCLE HORACE THAT STONE STABLE MIGHT MAKE A LOT OF CHILDREN HAPPIER... THEY MIGHT GET INTO TROUBLE WITH NOTHING TO DO...



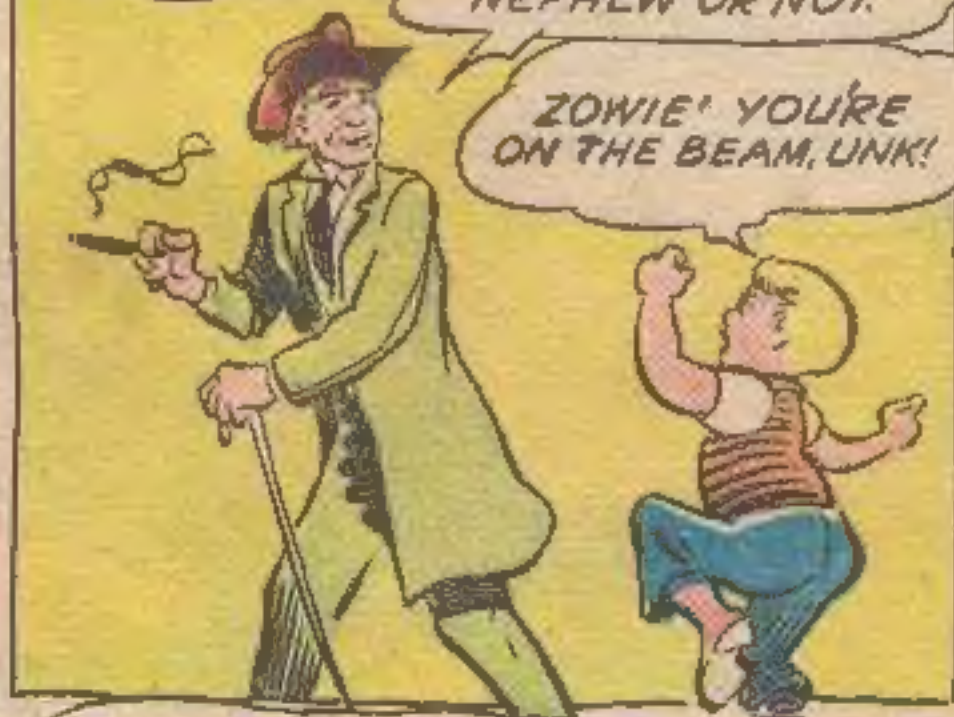
WELL, I'VE HEARD SO MUCH ABOUT YOUNG KIDS CAUSING TROUBLE, I THINK THIS NEXT CROP OF YOUNG 'UNS IS A TOTAL LOSS.

YOU MEAN ME TOO? YOUR OWN GENUINE 14 KARAT FLESH AN' BLOOD NEPHEW? WHY, UNCLE HORACE!

ALL RIGHT, GO AHEAD—BUT MARK MY WORDS. AT THE FIRST SIGN OF TROUBLE OUT YOU GO—14 KARAT FLESH AND BLOOD NEPHEW OR NOT.



ZOWIE! YOU'RE ON THE BEAM, UNK!



WE'LL HAVE IT FIXED UP IN A HALF A DAY.

LOOK! I'VE GOT A REAL PUNCHIN' BAG!

HELLO, THERE... WHAT'RE YOU DOING, BUILDING A SKYSCRAPER?

UH—OH, HELLO!





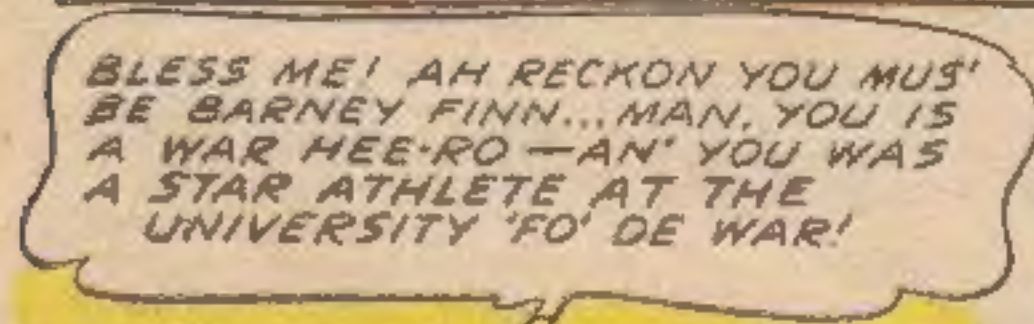
NO-UM-WE WERE BUILDING A ATHLETIC CLUB FOR KIDS.

SAY, THAT'S A GOOD IDEA!

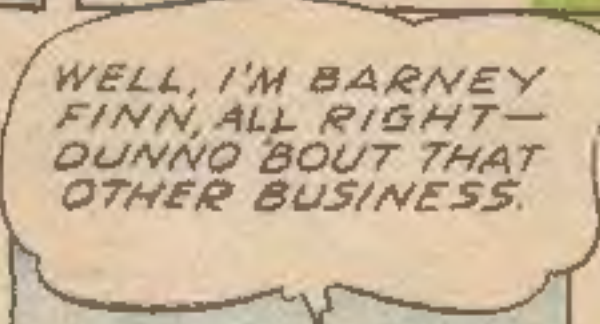


YOU'RE A RETURNED SOLDIER, AREN'T YOU?

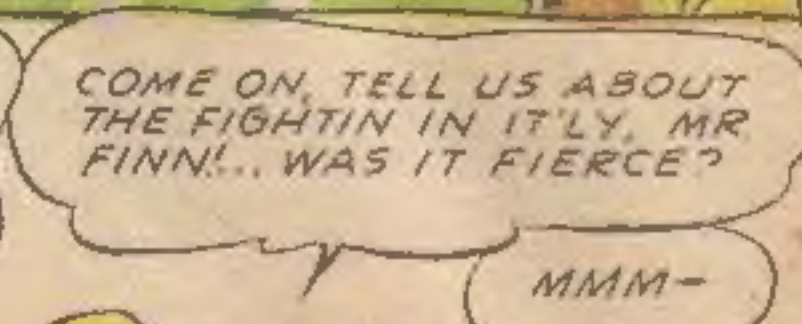
YEAH... DO YOU MIND IF I SIT HERE AND WATCH YOU? I USED TO BELONG TO AN ATHLETIC CLUB MYSELF.



BLESS ME! AH RECKON YOU MUS' BE BARNEY FINN... MAN, YOU IS A WAR HEE-RO -AN' YOU WAS A STAR ATHLETE AT THE UNIVERSITY 'FO' DE WAR!



WELL, I'M BARNEY FINN, ALL RIGHT - DUNNO BOUT THAT OTHER BUSINESS.



COME ON, TELL US ABOUT THE FIGHTIN IN IT'LY, MR. FINN!... WAS IT FIERCE?

MMM-



TELL YOU WHAT I'LL DO! YOU JUST DON'T ASK ME ANY QUESTIONS ABOUT THAT STUFF AND I'LL ACT AS YOUR COACH OR PHYSICAL INSTRUCTOR FOR THE ATHLETIC CLUB YOU'RE STARTING.



OKAY, COACH. GET A LOAD OF THIS HERE FEET WORKS!...AH GONNA BE A REGULAR JOE LOUIS WHEN AH ADDS TO MAH CORPUSCULARITY.



MEETING CALLED TO ORDER ALL THOSE IN FAVOR OF MR. FINN BEIN' COACH SAY "AYE" THE AYES GOT IT MEETIN' IS ADJOURNED!



MEANWHILE

WHAT GOES DOWN BY THE OL' STABLE, JUGEARS? LOOKS LIKE A CLAM BAKE!

THAT'S THE GANG KIDS - THEY'RE BACK AN' FULL OF GOOD DEEDS, NO DOUBT.

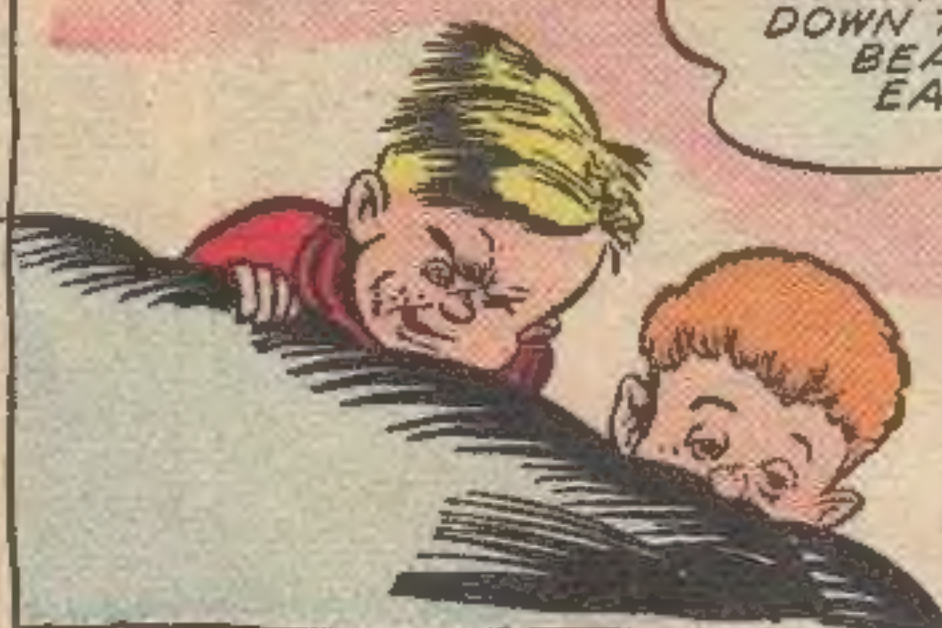
IS THAT THE BUNCH OF JERKS WHO STAMP AROUND PLAYIN' BOY SCOUTS AND MAKIN' LIKE A FLOCK OF ANGELS?

THAT, JAXON, IS WHAT THE MAN SAY-THAT'S WHAT HE SAY...



OH, BROTHER! WHAT A SQUAD OF SQUARES! WHAT CAN WE DO TO COOL OFF THOSE COOKIES?

LET'S GET BRUISER KINCAID AND A FEW OTHERS... WE'LL GO DOWN THERE AND BEAT THEIR EARS OFF!



WHAT A TRIGGER MIND! WHAT SUBTILITY! YOU FIX WATCHES WITH SLEDGE HAMMERS - BUT LEAVE THE BRAIN WORK TO ME!

AAAH - IN YOUR EYE, MUSCLE HEAD! I CAN THINK BETTER THAN YOU WITH ONE BRAIN TIED BEHIND MY BACK!



H'LO, RATS, WHAT'S COOKIN'?

HI, BRUISER - WE'RE WHIPPIN' UP SOME WAY TO SOFTEN UP THE GANG KIDS - THEY MOVED INTO THAT OL' STABLE WE WUZ GONNA USE FOR A PLACE TO HANG OUT.



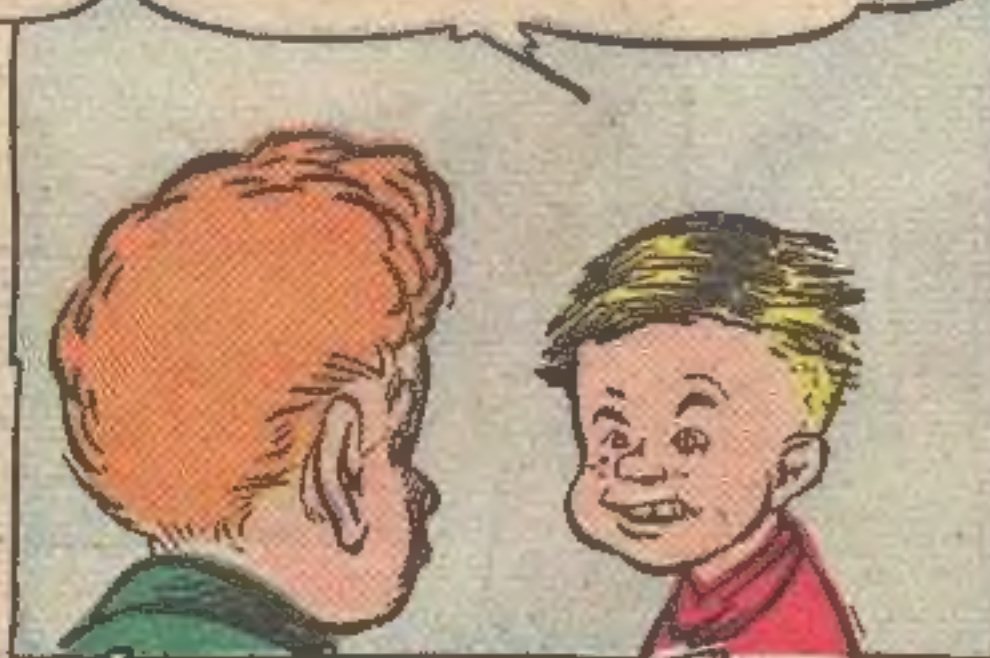
AAH - THAT'S AS SIMPLE AS THE LOOK ON YER PUSS - IF TH' GANG'S IN THE STABLE, TH' OL' GEEZER WHAT OWNS IT LET 'EM HAVE IT...

SO THIS!... YOUR GAG IS TO SOUR THE OLD GUY ON THE KIDS - GO BUST HIS WINDOWS AND BLAME IT ON THE GANG!

YA SEE, FLAT HEAD? THEN THE OLD GUY WILL FLING THOSE POTATOES OUT OF THE STABLE - AN' WE'LL TAKE OVER.



SO WHAT?



COME, SMALL FRY - I'LL SHOW YOU HOW TO REALLY CRAB THEIR ACT... YOU'D ONLY PUT YOUR FOOT IN THE FIDDLE.

FIRST OF ALL, SEE ALL THOSE STONES LINING UNCLE HORACE'S DRIVEWAY? JUST GATHER 'EM UP, ME BUCKOS!



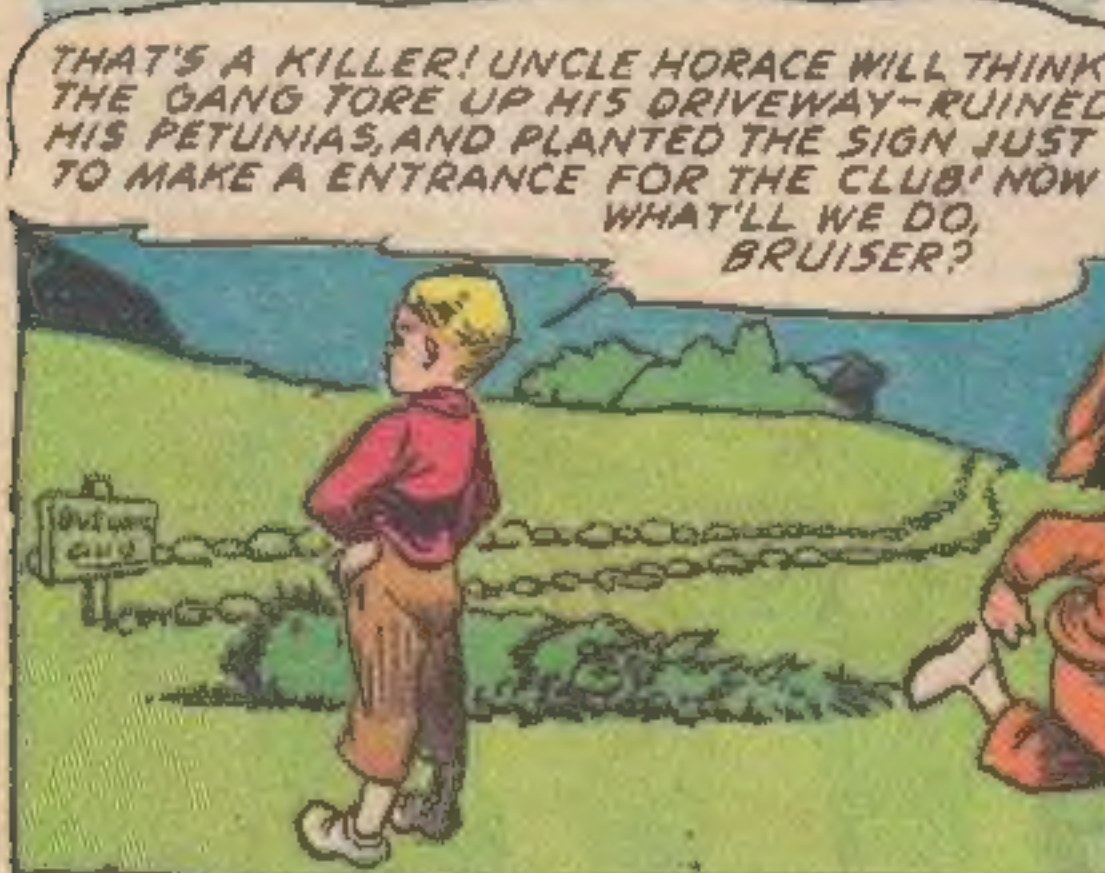


NOW YOU HELP ME CLEAR AN OPENING THROUGH THIS BORDER OF PLANTS—THE OTHER GUYS CAN LAY THE STONES OVER TOWARD THE STABLE...



NOW THAT WE LOUSED UP THE JOINT WE'LL PLANT THIS SIGN—THIS'LL REALLY GUM UP THE GAME!

HOT ZAM!



THAT'S A KILLER! UNCLE HORACE WILL THINK THE GANG TORE UP HIS DRIVEWAY—RUINED HIS PETUNIAS, AND PLANTED THE SIGN JUST TO MAKE A ENTRANCE FOR THE CLUB! NOW WHAT'LL WE DO, BRUISER?



NOW WE RUN LIKE A PAIR OF 10¢ SILK STOCKINGS!

WE'LL READ ABOUT IT IN THE PAPERS—I'M NOT STICKIN' AROUND!



NEXT MORNING

GREAT SUFFERING MOSES! WHO DID THAT?



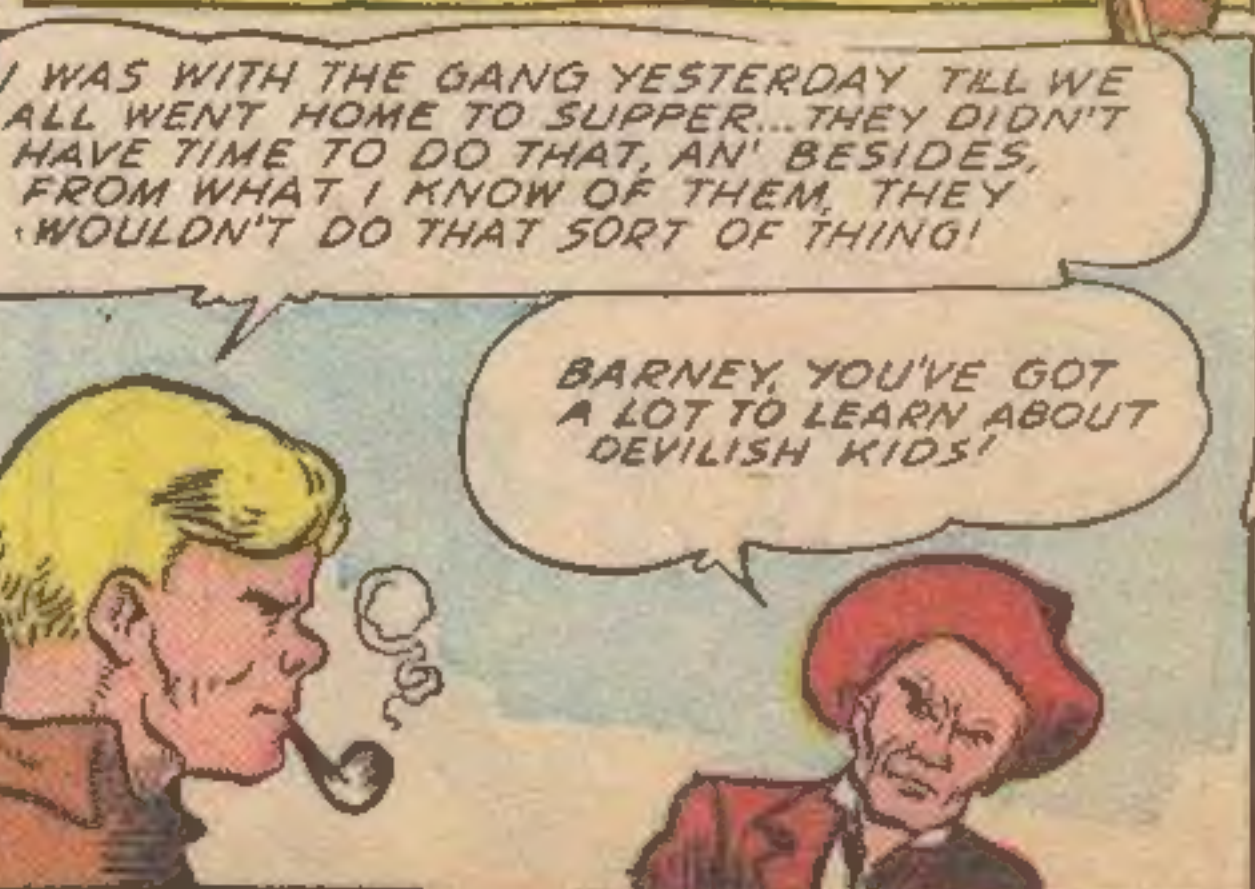
CLUB FOR RECREATION, BAH! CLUB FOR DESTRUCTION—THAT'S WHAT! THOSE RAPSCALLIONS CAN'T BE TRUSTED—I'LL—I'LL—!

WHAT'S THE TROUBLE, MR. GRIMES?



TROUBLE ENOUGH, BARNEY! THAT NO-GOOD NEPHEW OF MINE MISLED ME! LOOK WHAT HE AND HIS GANG DID TO MY DRIVE AND TO MY PETUNIAS!

THAT'S STRANGE!



I WAS WITH THE GANG YESTERDAY TILL WE ALL WENT HOME TO SUPPER...THEY DIDN'T HAVE TIME TO DO THAT, AN' BESIDES, FROM WHAT I KNOW OF THEM, THEY WOULDN'T DO THAT SORT OF THING!

BARNEY, YOU'VE GOT A LOT TO LEARN ABOUT DEVILISH KIDS!



AHA! THERE YOU ARE, YOU YOUNG VILLAIN!... YOU CLEAR YOUR GANG OUT OF THAT STABLE AND MAKE IT SNAPPY BEFORE I CANE YOU ALL!

WHY—WHAT'S WRONG, UNCLE HORACE?



YOU MEAN YOU DON'T KNOW? WHY, YOU LITTLE—

B-BUT WE DIDN'T DO A THING—AN' IF YOU MEAN WE TORE UP THOSE PLANTS, WE NEVER TOUCHED 'EM, HONEST!



IF YOU'LL PARDON ME, MR. GRIMES, PERHAPS THE GANG AND I CAN STRAIGHTEN THIS OUT. THERE'S APPARENTLY MORE TO IT THAN MEETS THE EYE.

SOMETHING WILL MEET YOUR EYE, HAPPY, TOMORROW MORNING, IF THIS ISN'T CLEARED UP!

AH BETCHA SOME OF DEM JOO-VENILE DE-FREQUENCIES COME IN TO SPOIL THINGS FO' US!

YES, NO DOUBT SOMEBODY'S JEALOUS OF YOUR CLUB.

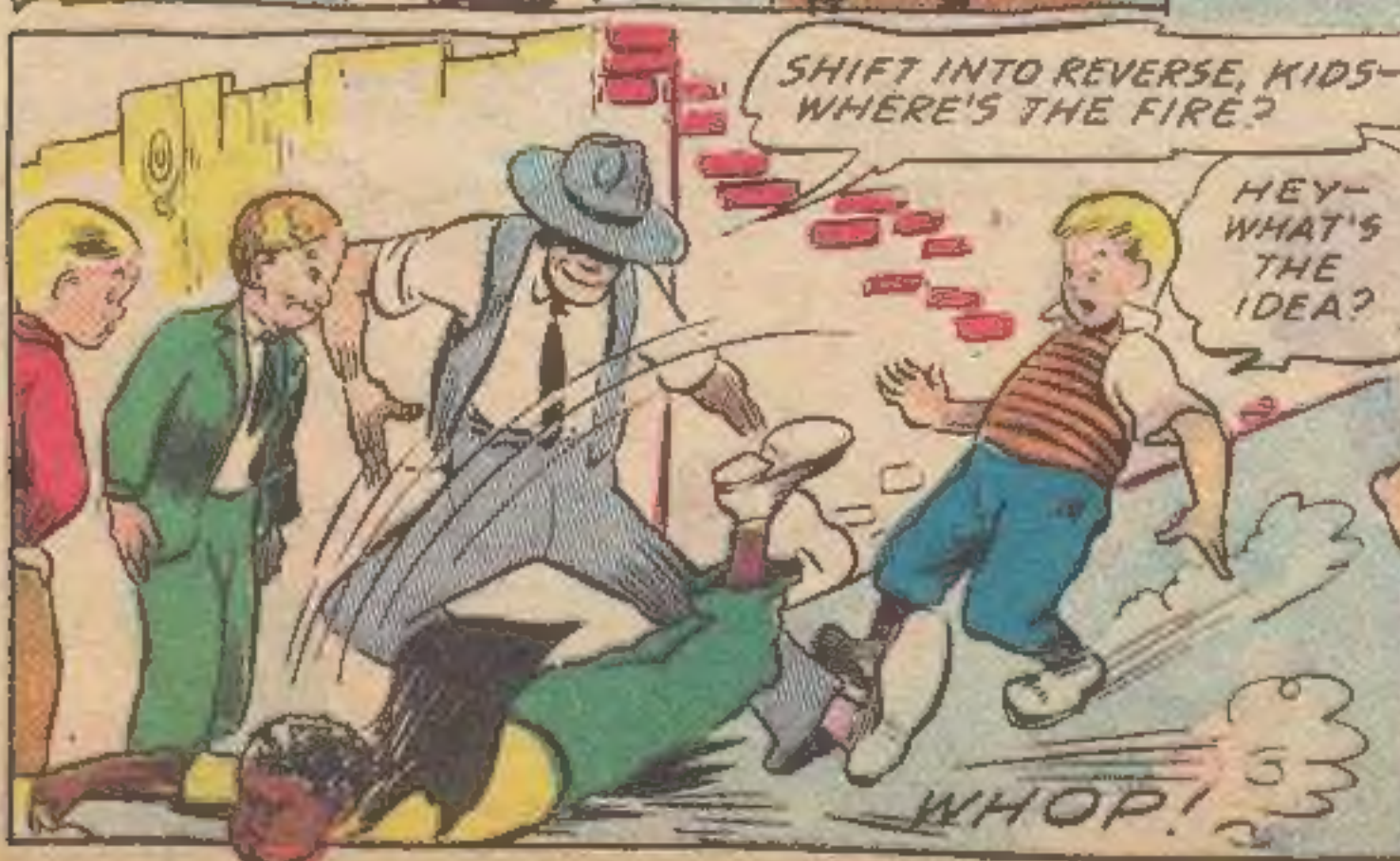


WHY DON'T YOU ROUND UP THE REST OF THE GANG AND TRY TO FIND OUT WHAT KIDS MIGHT HAVE IT IN FOR YOU... MEANWHILE I'LL ASK AROUND THE NEIGHBORHOOD AND SEE IF ANYONE CAUGHT SIGHT OF THE BOYS WHO DID THE DAMAGE.

OKAY, COACH!

HOW COME FOLKS DO LIKE THAT?

USUALLY 'CAUSE THEY'RE JEALOUS OF SOMEBODY ELSE—OR SOMETHING.



SHIFT INTO REVERSE, KIDS—WHERE'S THE FIRE?

HEY—WHAT'S THE IDEA?

H'LO, MR. THREE BY THREE! HOW'S THE ATHLETE TODAY?

UH—WHAT?

WHOP!

HOW DO YA LIKE THAT FOR ATHLETICS, FATSTUFF?



YOU LEAVE HIM ALONE—
OOOF-OUCH-HEY!!



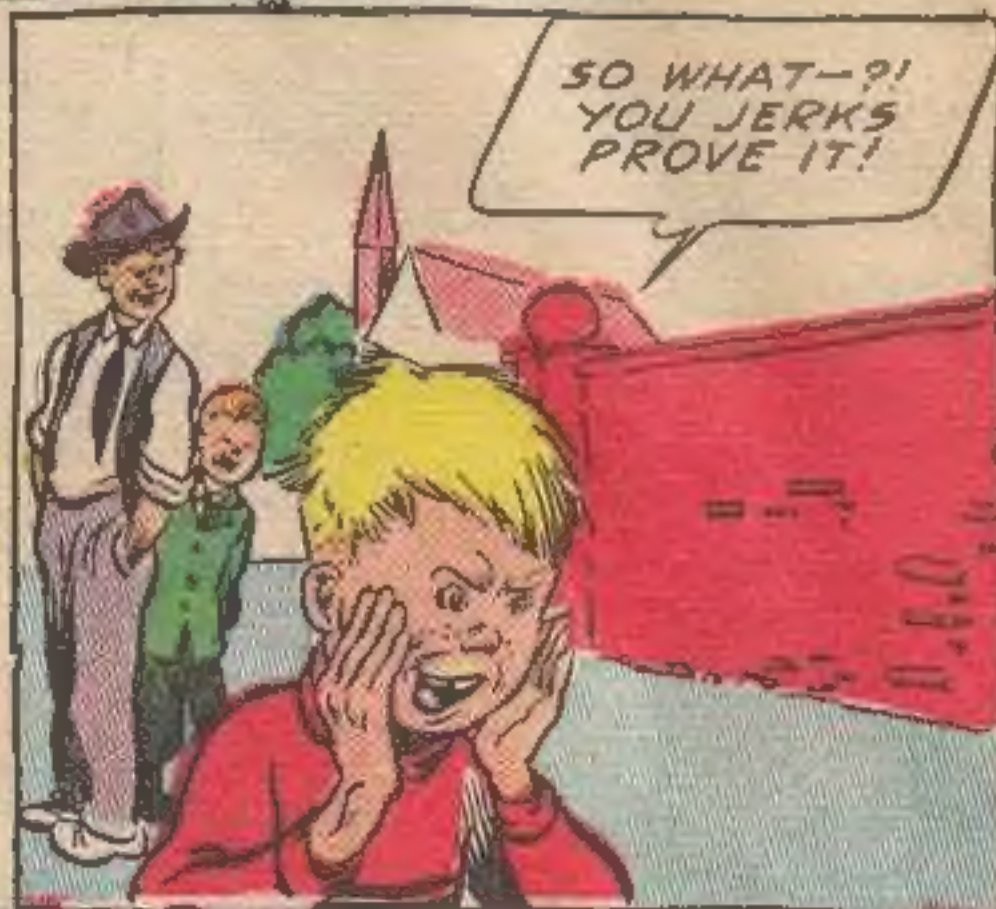
LET THAT TEACH YOUSE
GUYS! KEEP OUTA OUR
TERRITORY!

YOU PROB'LY
RUINED UNCLE
HORACE'S LAWN AND
DRIVEWAY, TOO!

AH IS
DAID!



SO WHAT—?!
YOU JERKS
PROVE IT!



COME ON, BUCKWHEAT—WE'LL GET
FROGGIE 'N' MICKEY 'N' JANET—

JES' GIT ME A
DOCTOR! AH IS
DISCOMBOBERATED!

YOU KNOW WHUT'S
BETTER? GIT DAT
OL' GOAT OF OURS...
HE'S A GOOD 'NOUGH
FIGHTER TO BEAT
UP HITLER!



HAPPY TELLS THE STORY.

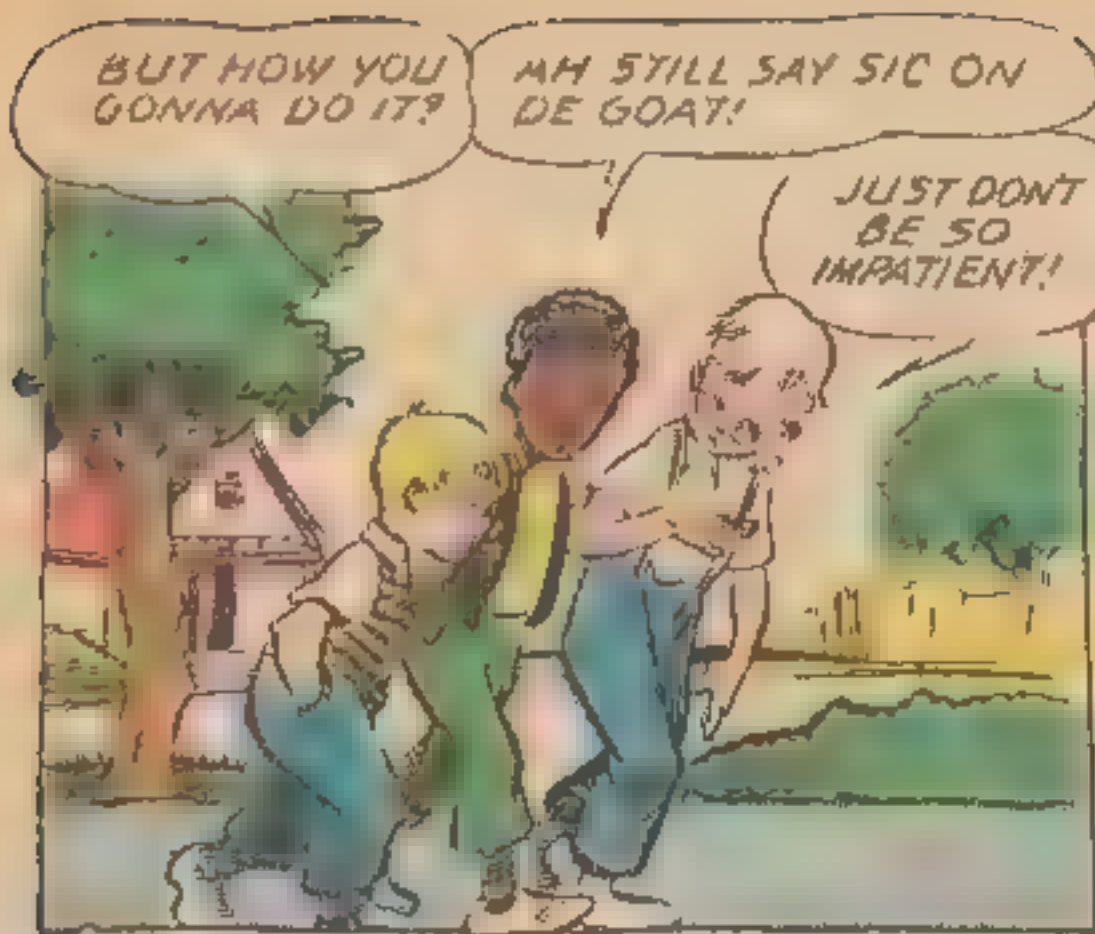
SO THAT'S HOW IT IS—
'N' THOSE TOUGH KIDS
'RE JUS' TRYIN' TO
MAKE THINGS HOT
FOR US!

SO IT'S MA SUGGESTION DAT
US ROUND UP DE GOAT AND
GIVE DEM BOYS
DE ONE-TWO!

WELL, BRAINS 'R' BETTER 'N
BRAWN... WE'LL SET A TRAP
FER THEM!

SOUNDS
GOOD!





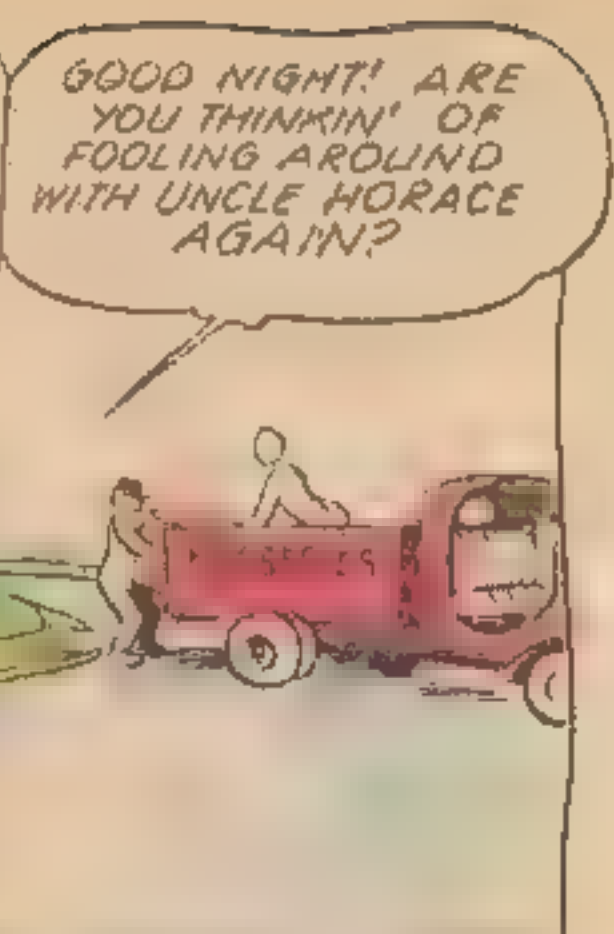
BUT HOW YOU GONNA DO IT?

AH STILL SAY SIC ON DE GOAT!

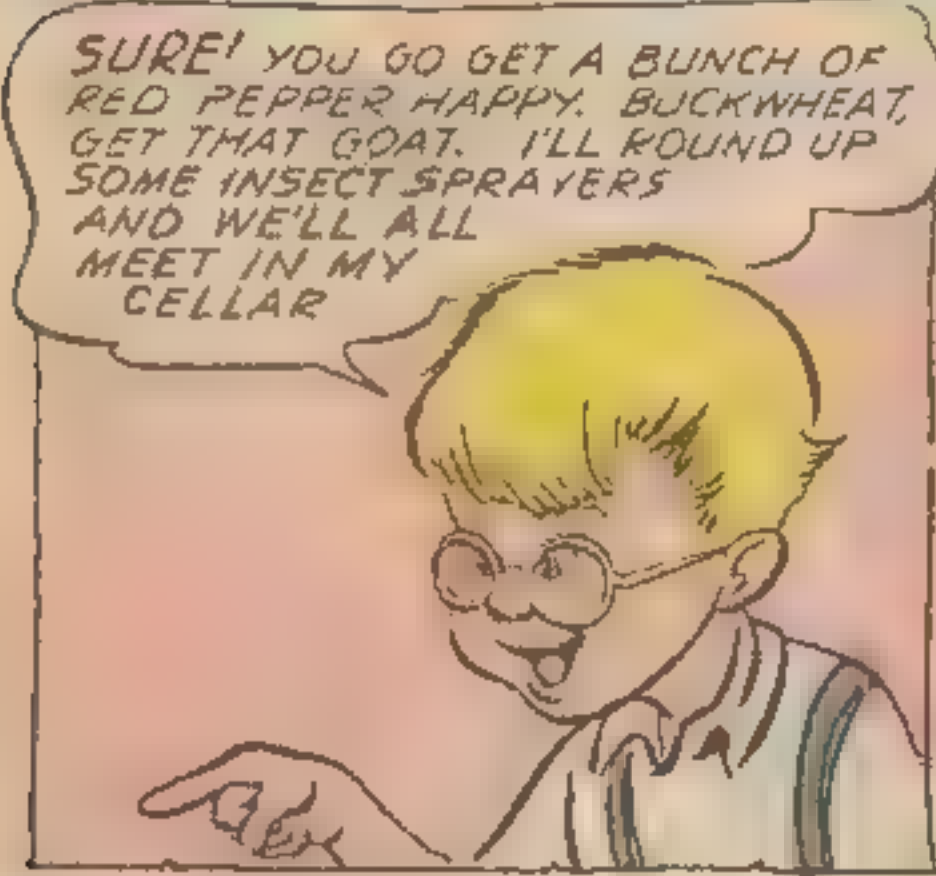
JUST DONT BE SO IMPATIENT!



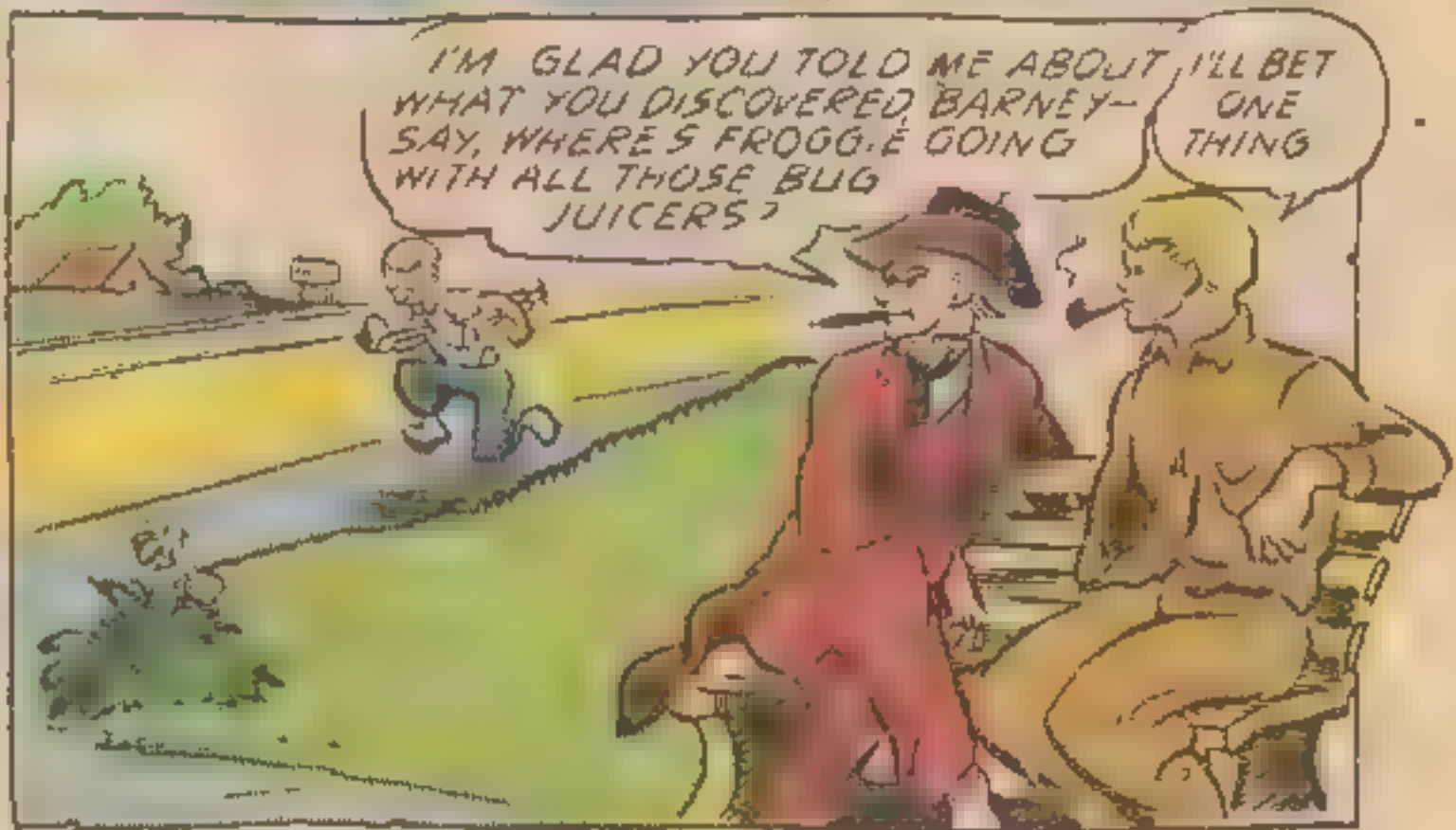
LOOK! THERE'S OUR CHANCE--THE GARDENERS ARE DELIVERING NEW BOXES OF PLANTS, SOIL, AND SOD TO YOUR UNCLE HORACE!



GOOD NIGHT! ARE YOU THINKIN' OF FOOLING AROUND WITH UNCLE HORACE AGAIN?

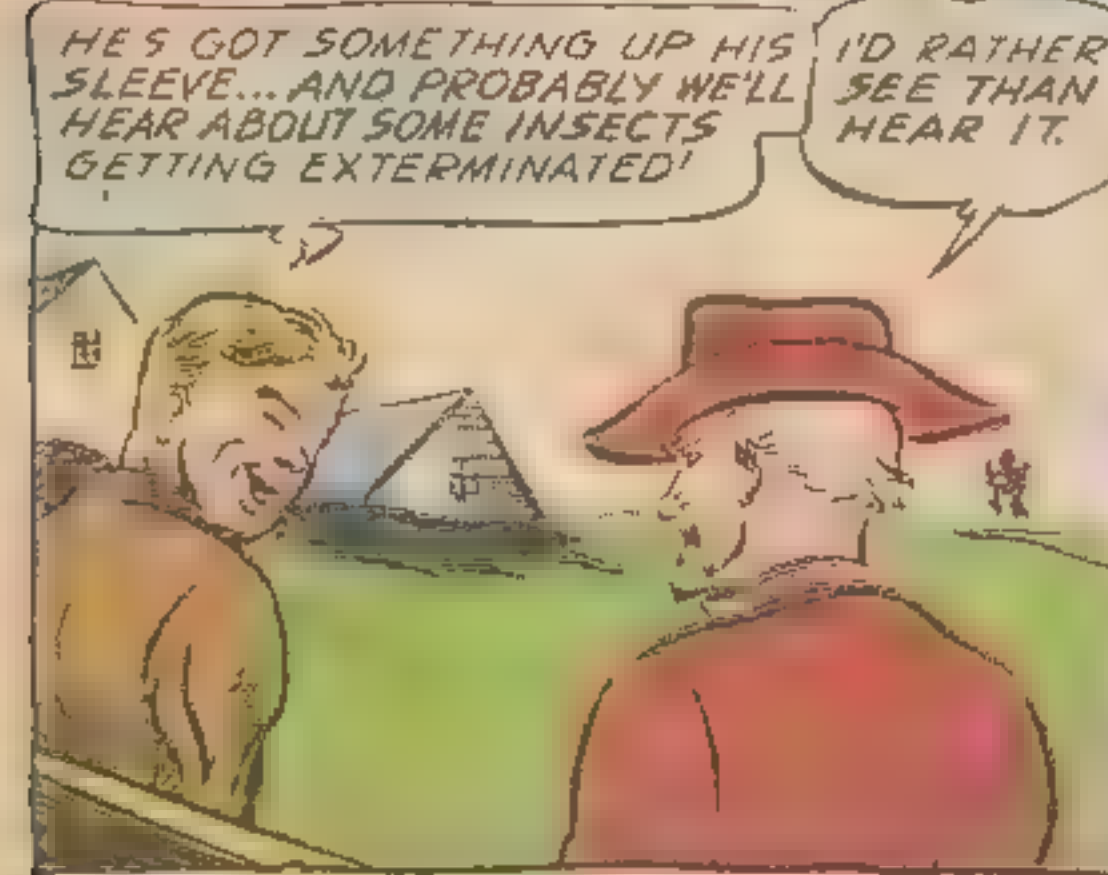


SURE! YOU GO GET A BUNCH OF RED PEPPER HAPPY. BUCKWHEAT, GET THAT GOAT. I'LL ROUND UP SOME INSECT SPRAYERS AND WE'LL ALL MEET IN MY CELLAR



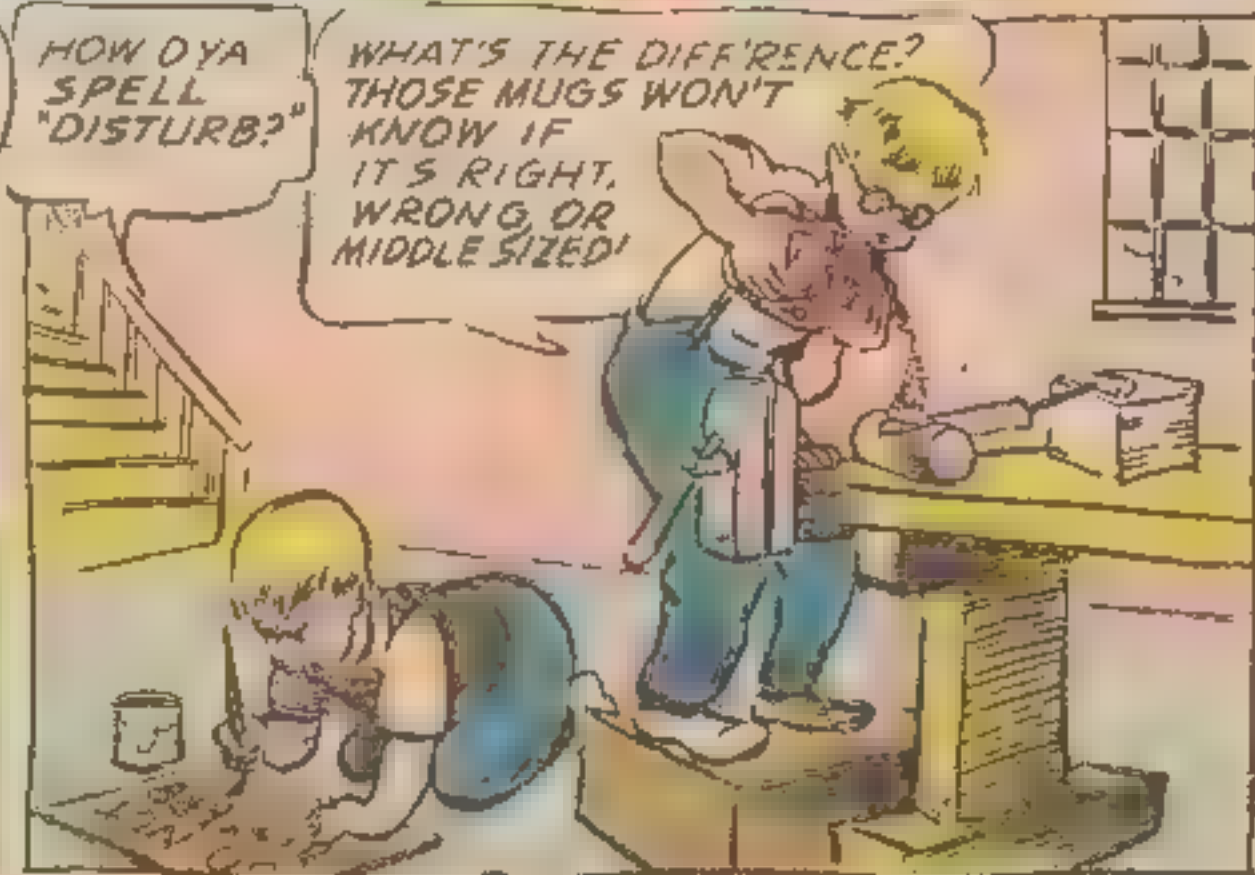
I'M GLAD YOU TOLD ME ABOUT WHAT YOU DISCOVERED BARNEY-- SAY, WHERE'S FROGGIE GOING WITH ALL THOSE BUG JUICERS?

ONE THING



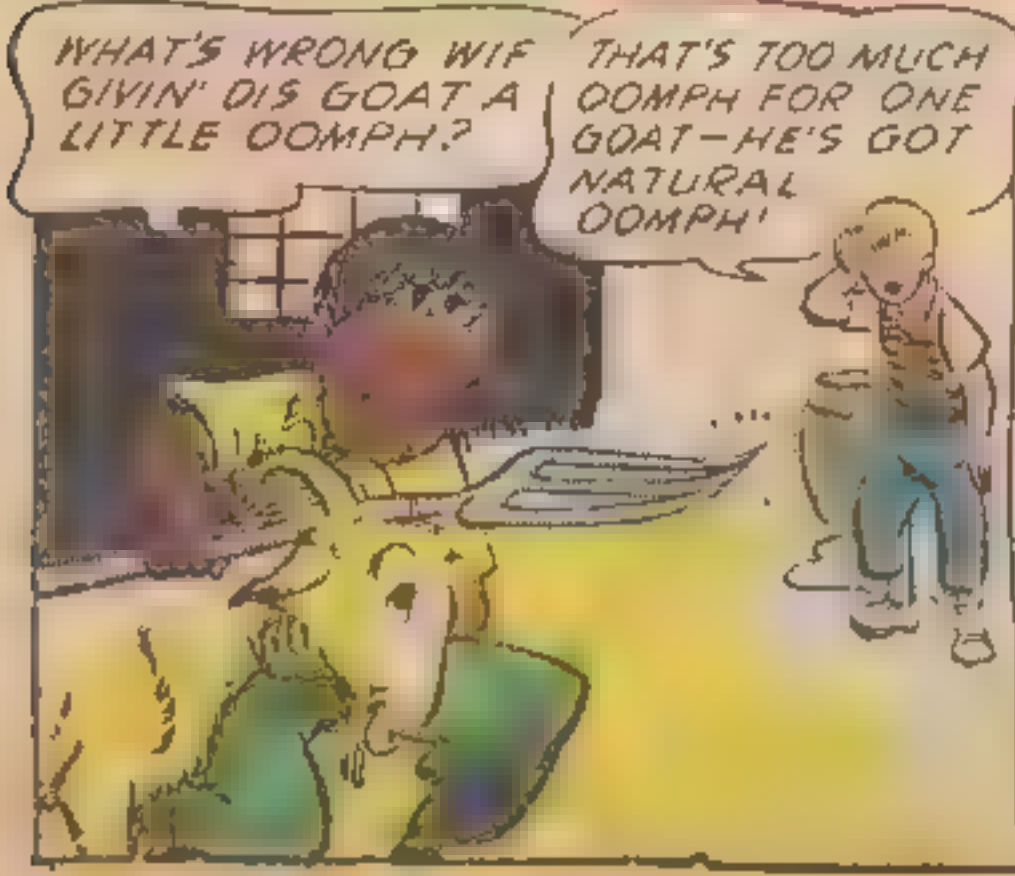
HE'S GOT SOMETHING UP HIS SLEEVE... AND PROBABLY WE'LL HEAR ABOUT SOME INSECTS GETTING EXTERMINATED!

I'D RATHER SEE THAN HEAR IT.



HOW DYA SPELL "DISTURB?"

WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE? THOSE MUGS WON'T KNOW IF IT'S RIGHT, WRONG, OR MIDDLE SIZED!



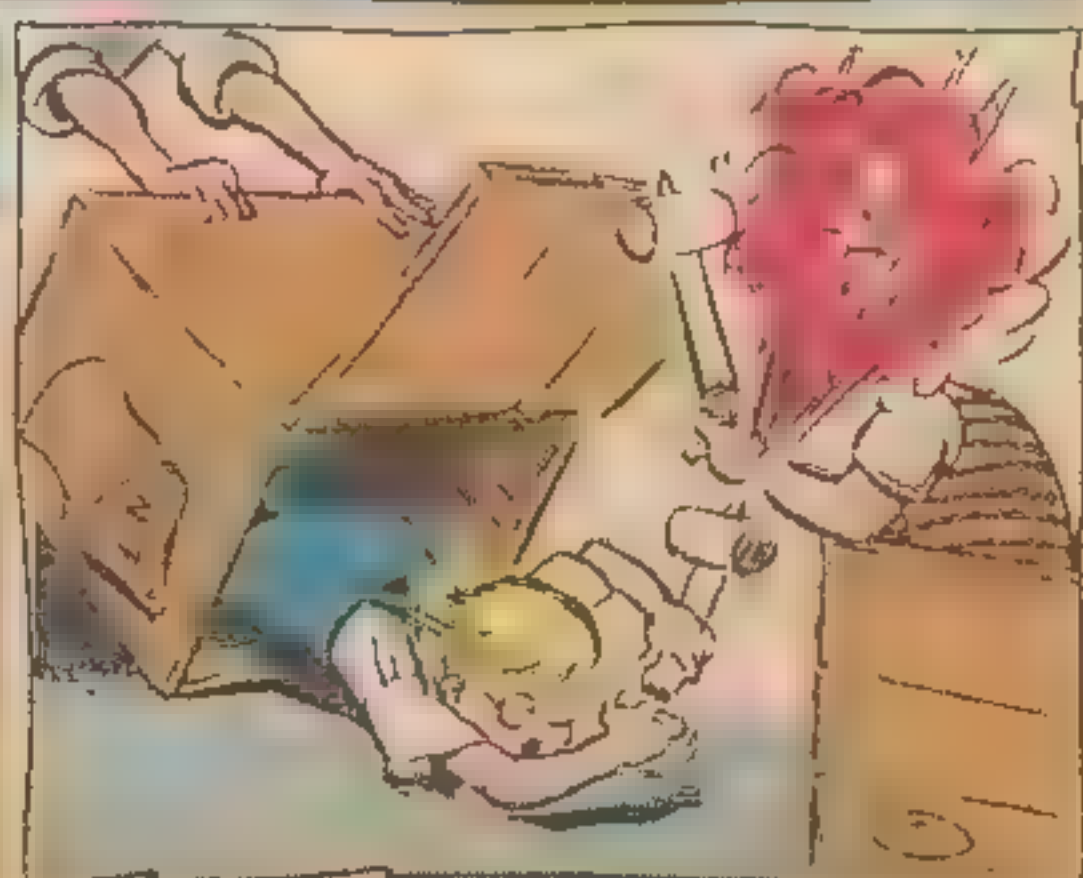
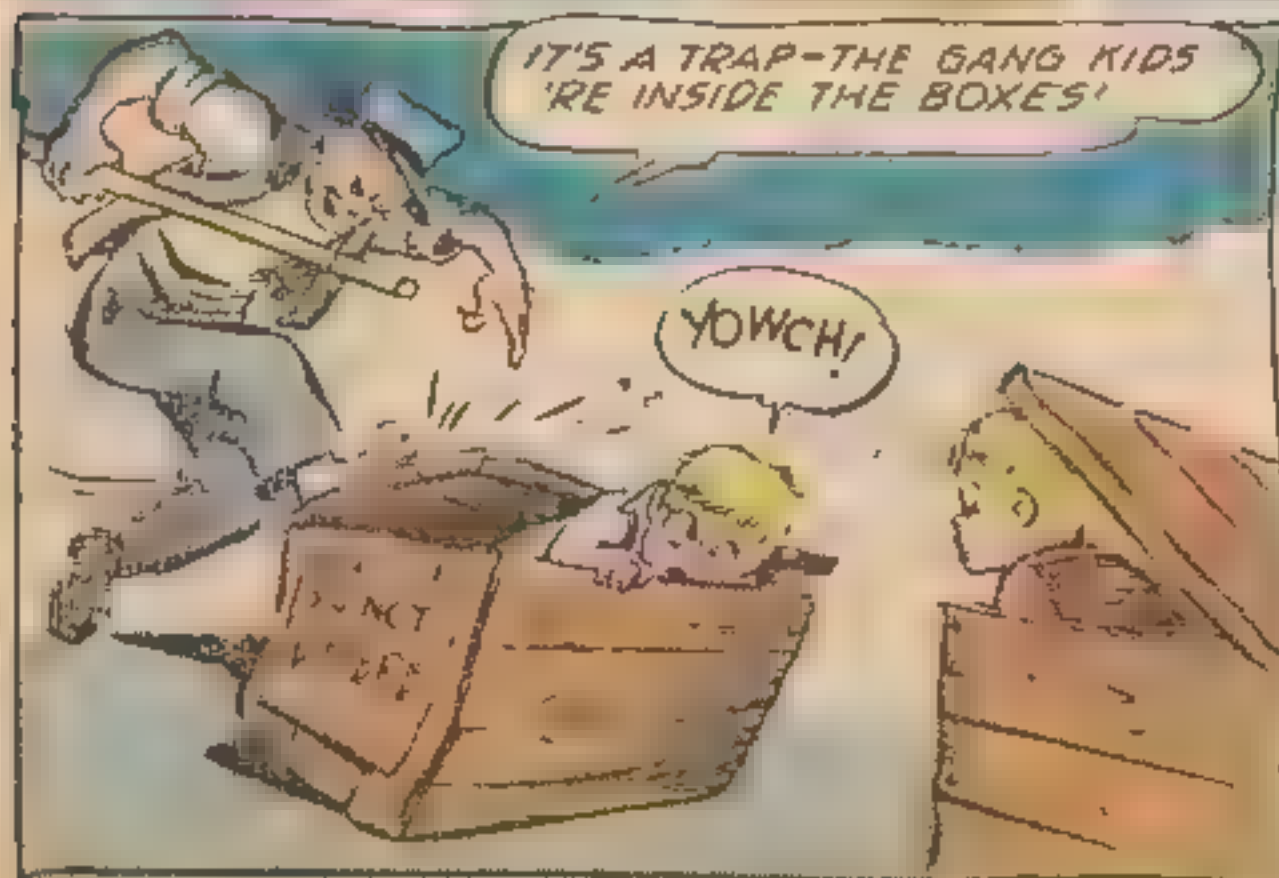
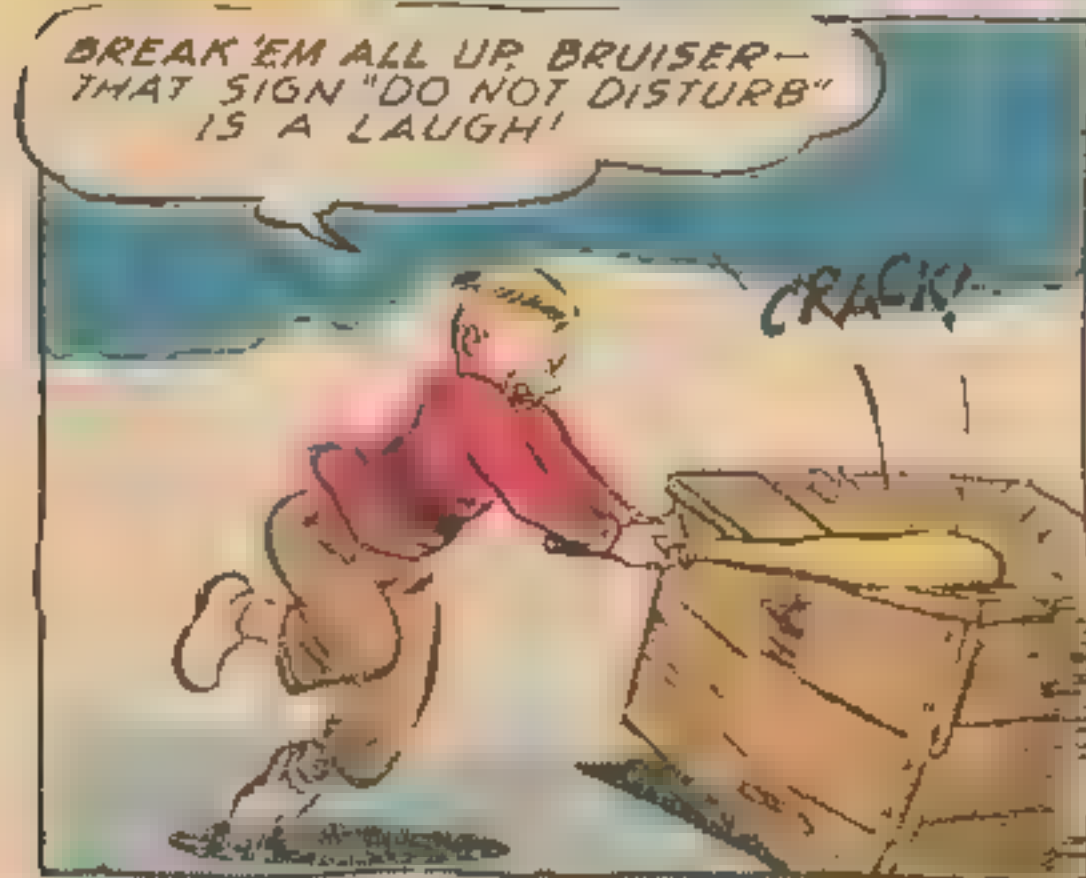
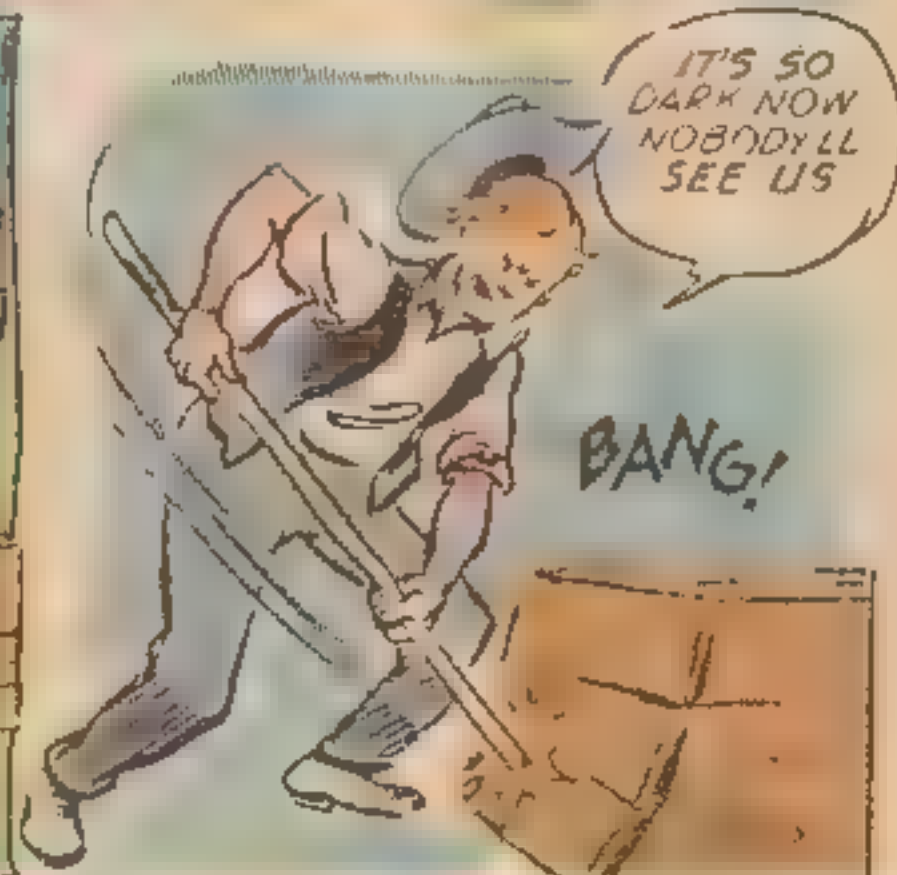
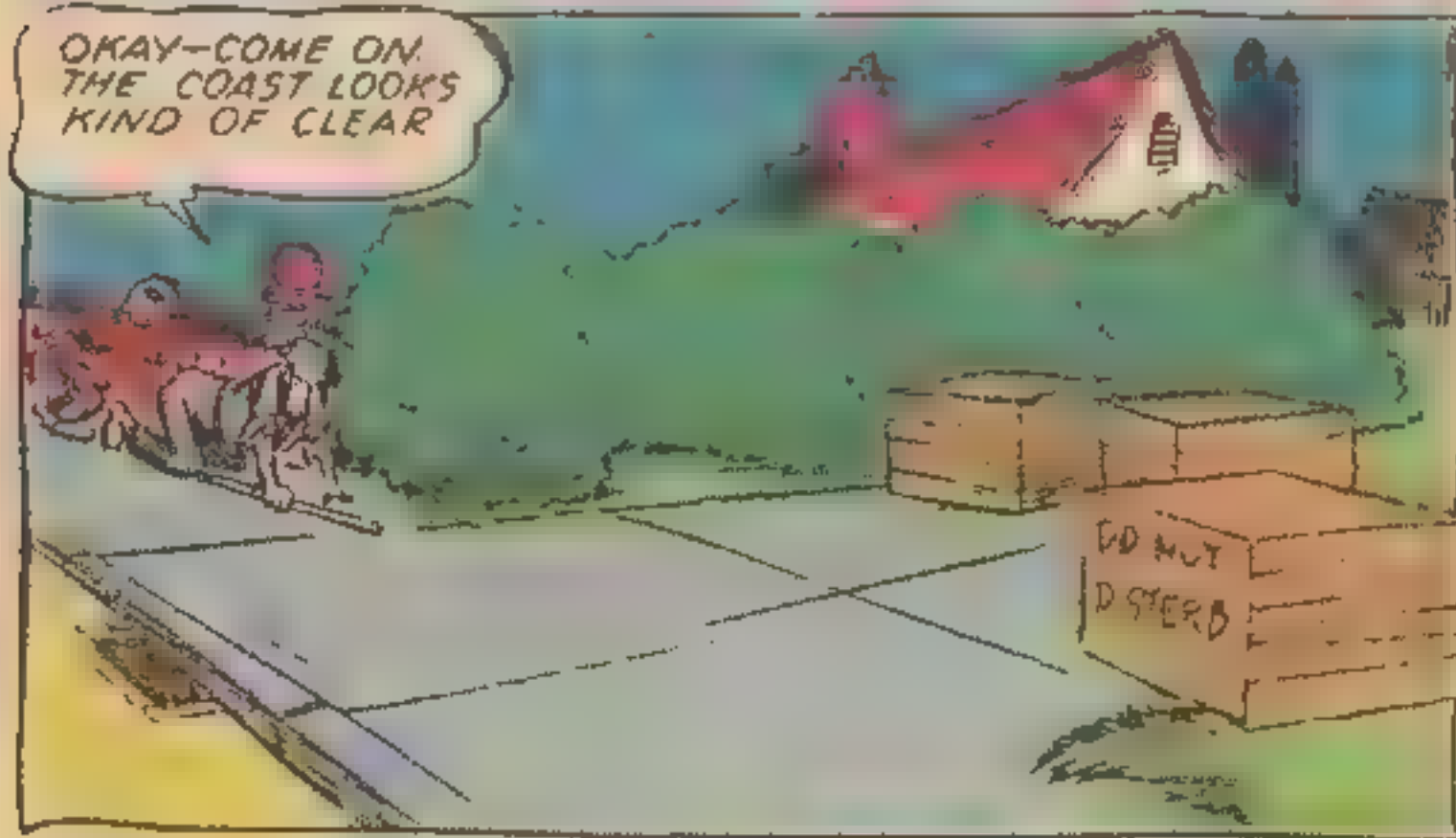
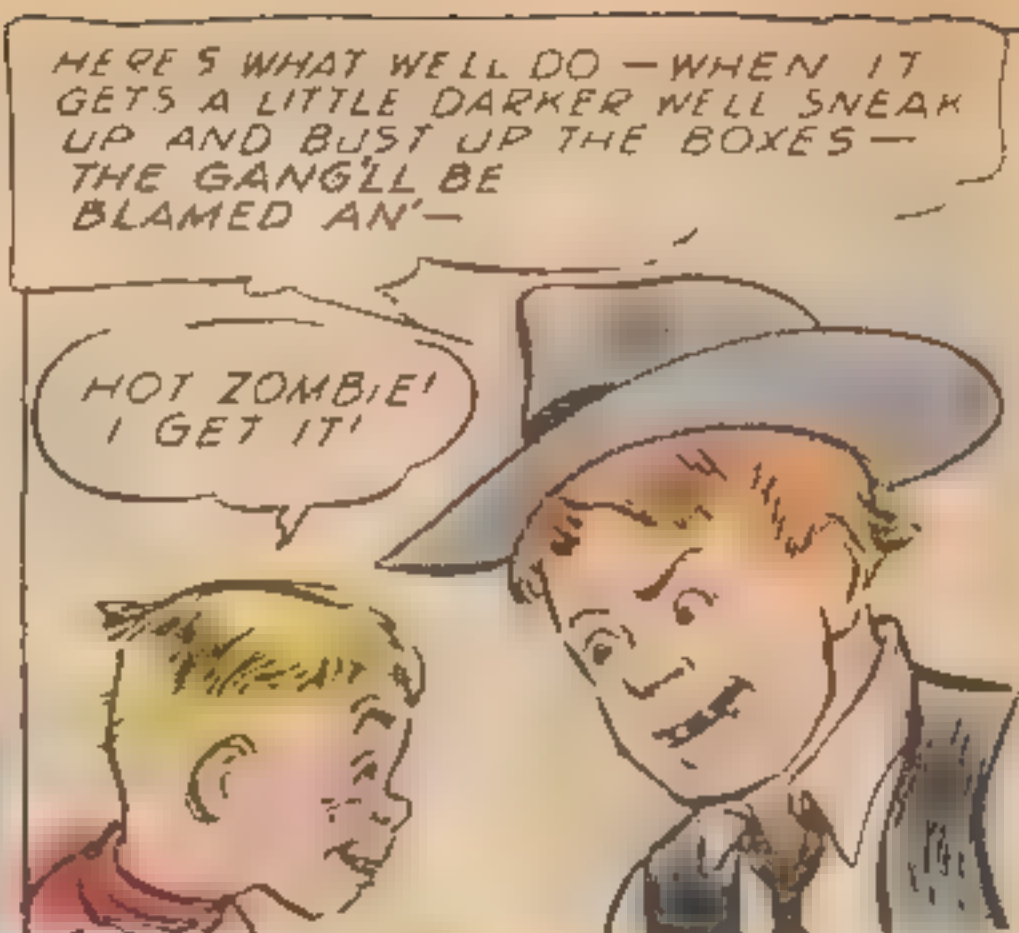
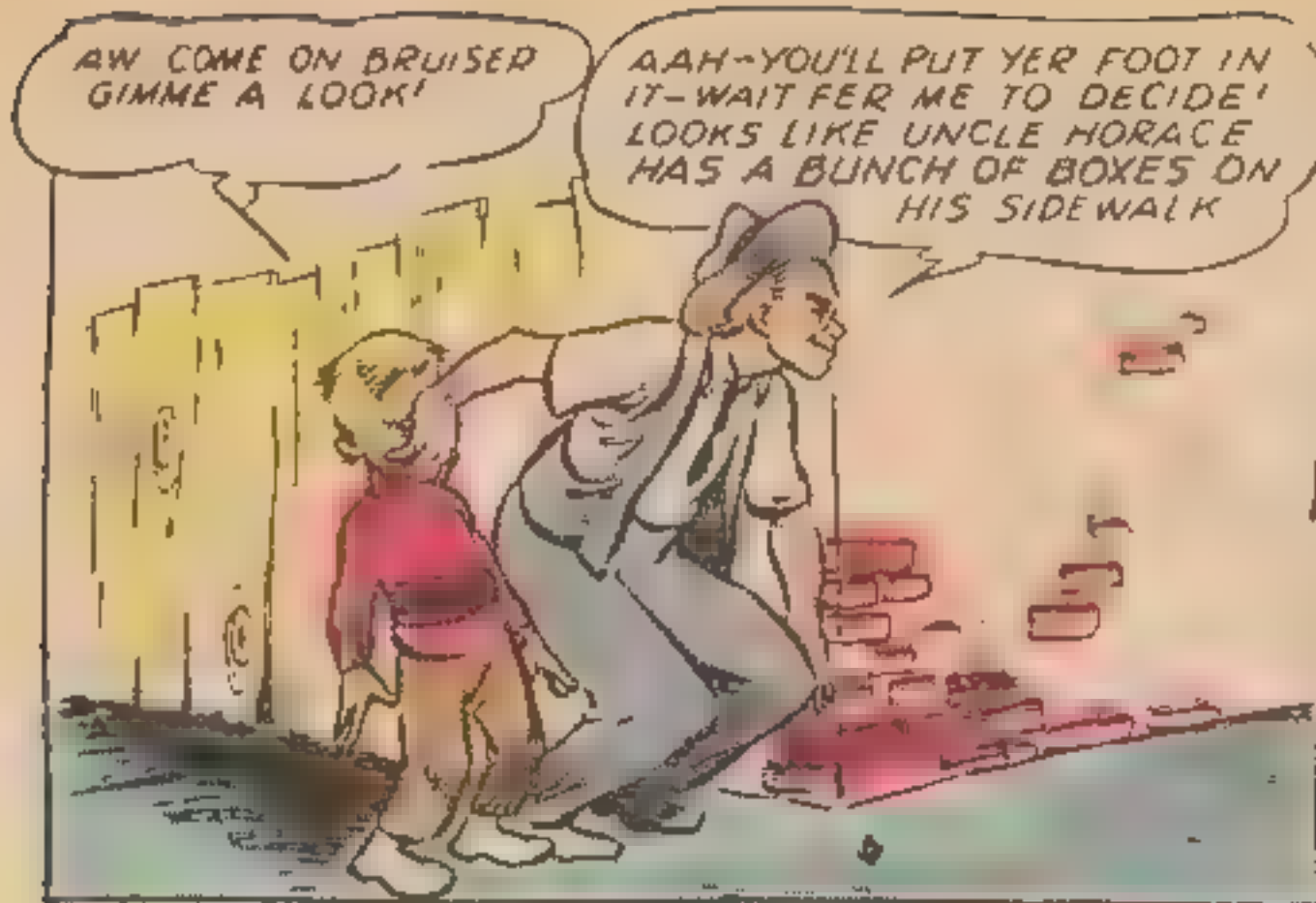
WHAT'S WRONG WIF GIVIN' DIS GOAT A LITTLE OOMPH?

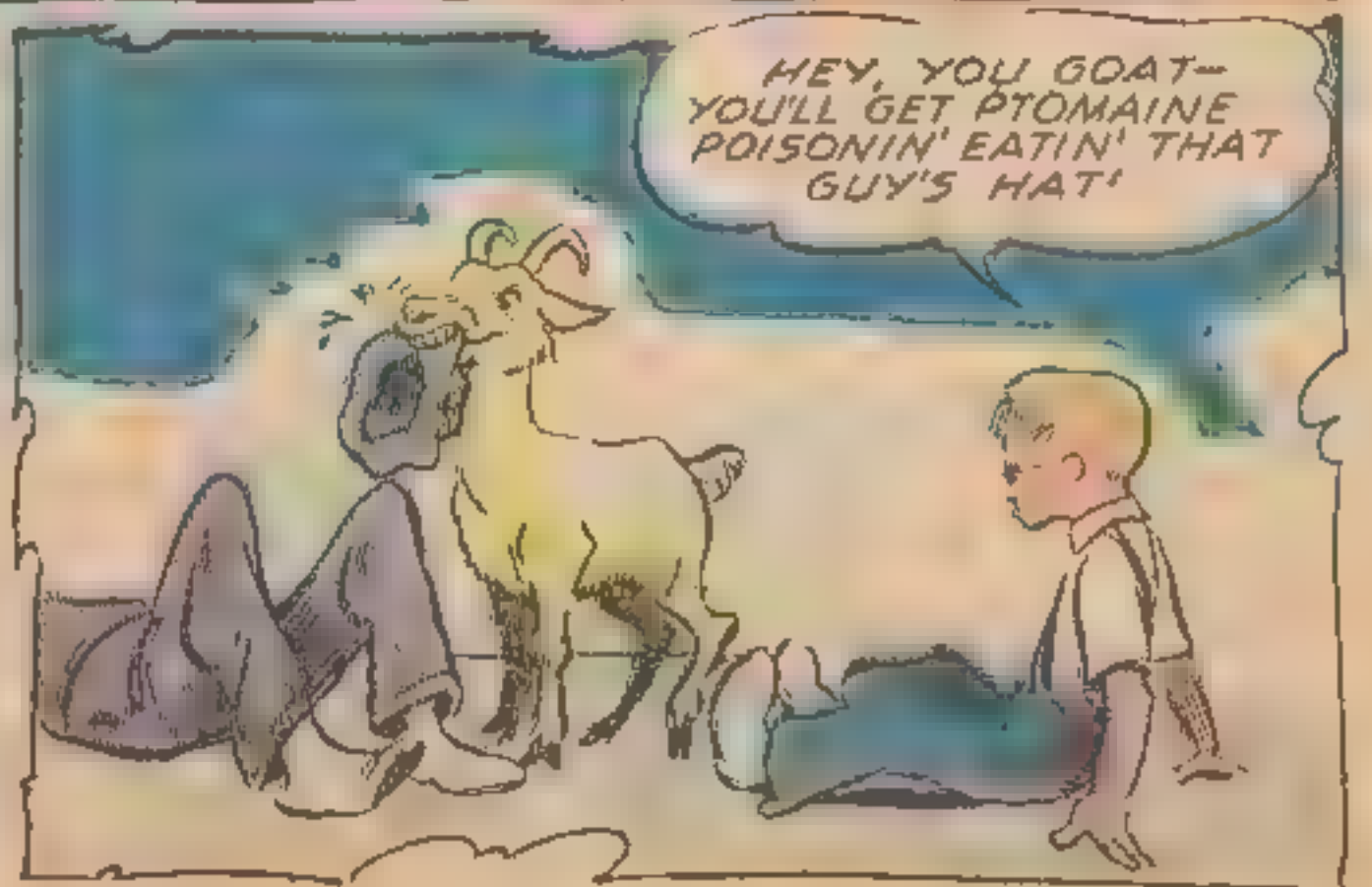
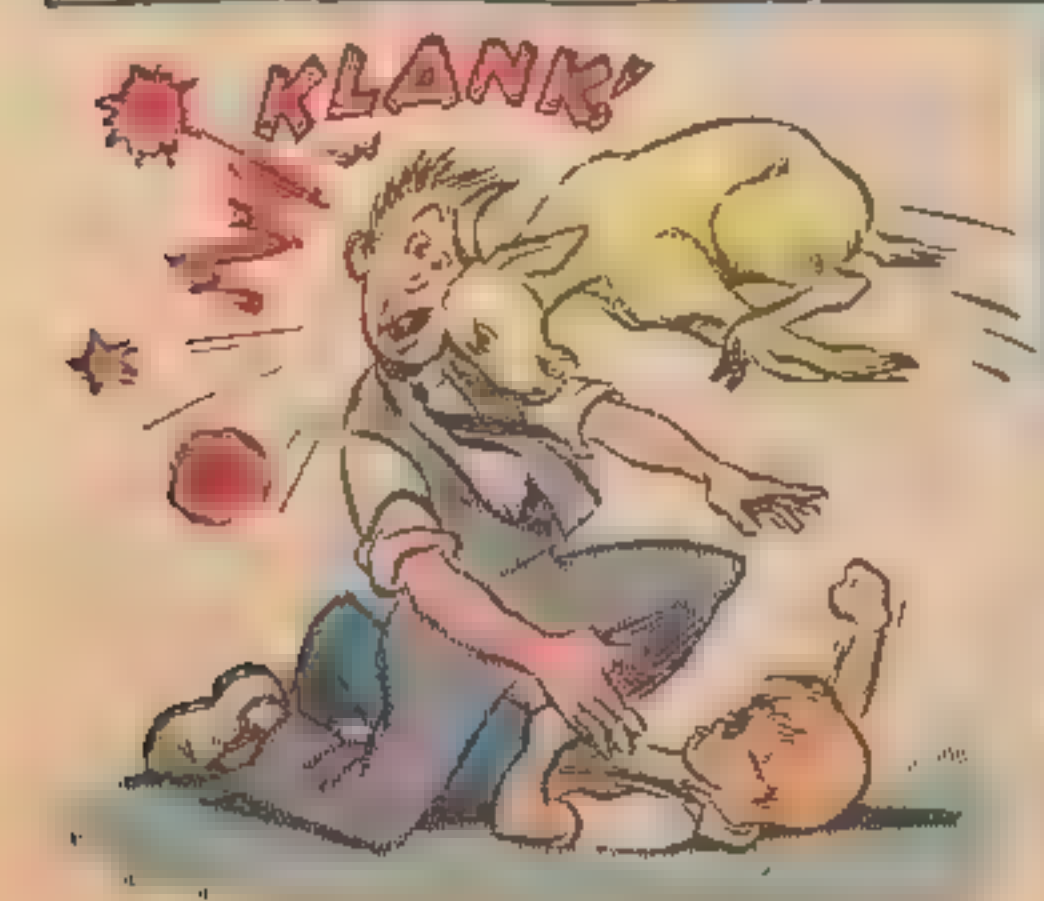
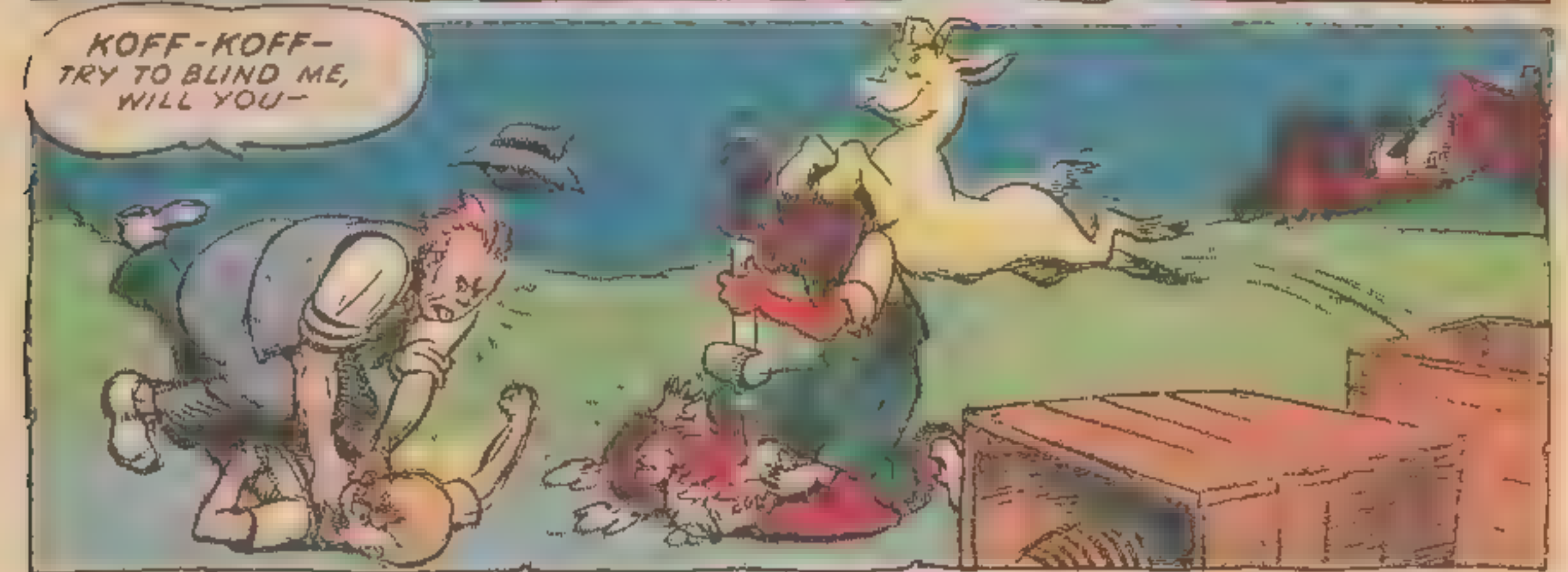
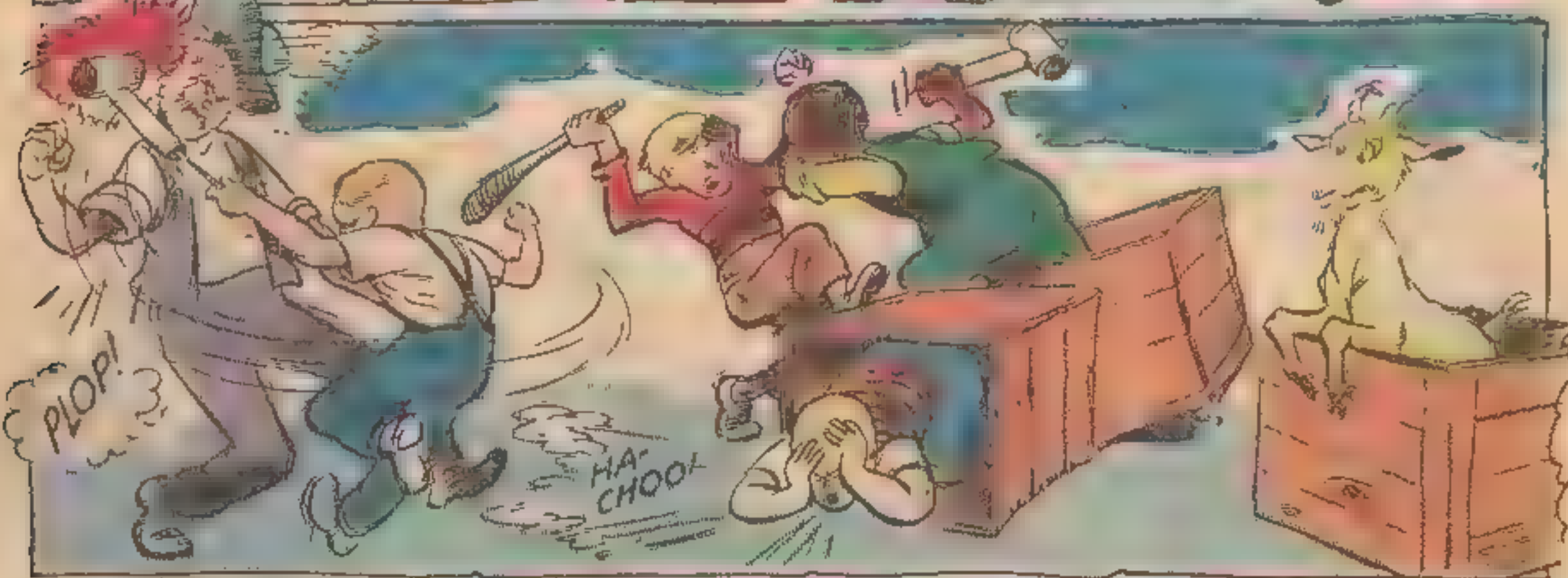
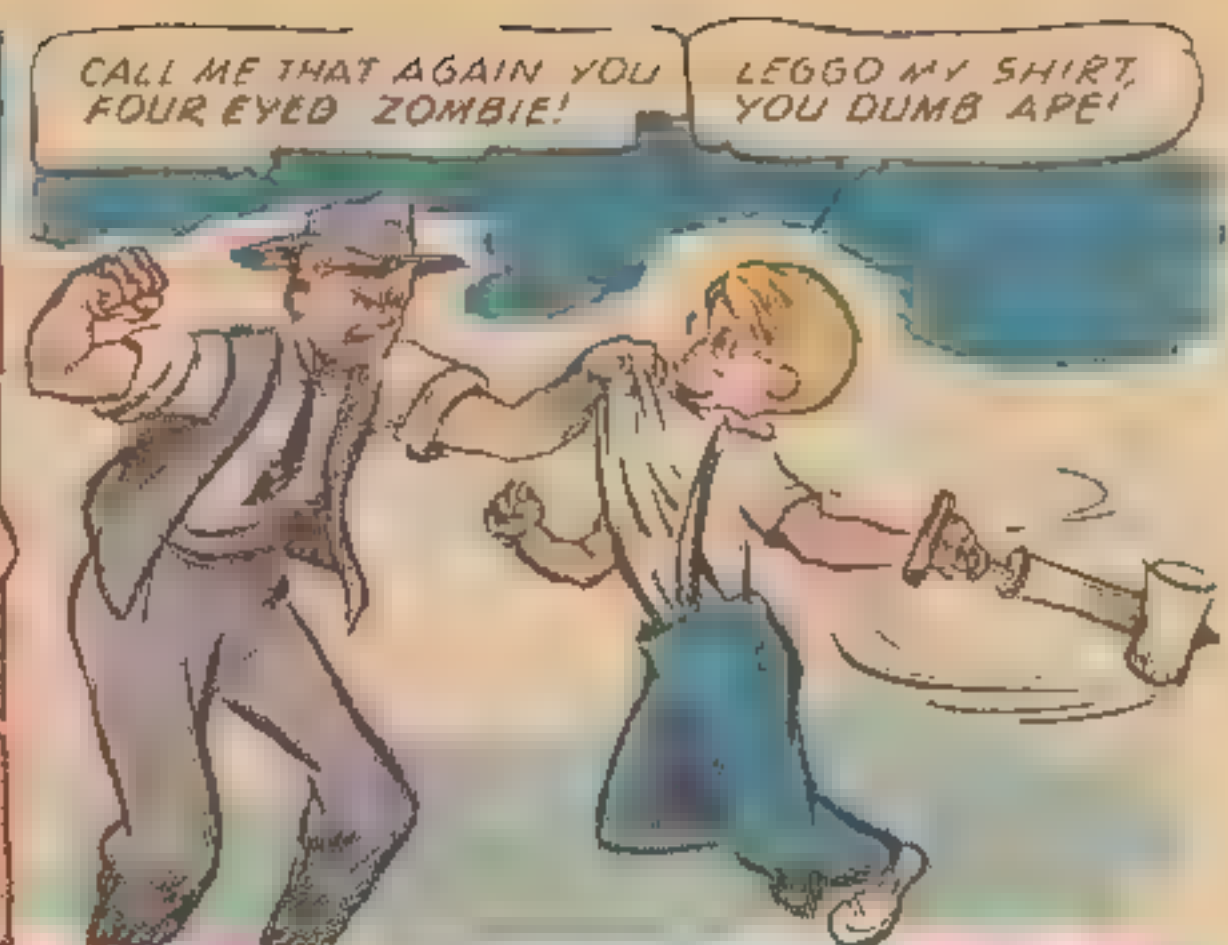
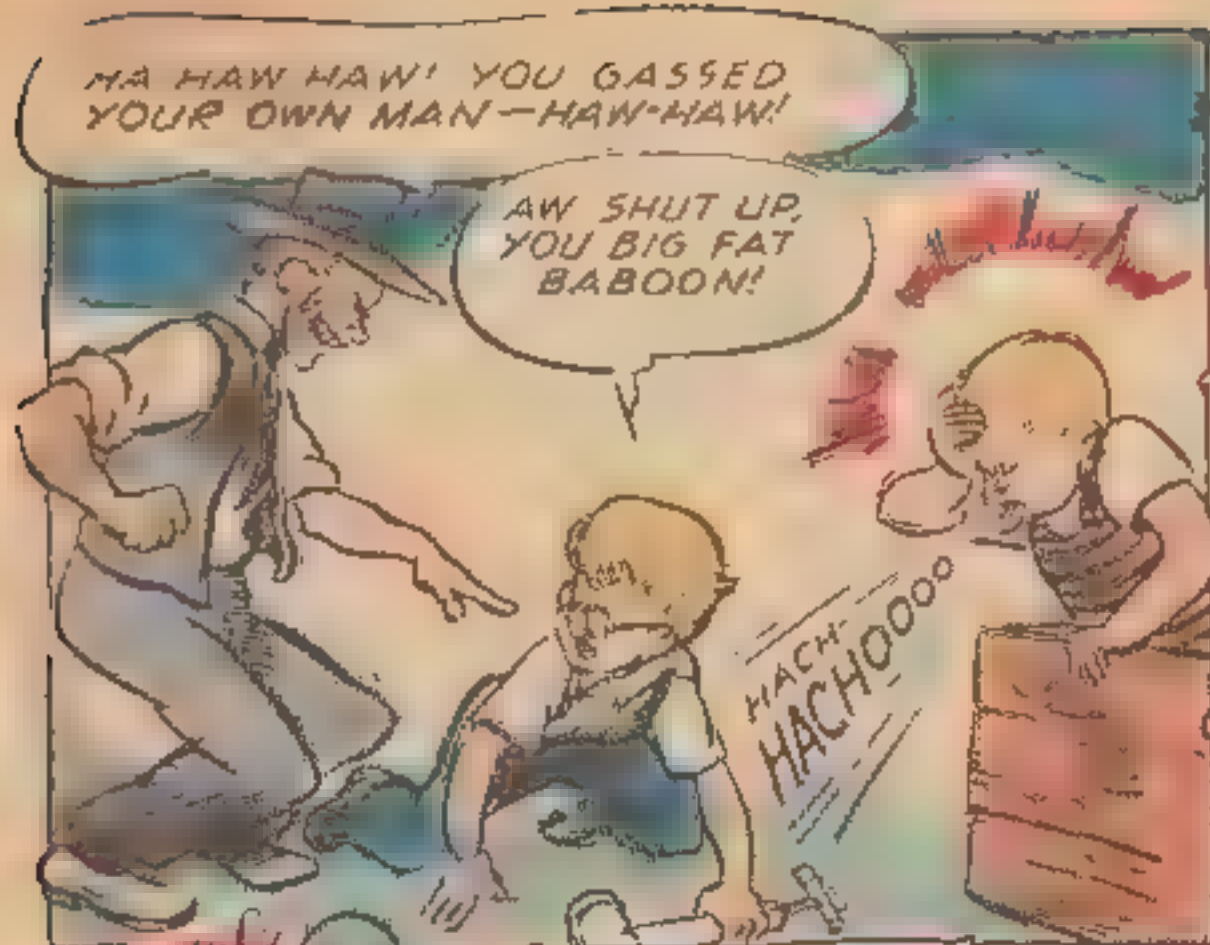
THAT'S TOO MUCH OOMPH FOR ONE GOAT--HE'S GOT NATURAL OOMPH!

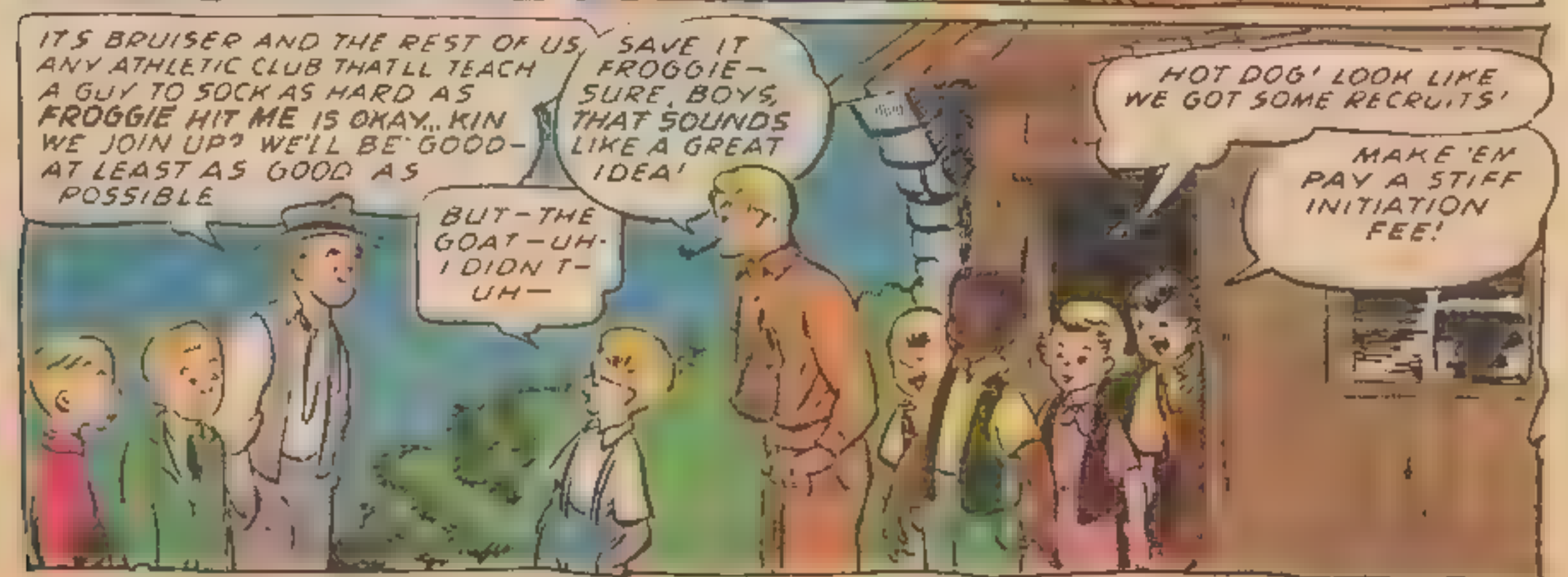
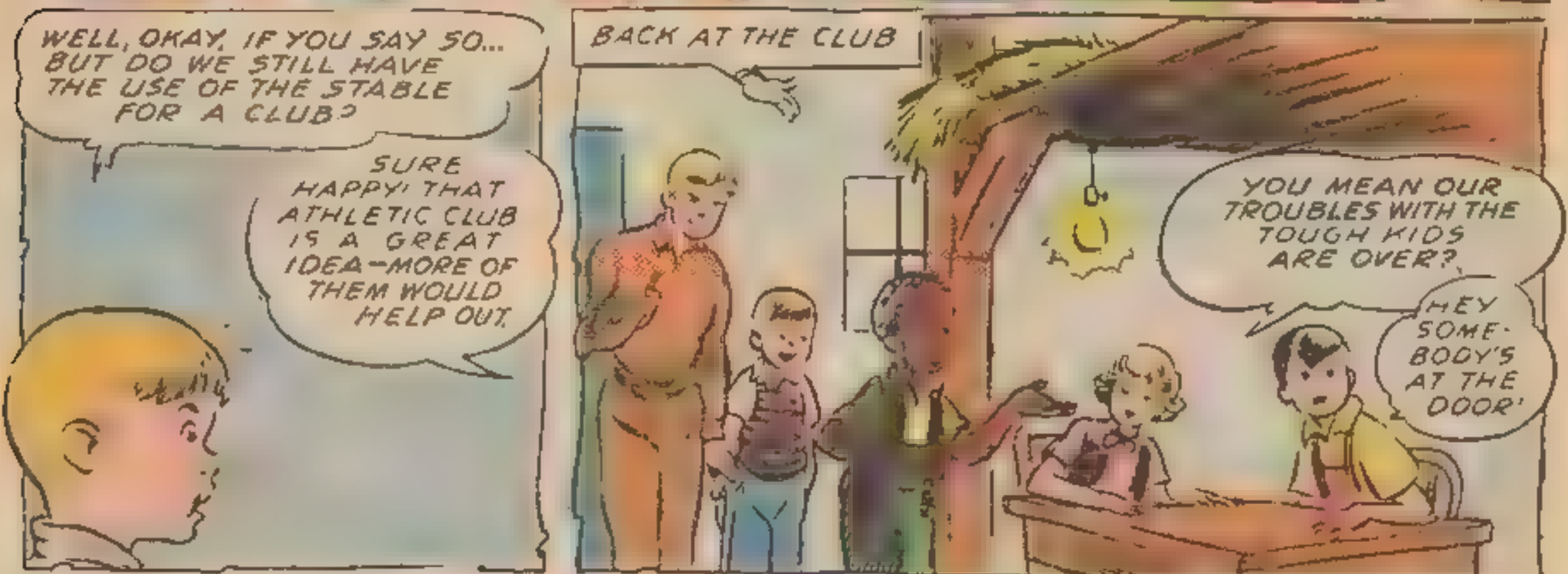
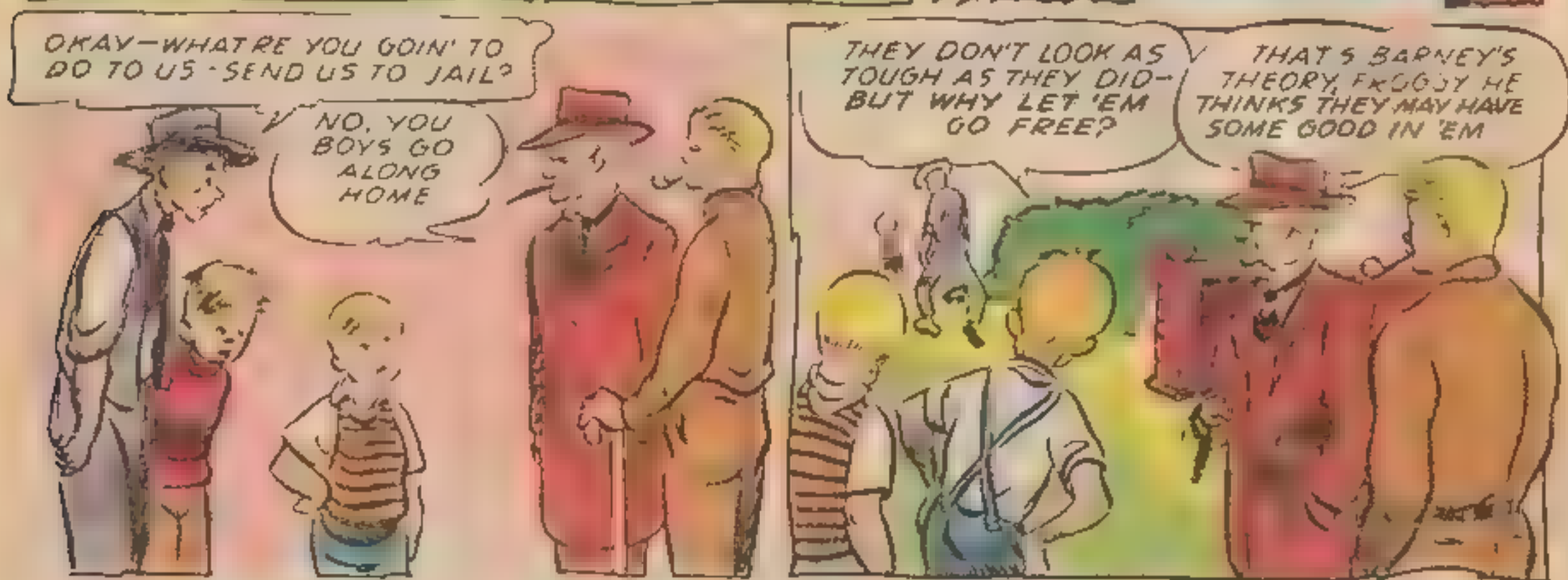
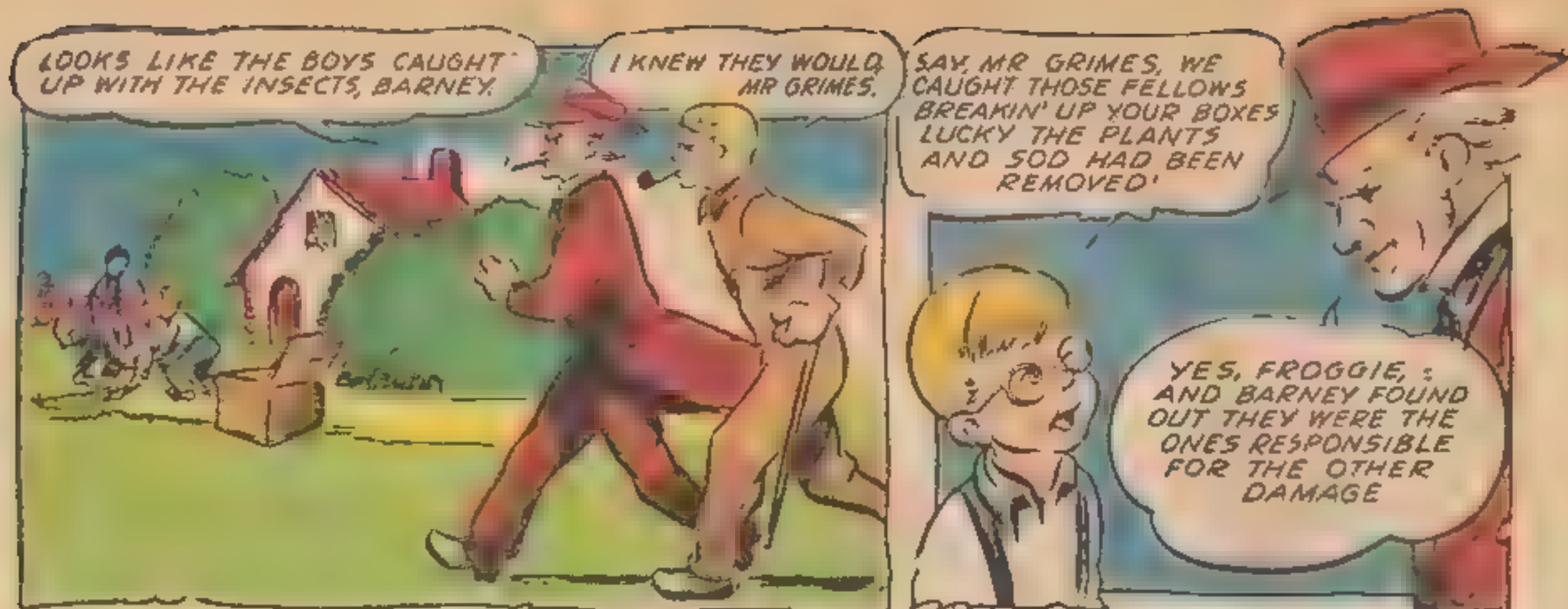


I HOPE YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING FROGGIE!

JUST SO THOSE WISE KIDS DON'T KNOW WHAT WE'RE DOING, I'M SATISFIED!



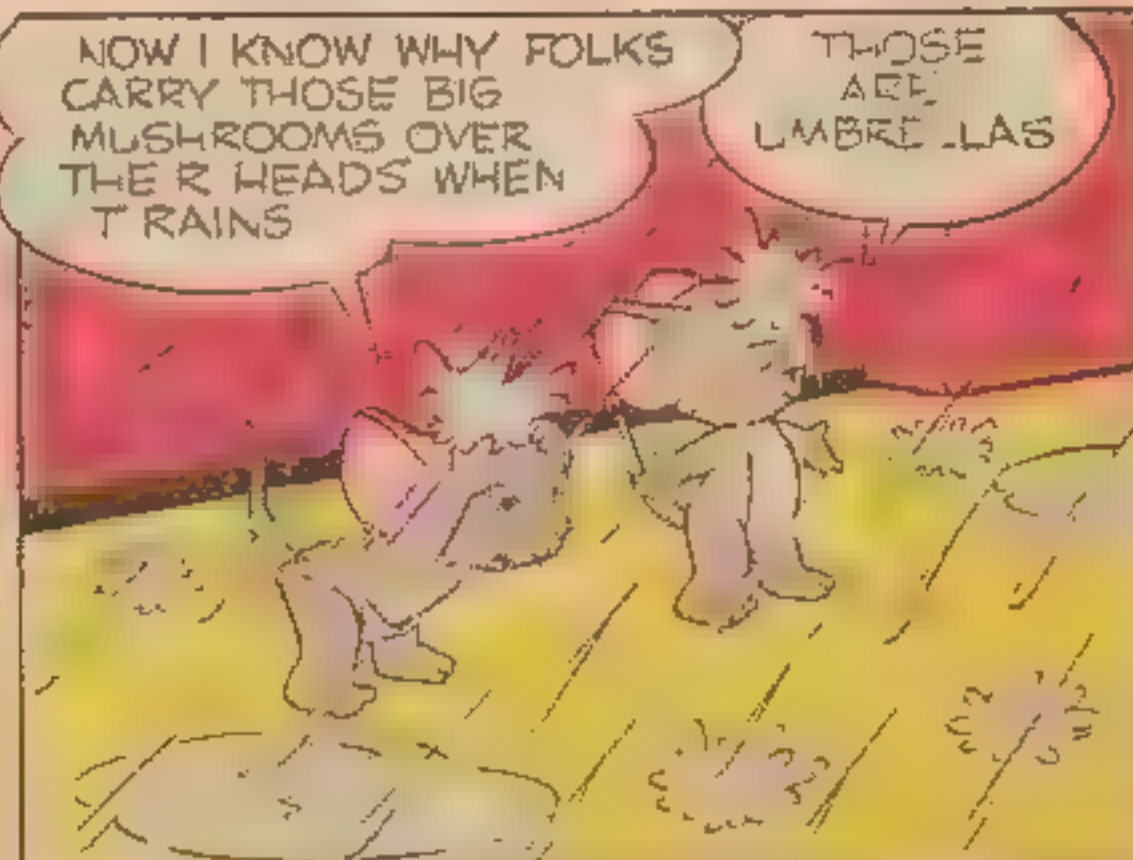
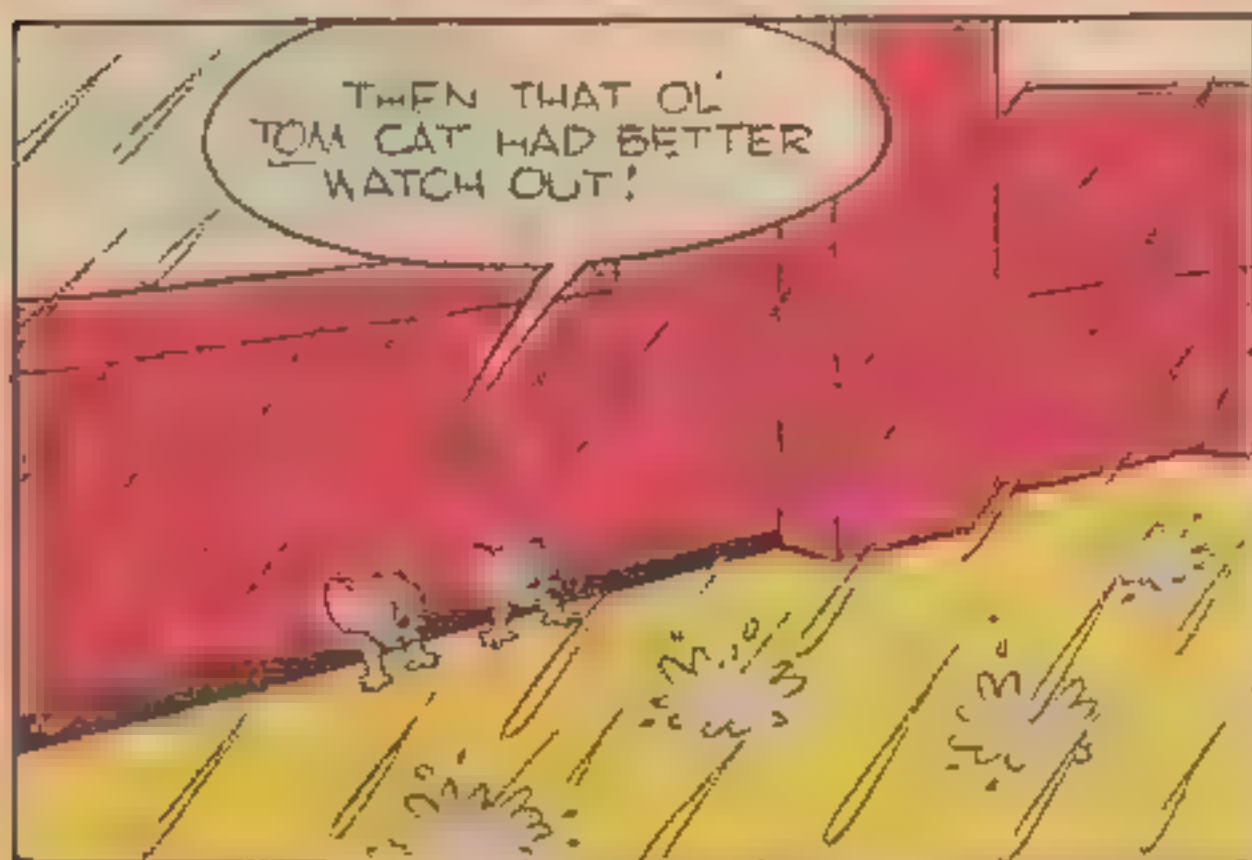
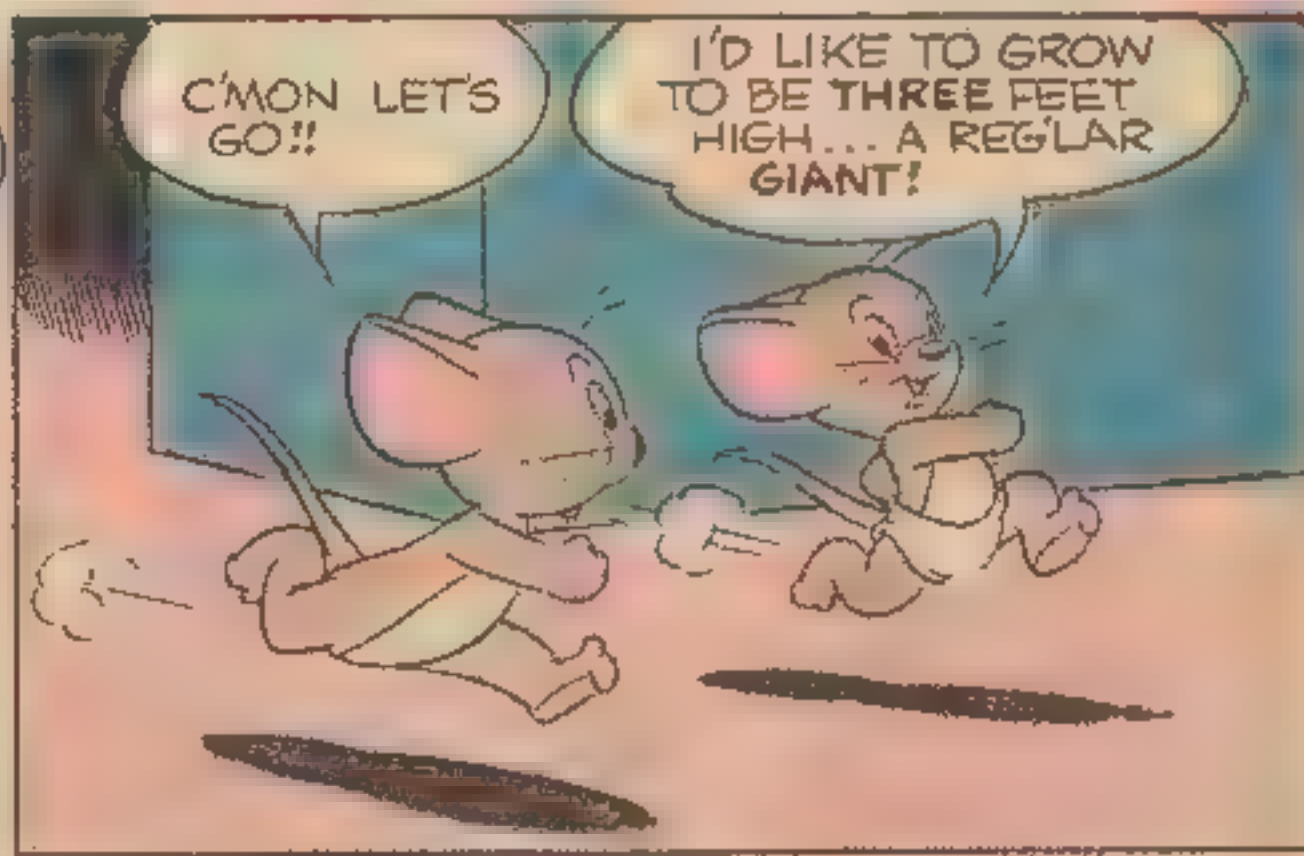
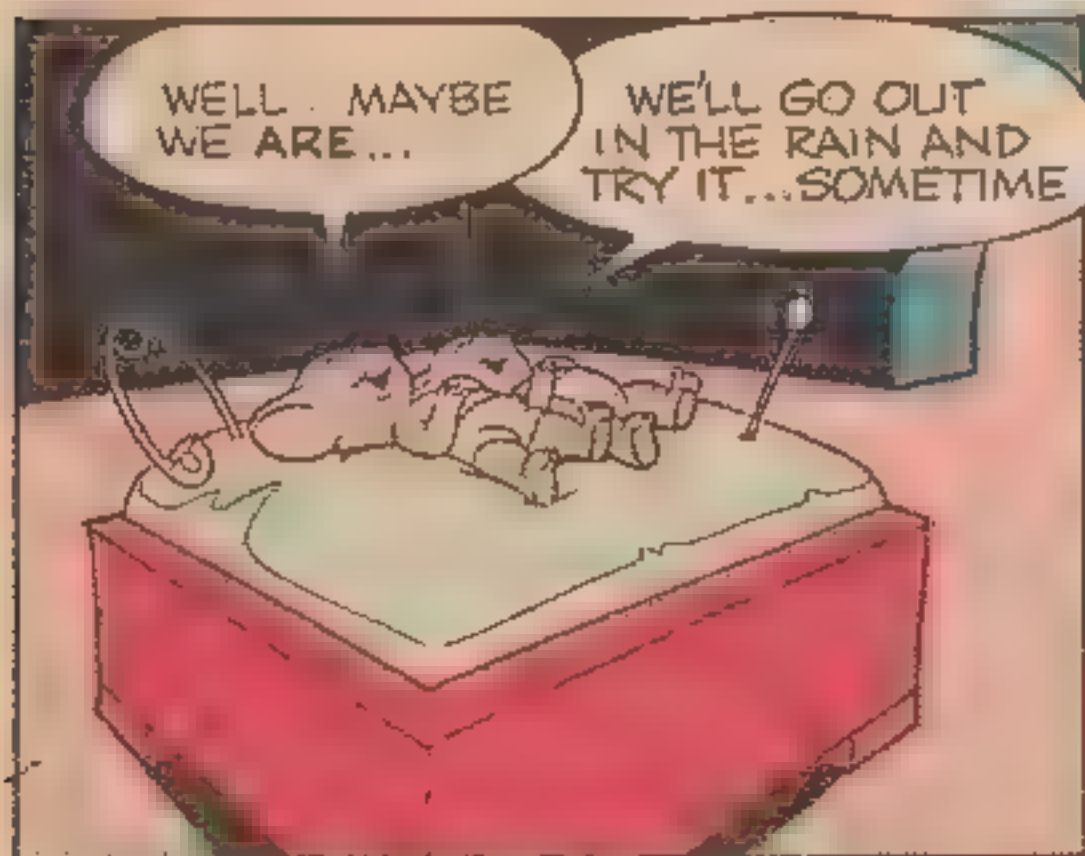
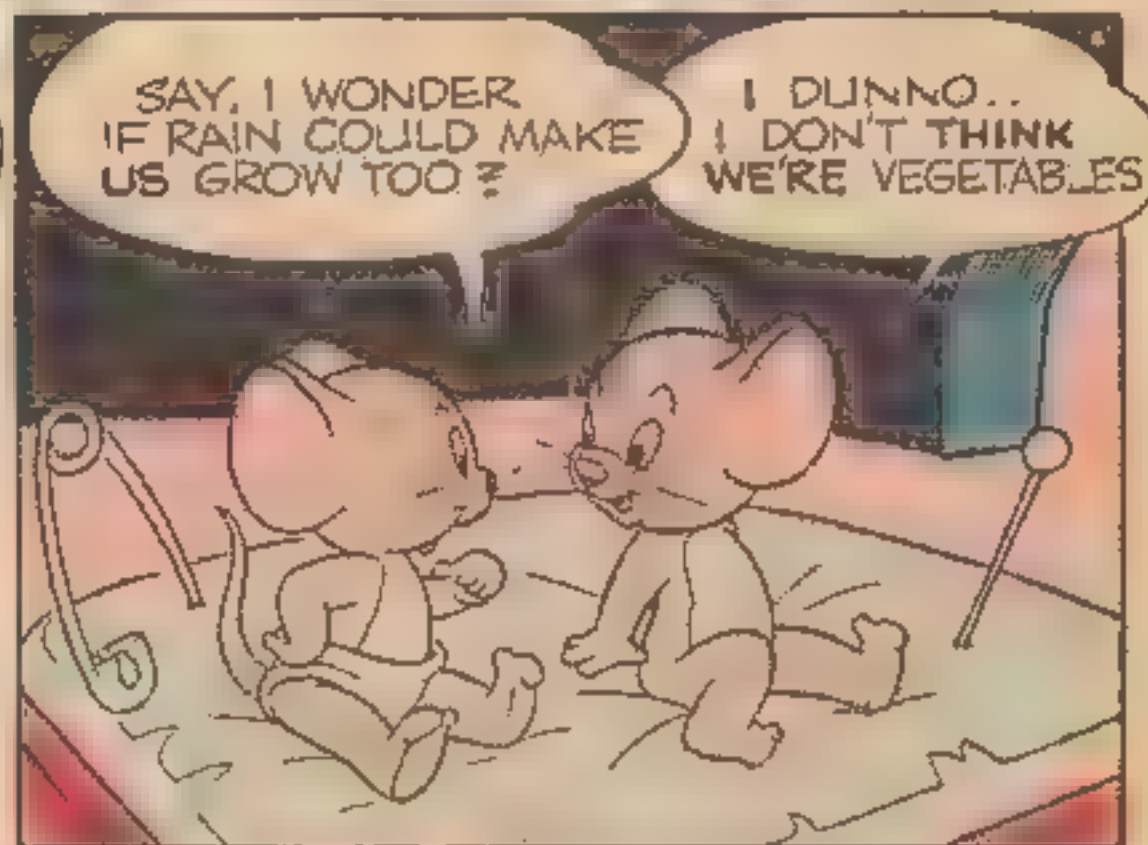
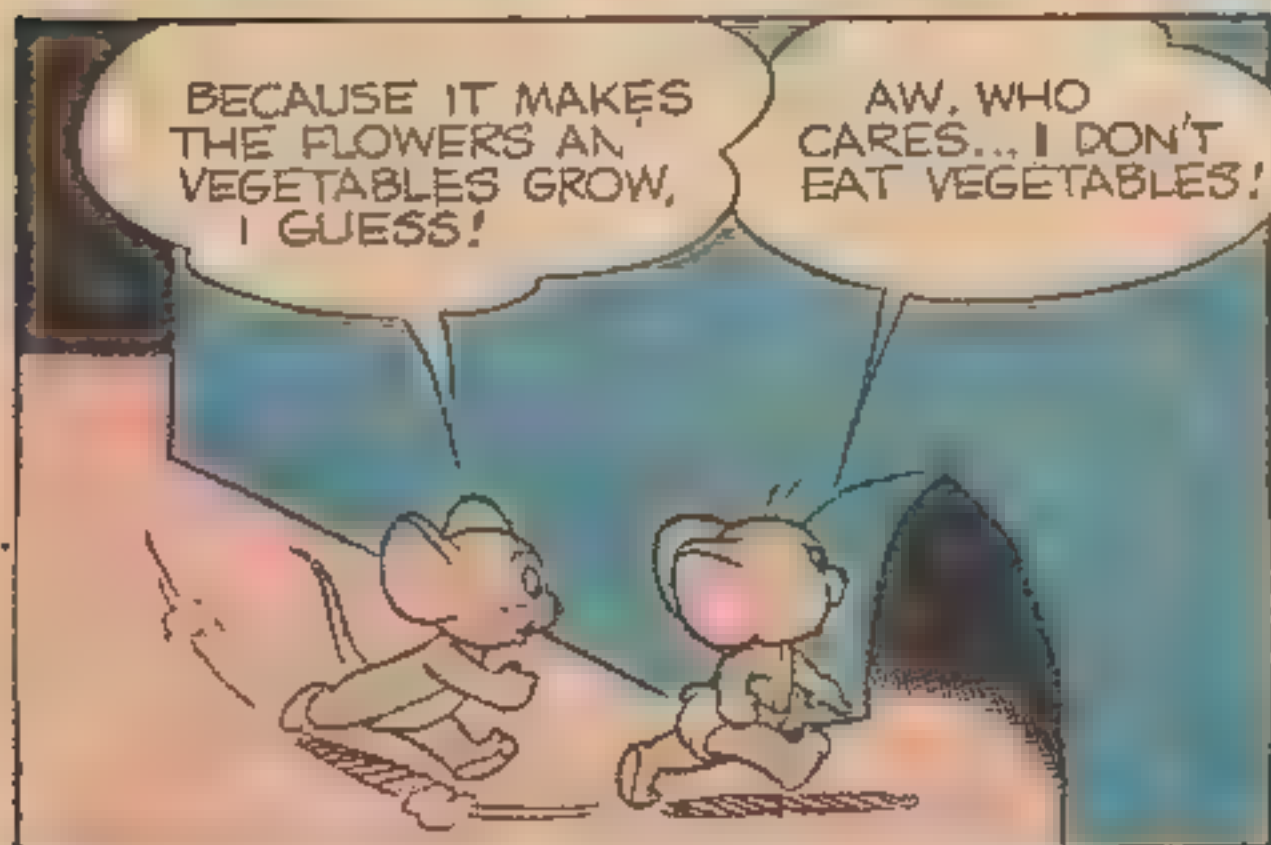
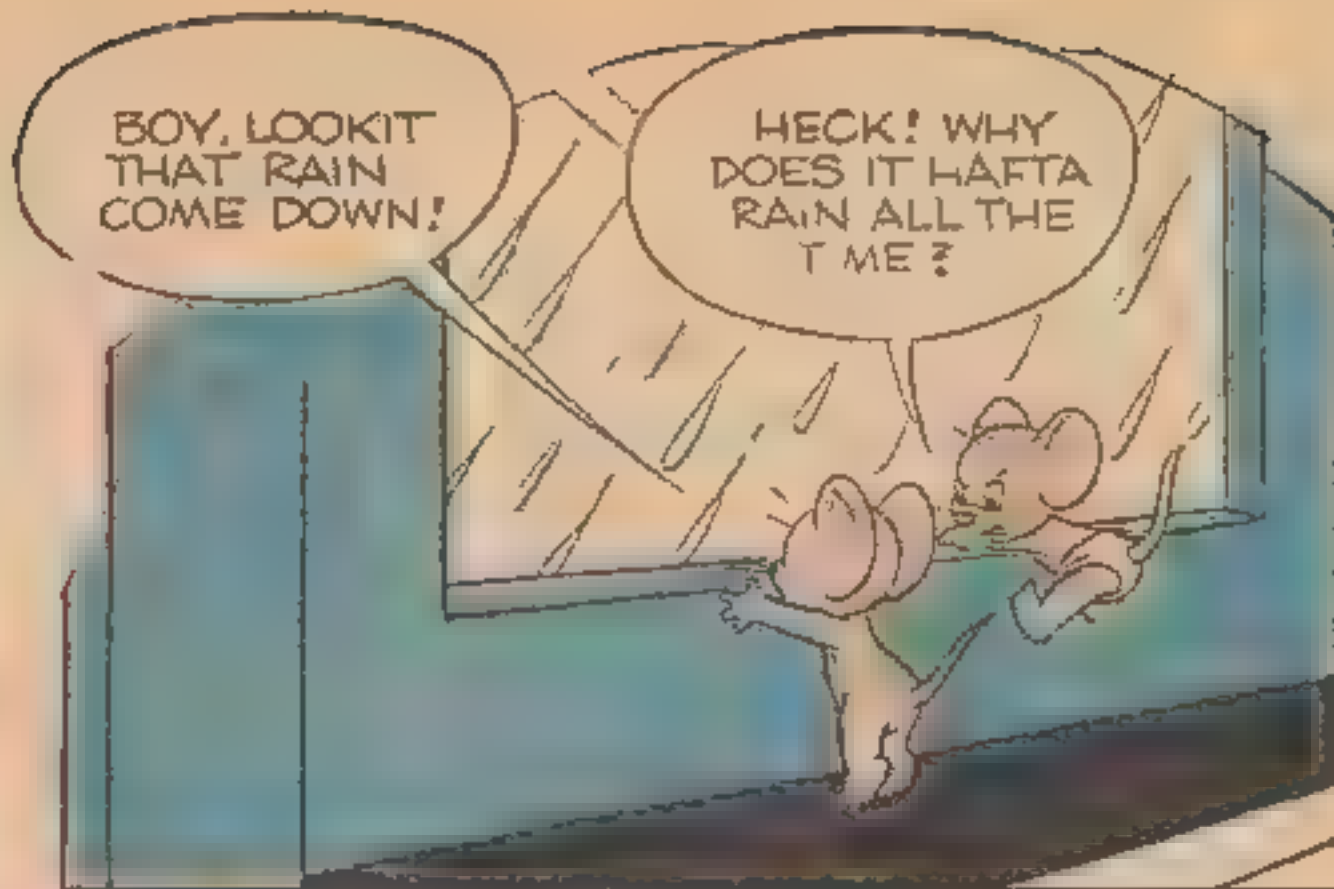


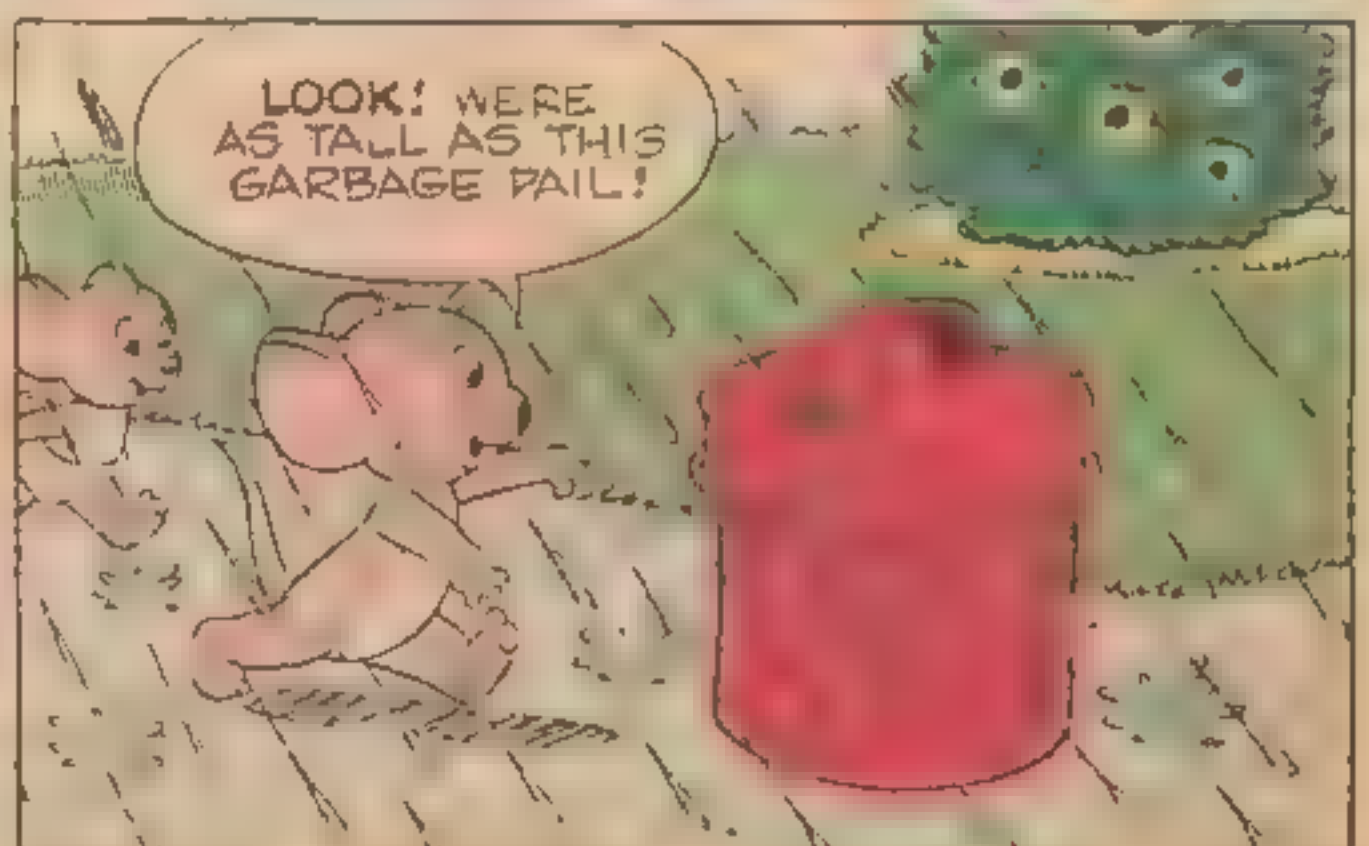
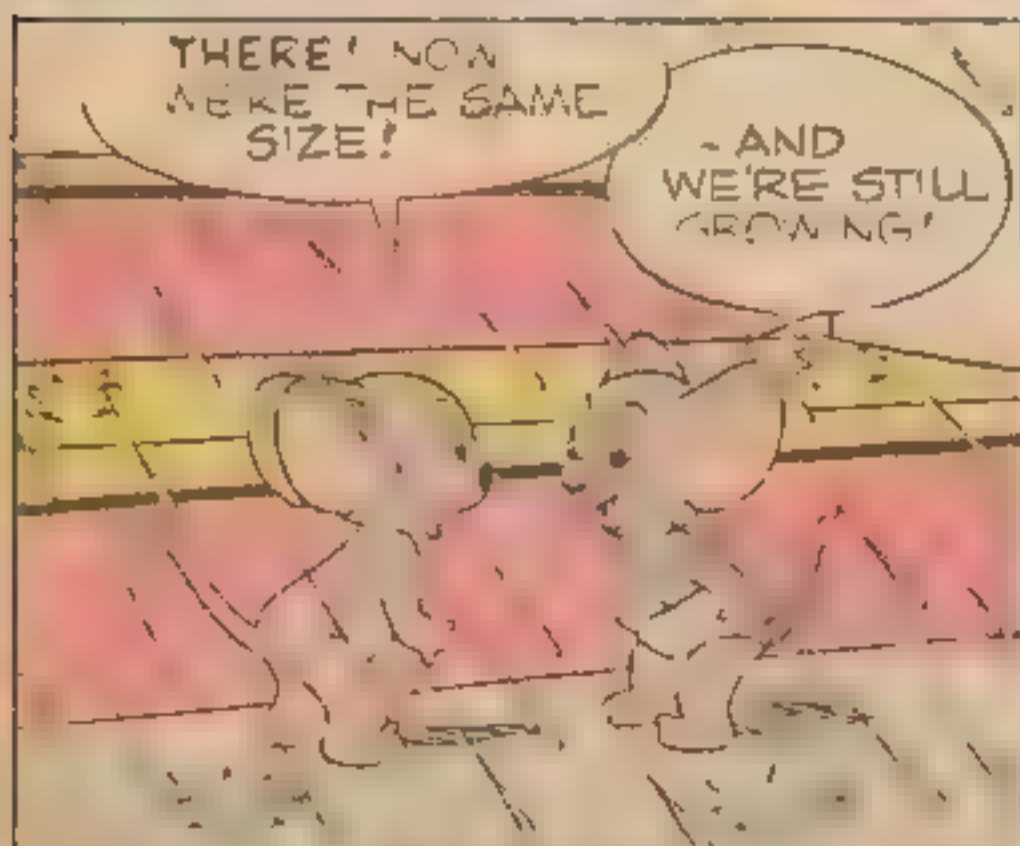
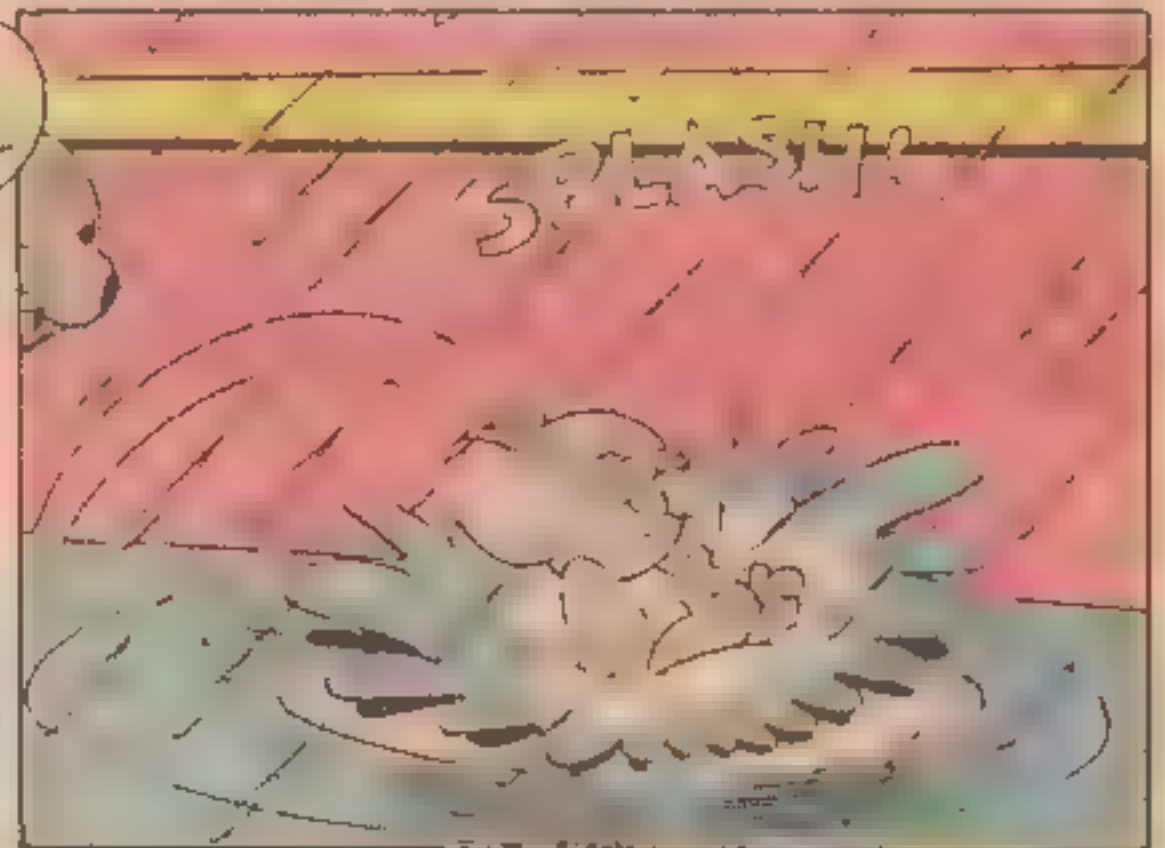
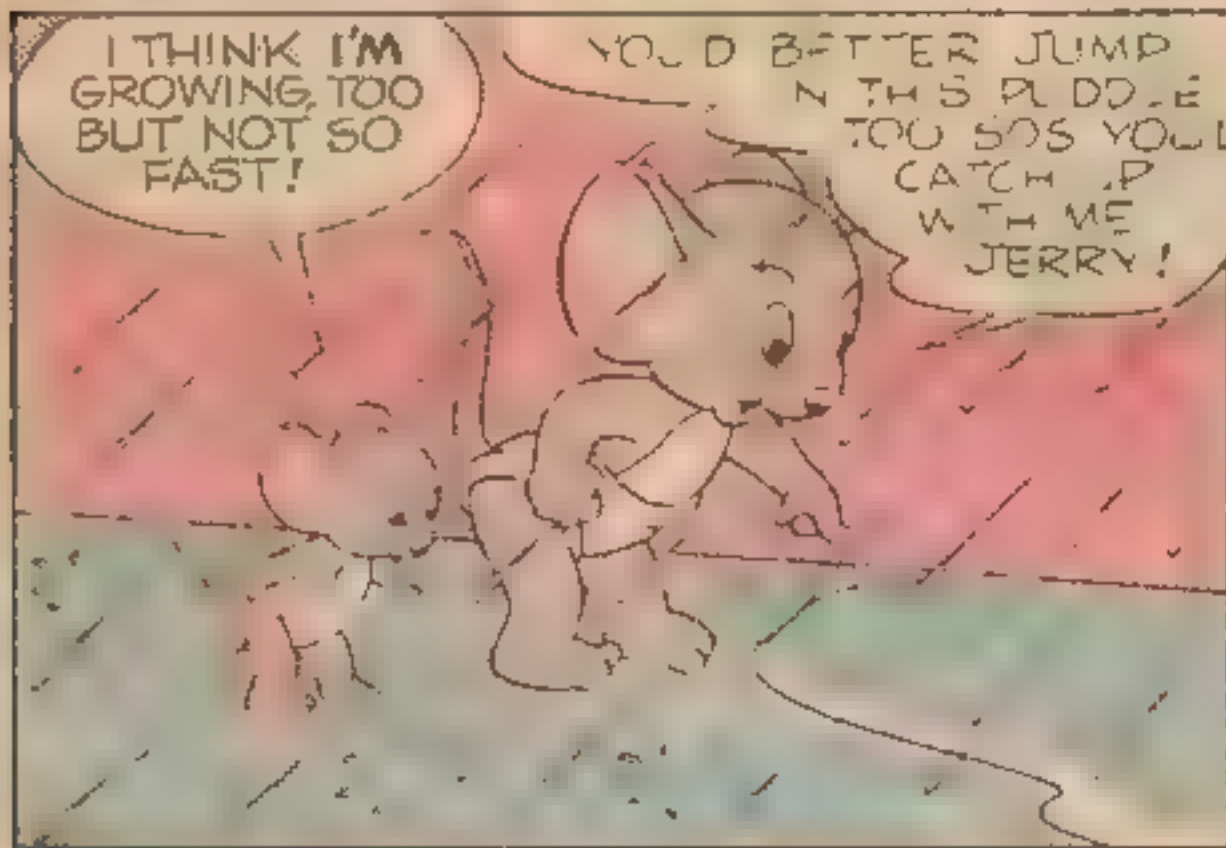
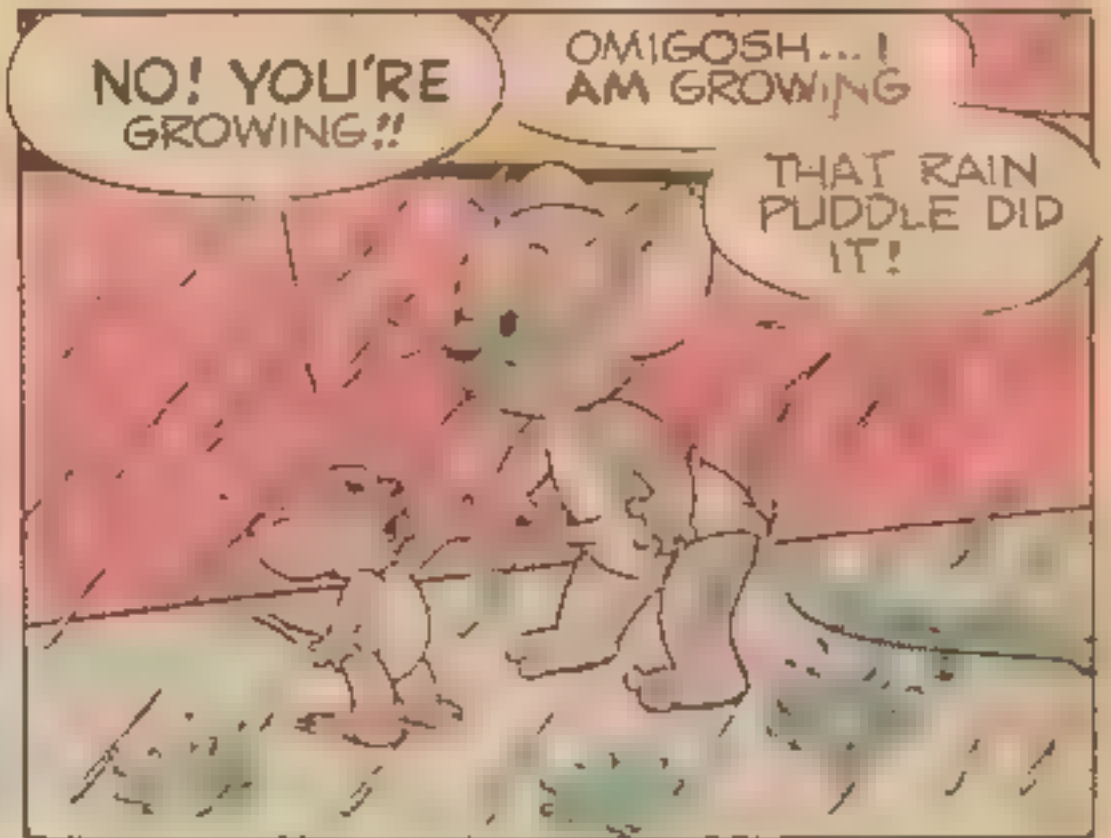
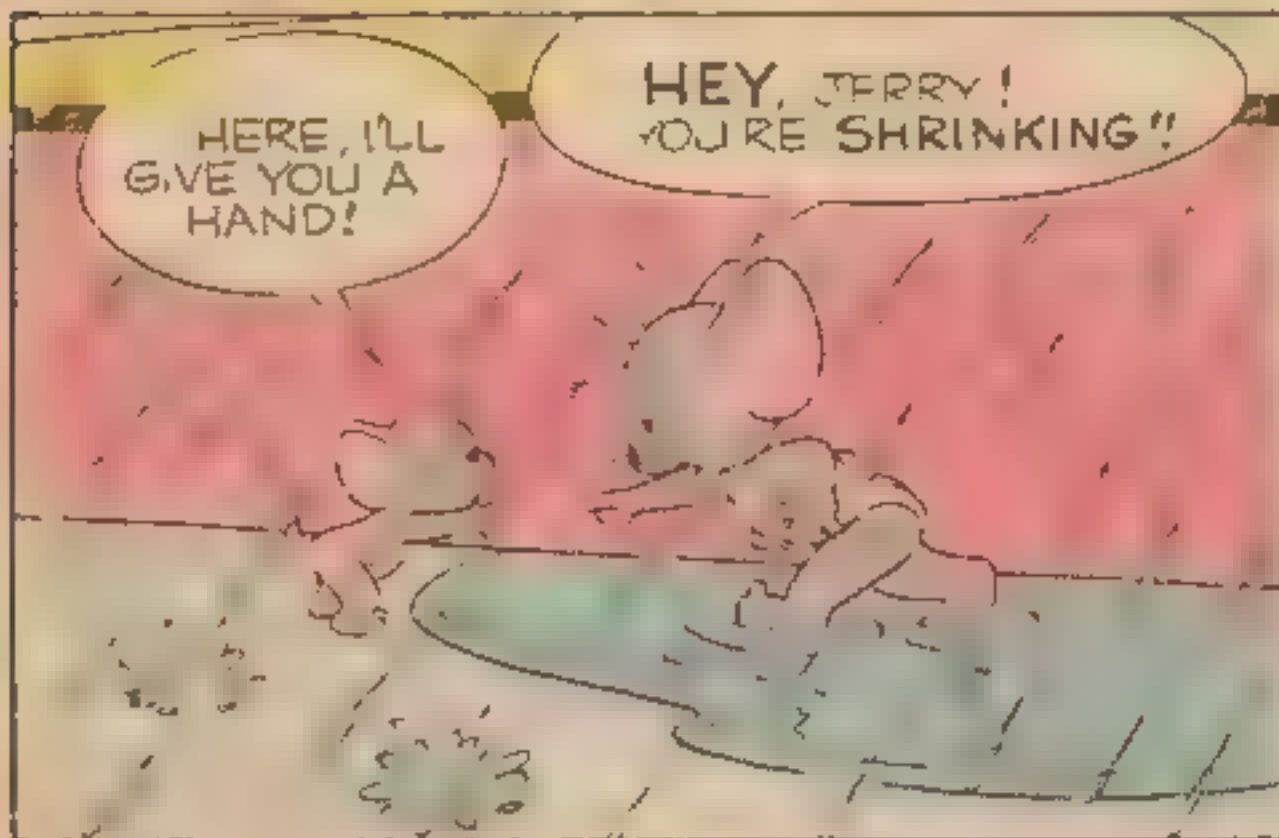
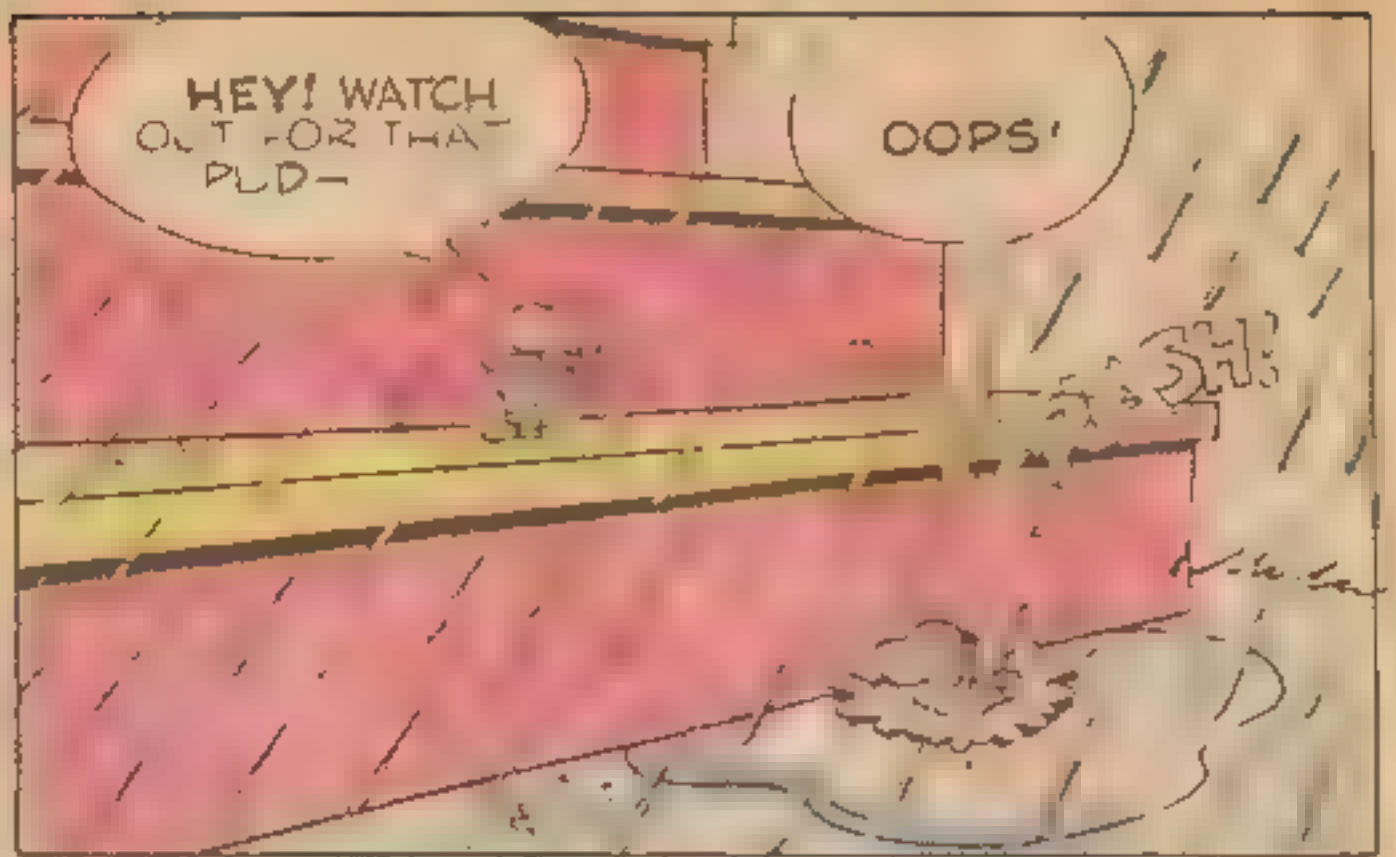
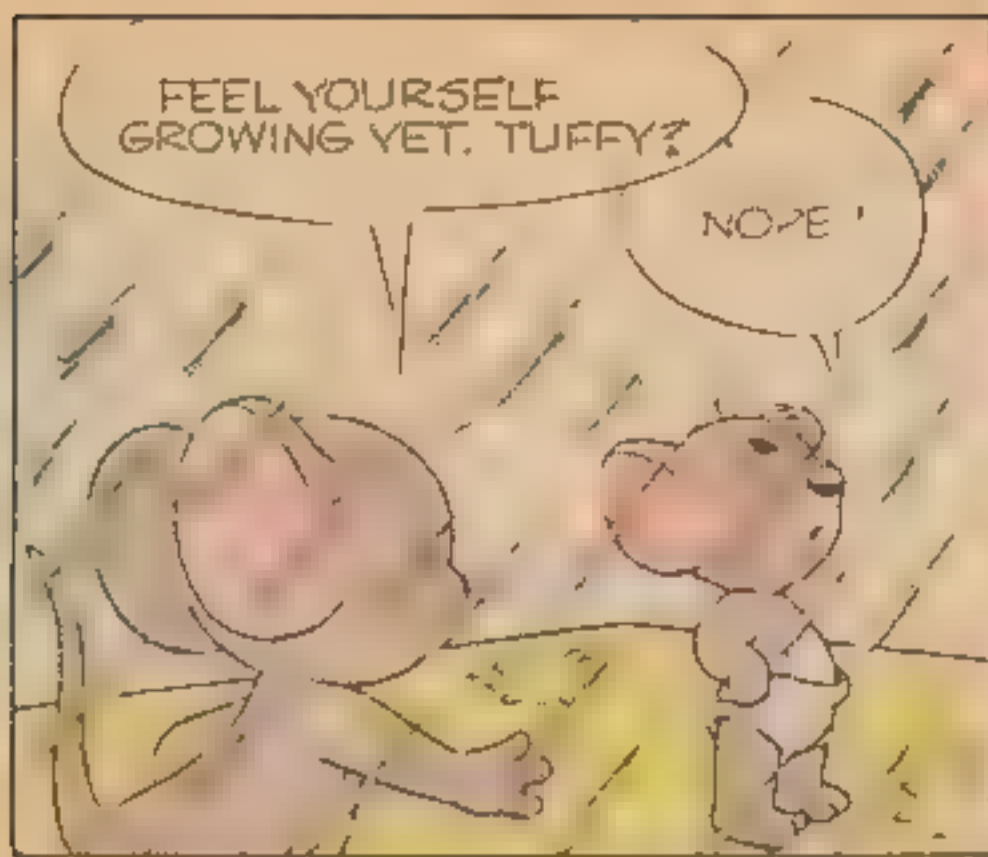


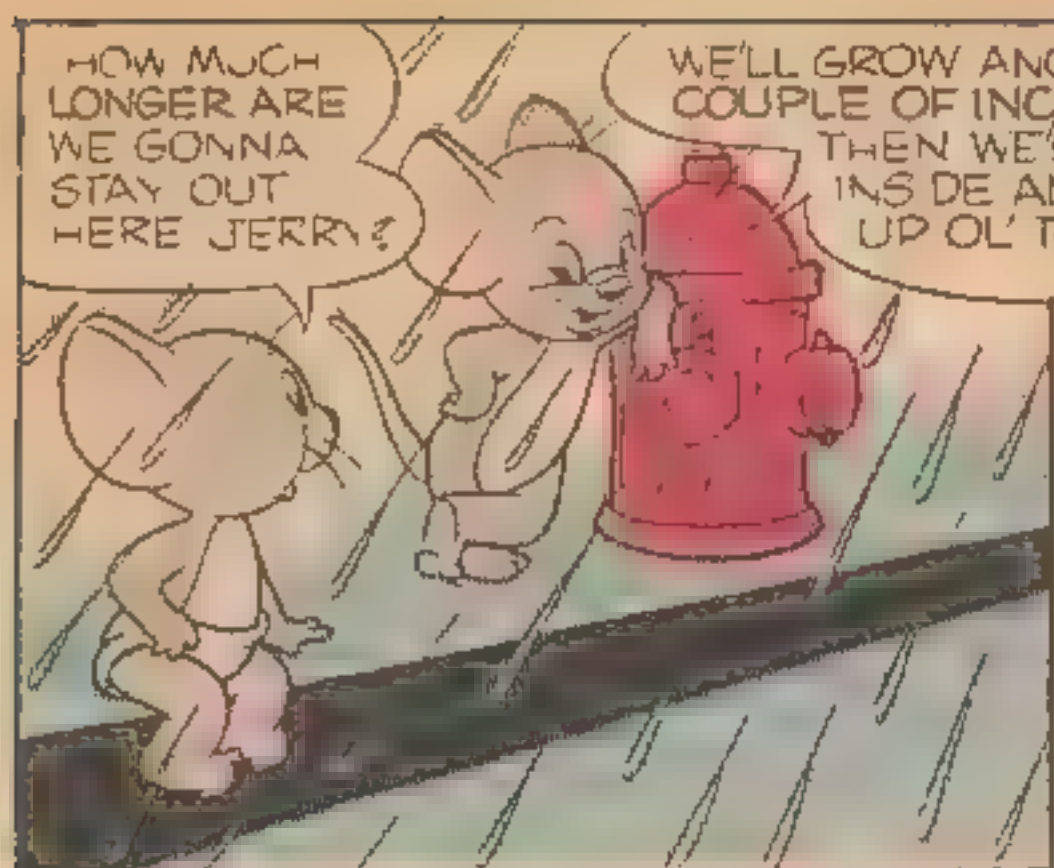
OUR GANG appearing in M-G-M pictures

TOM and JERRY

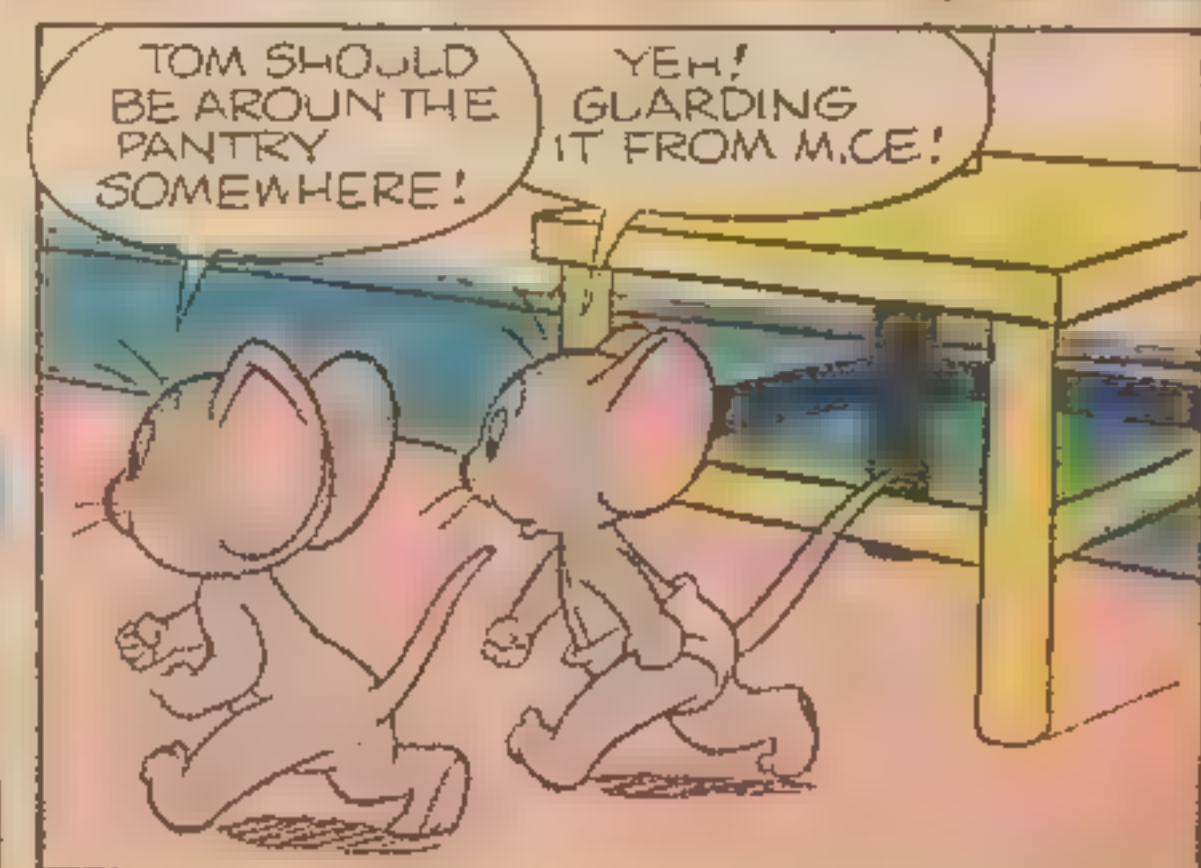
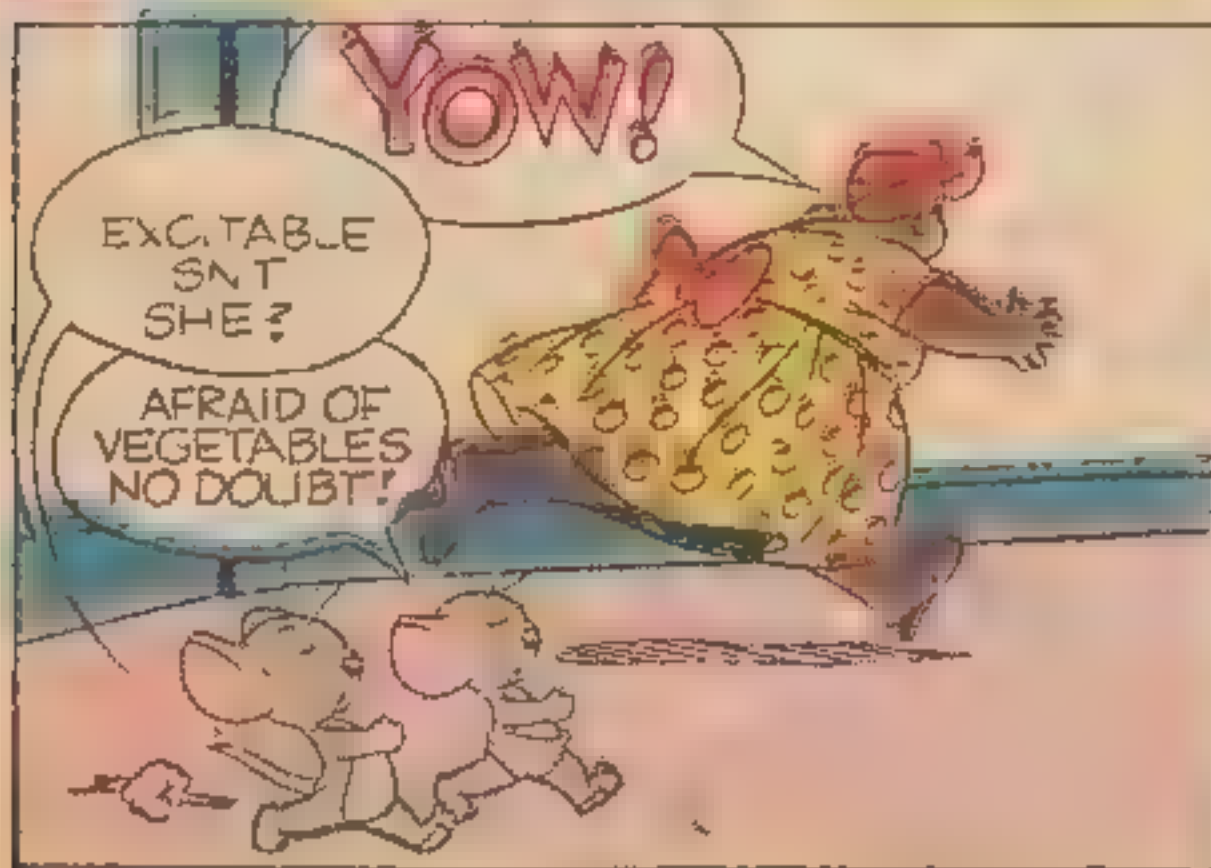
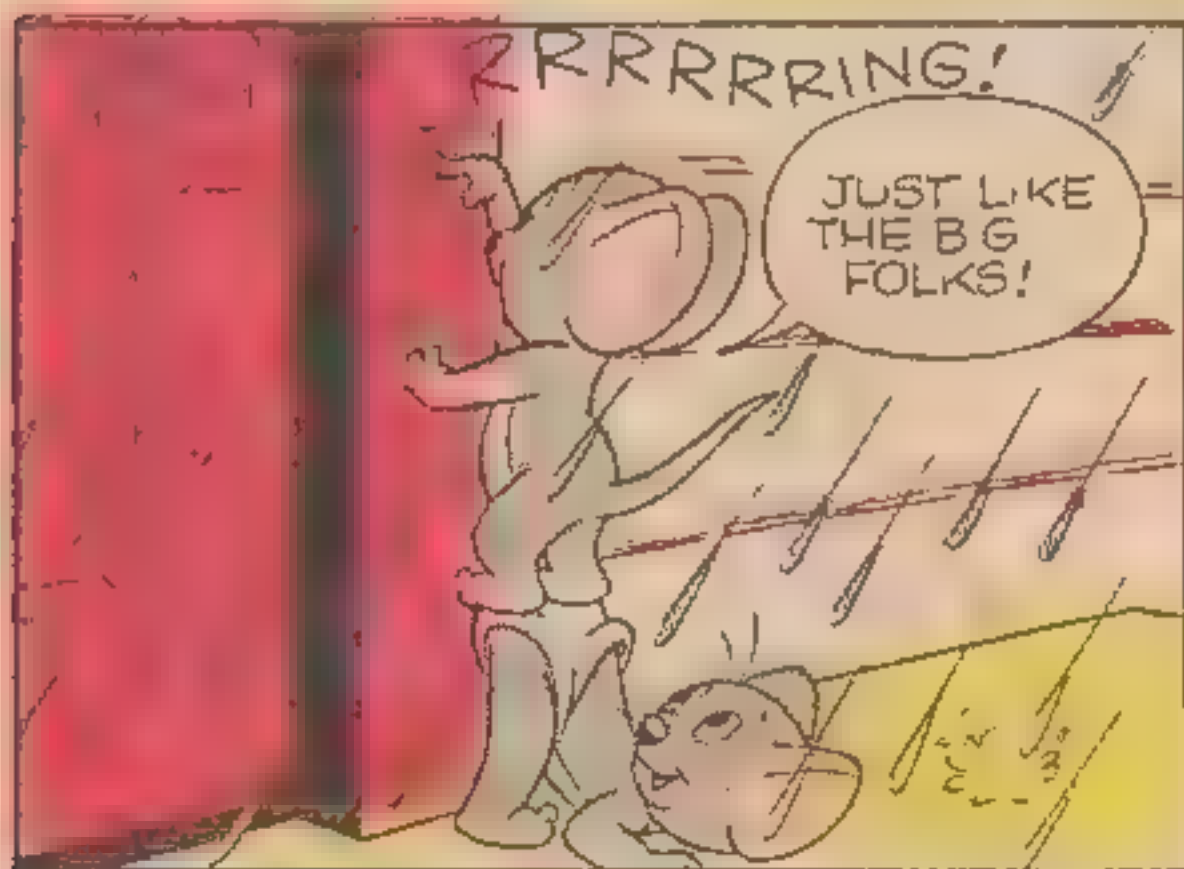
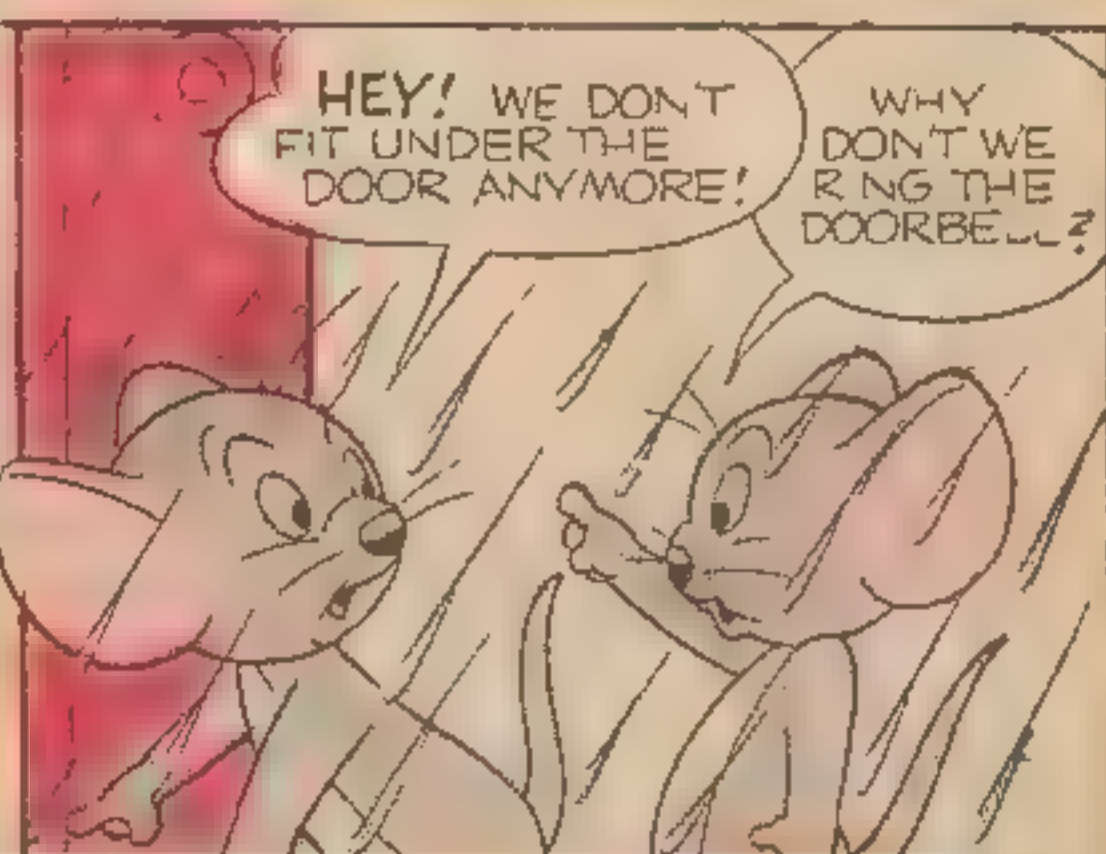
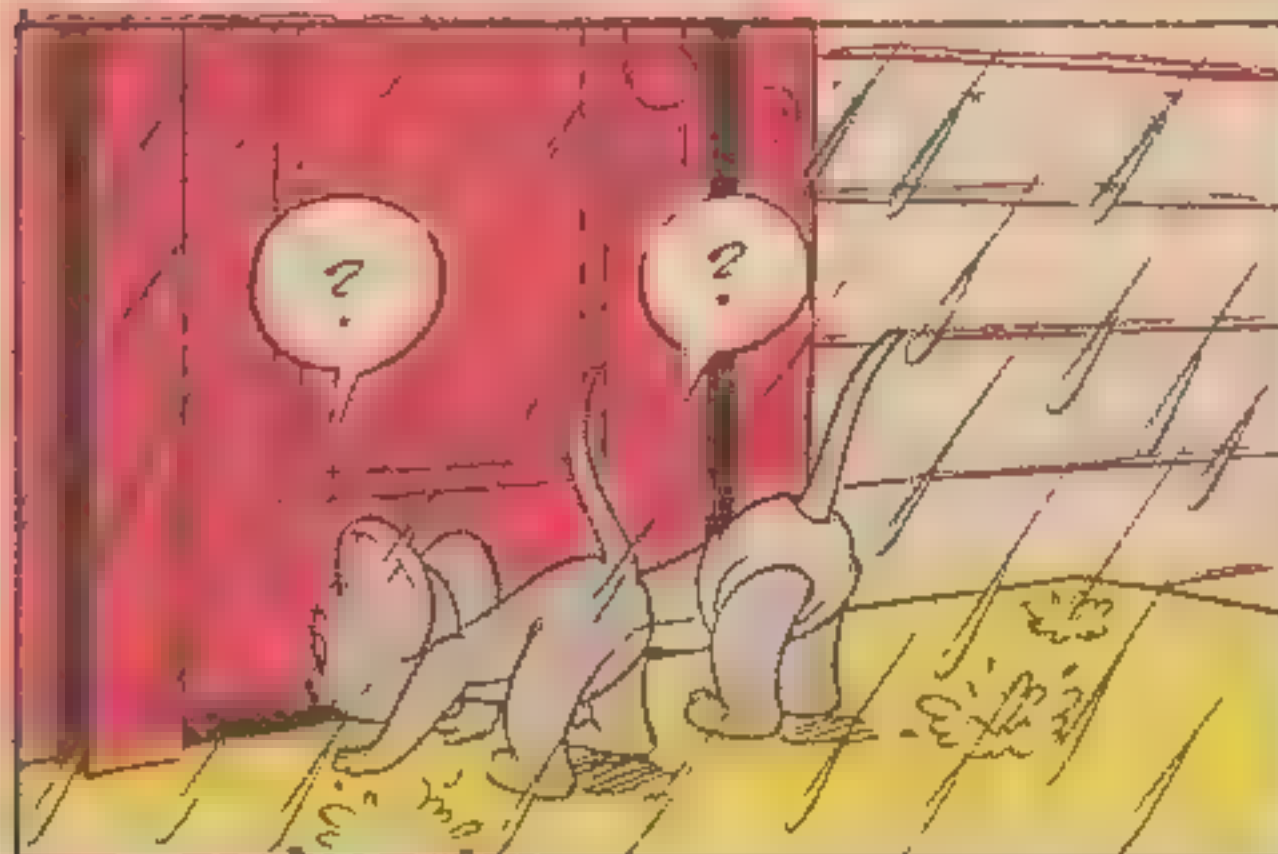
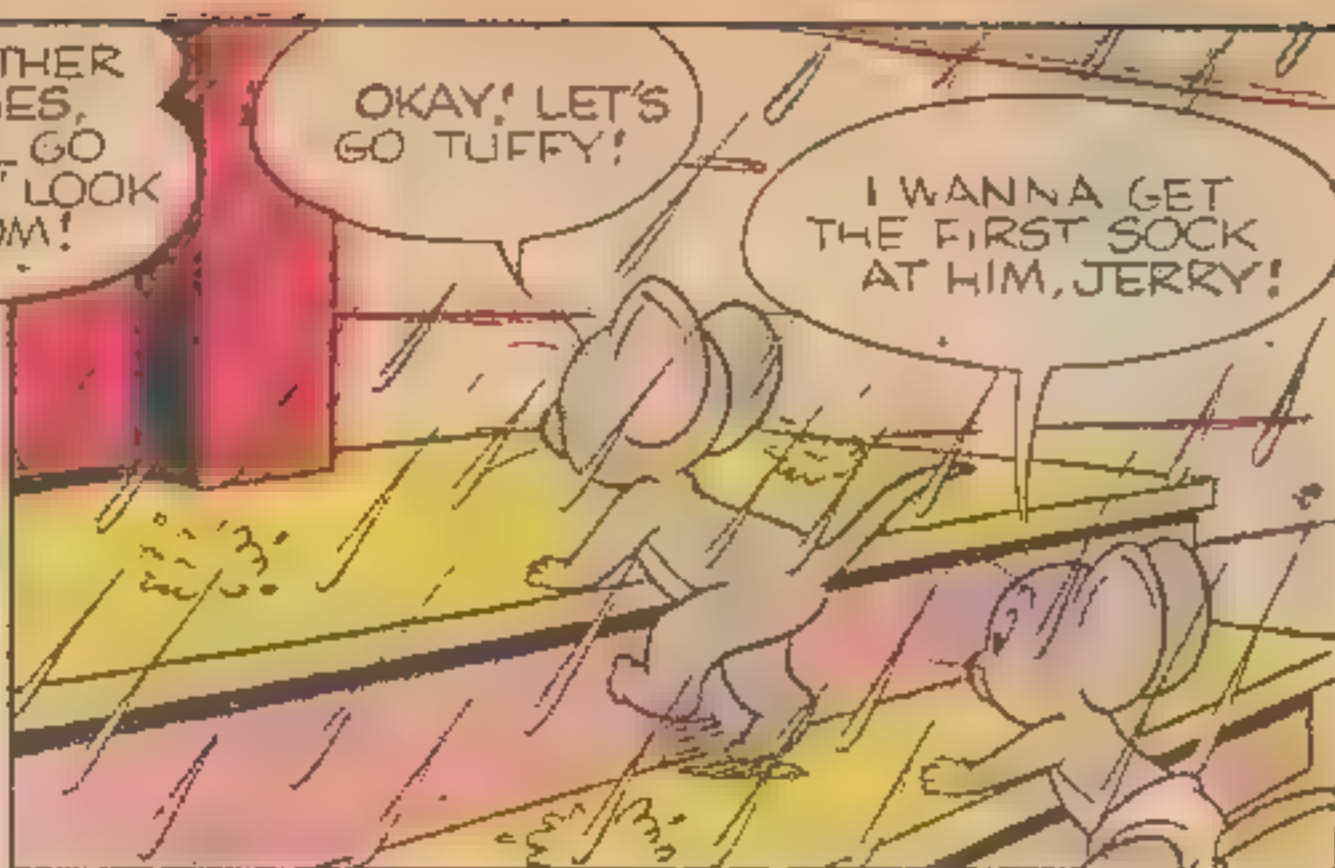
M.S.M. PRESENTS

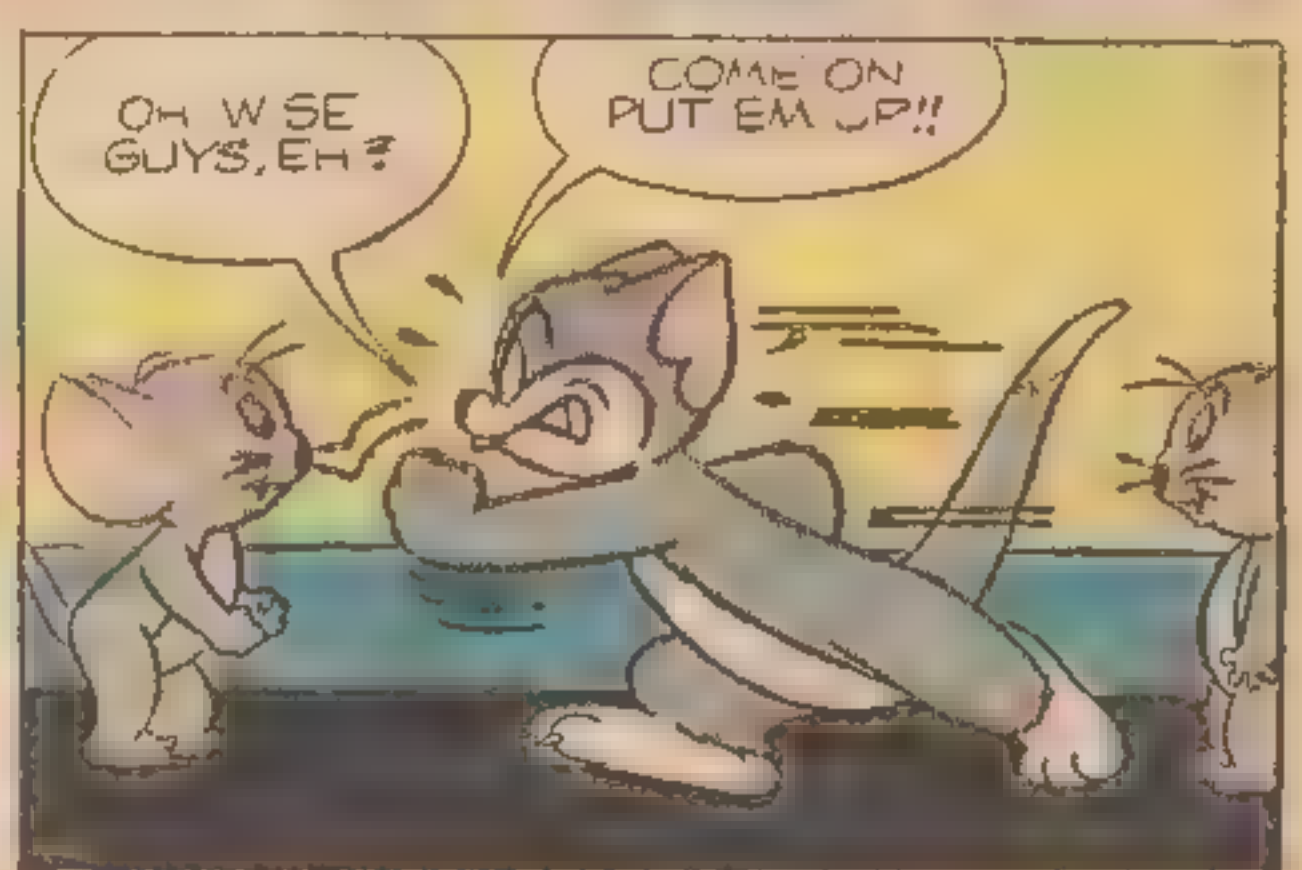
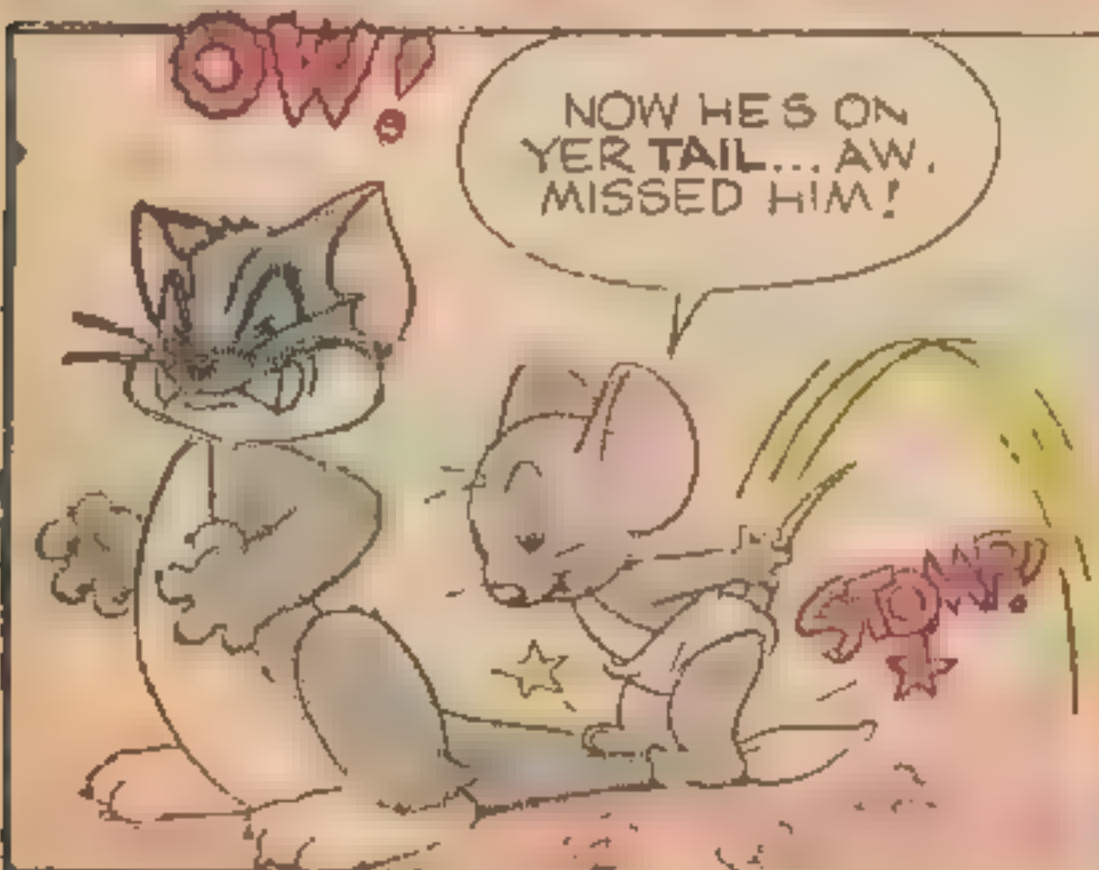
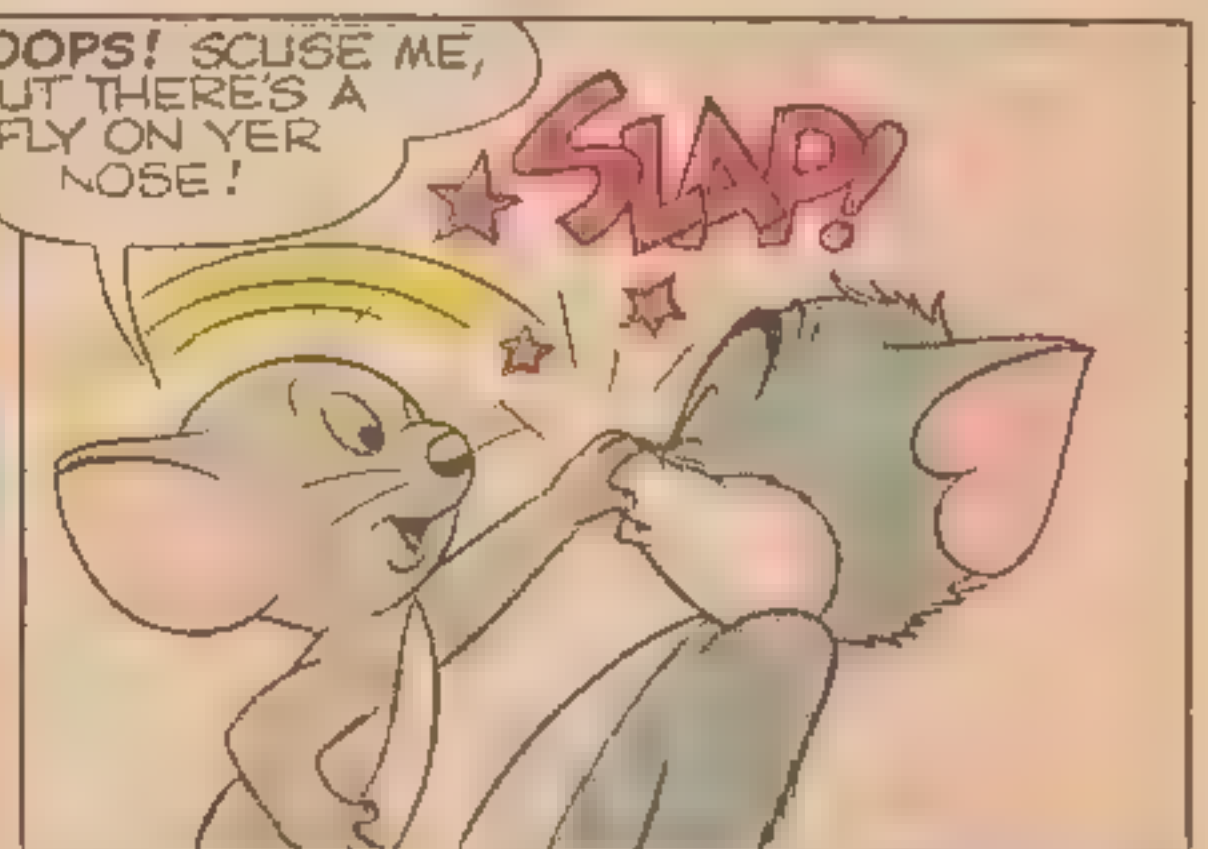
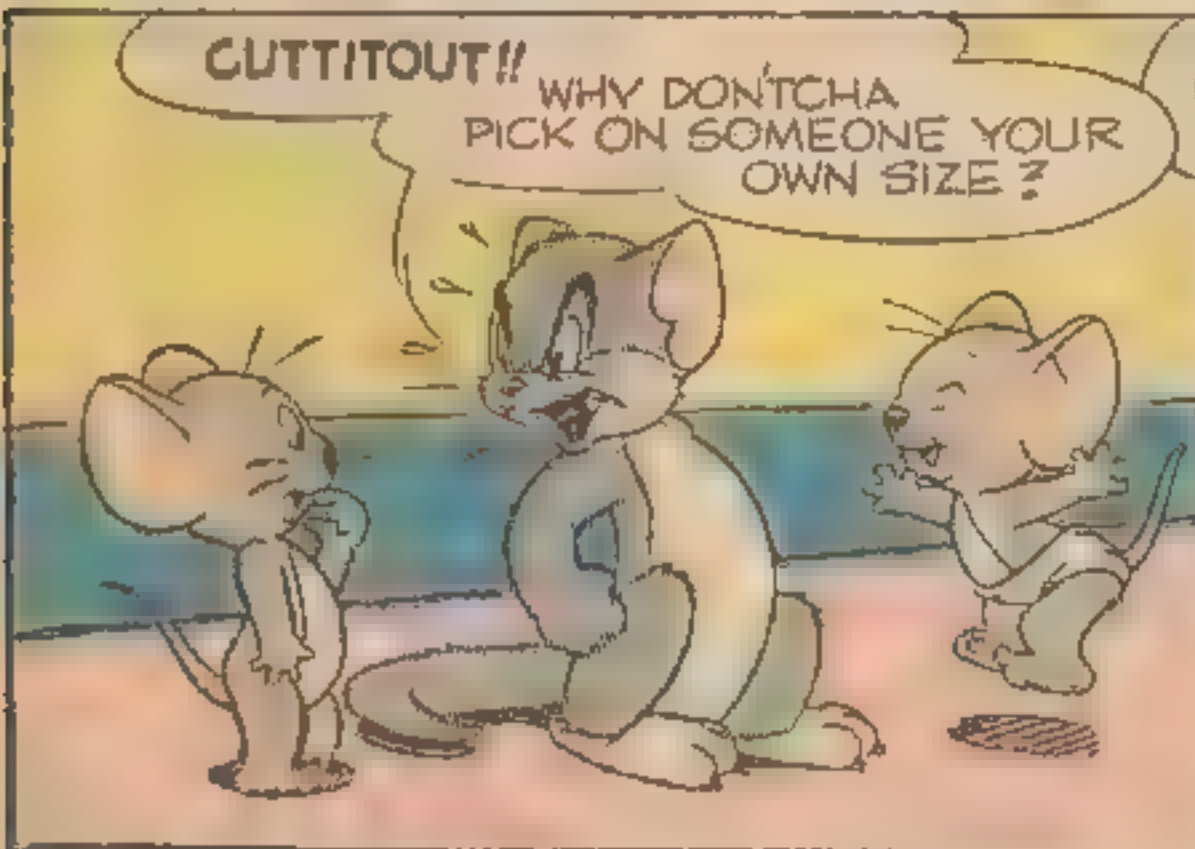
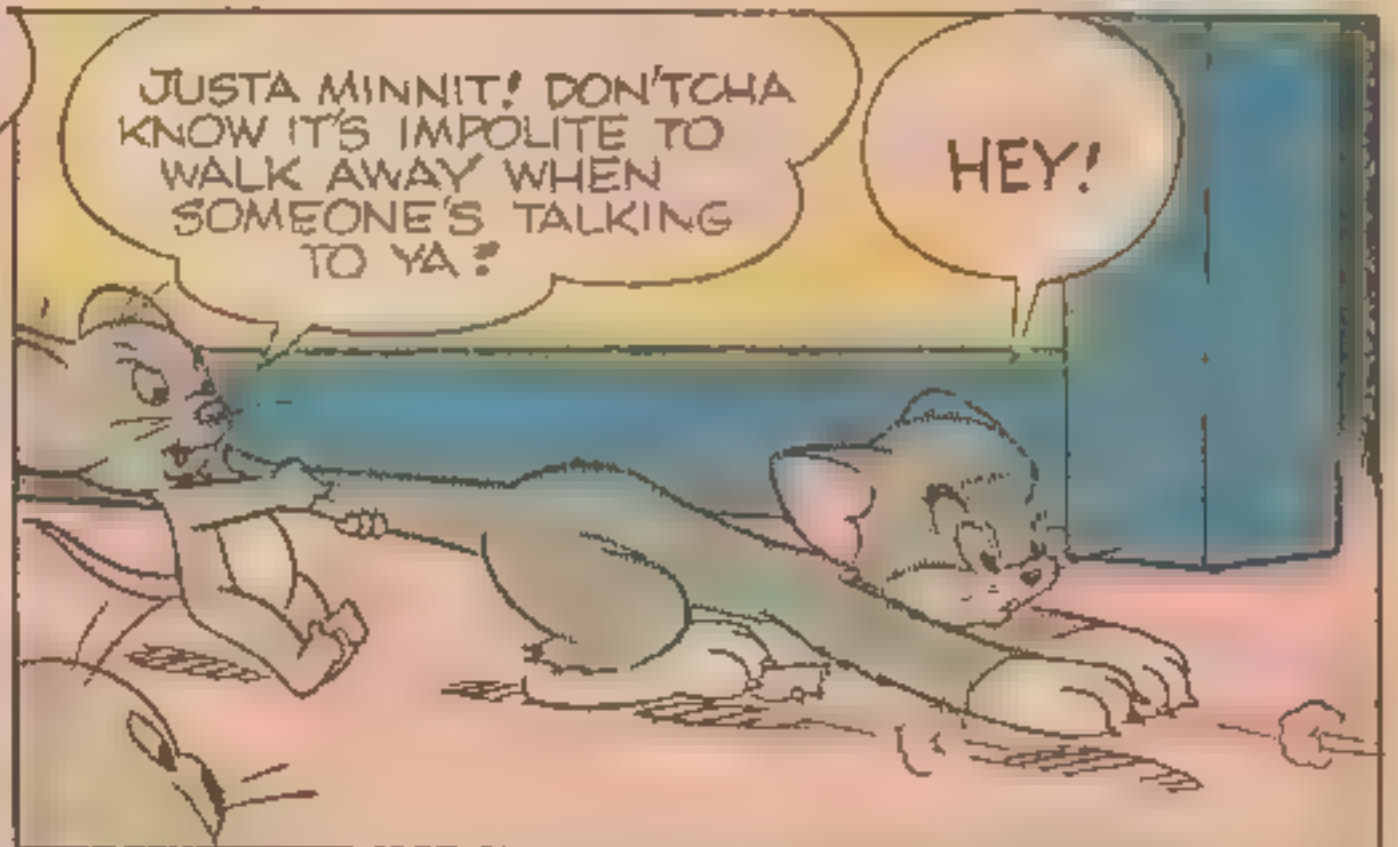
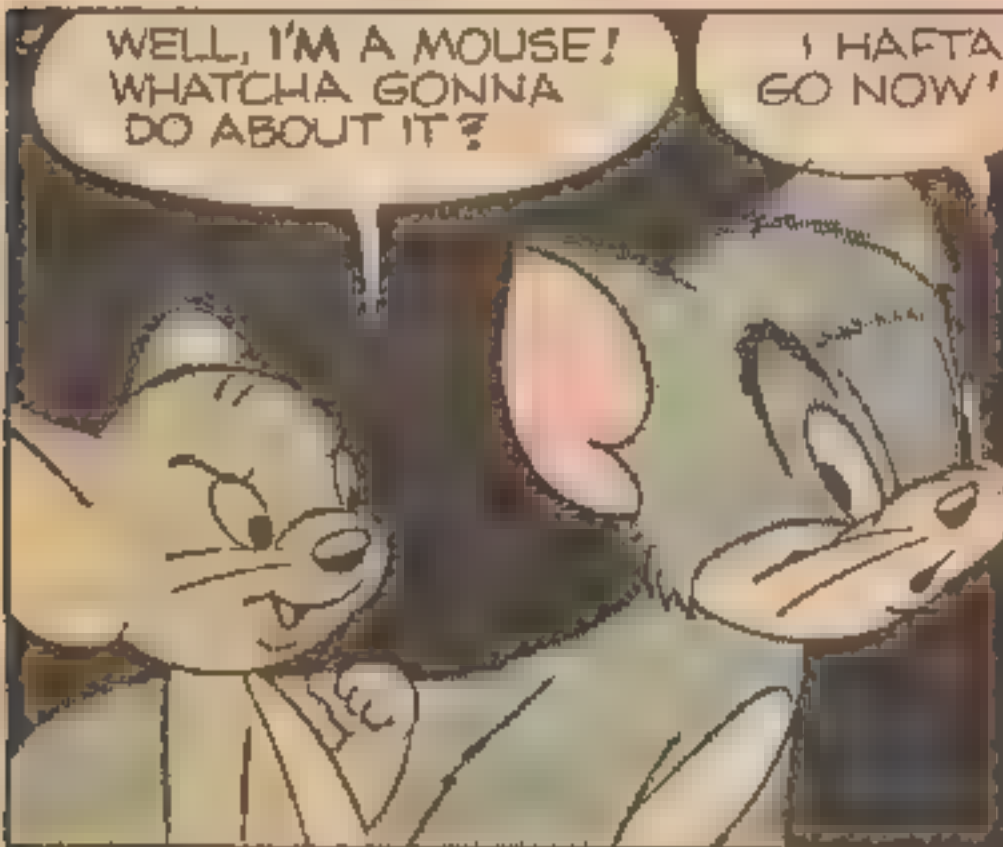
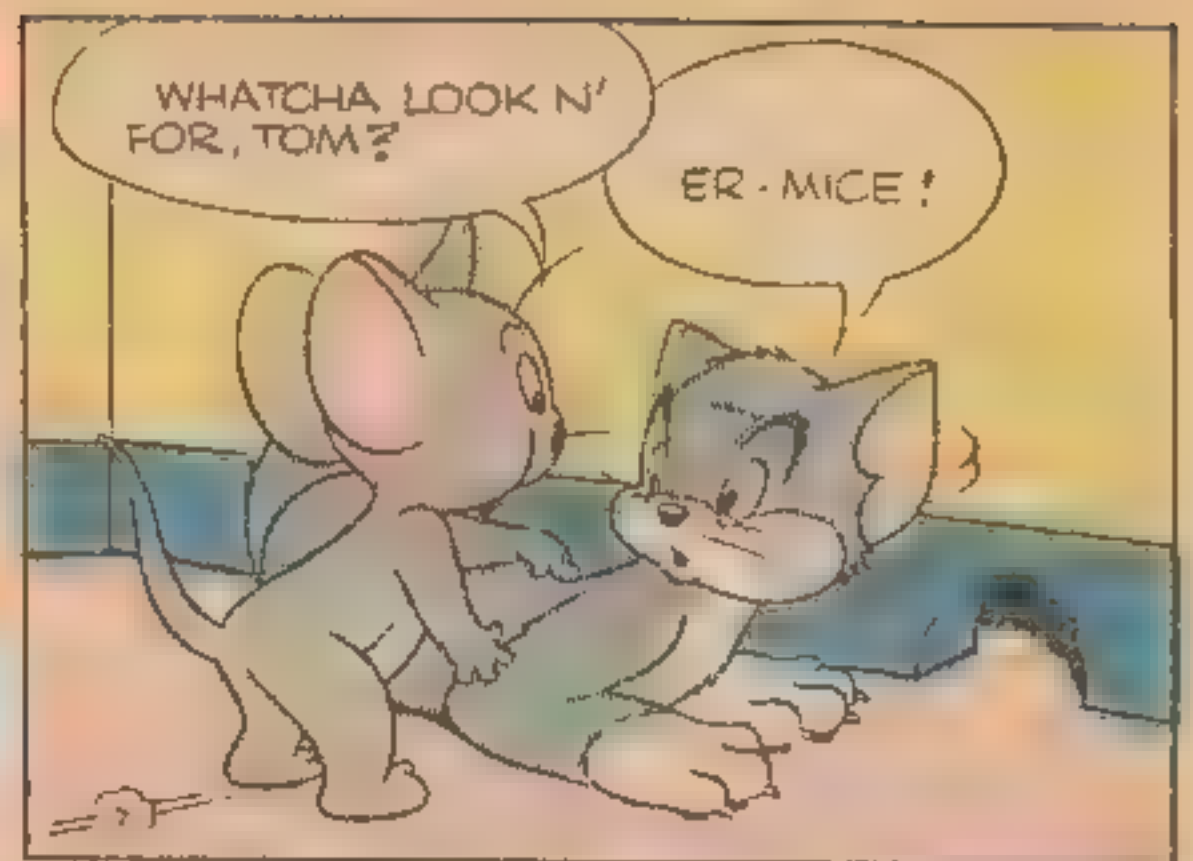
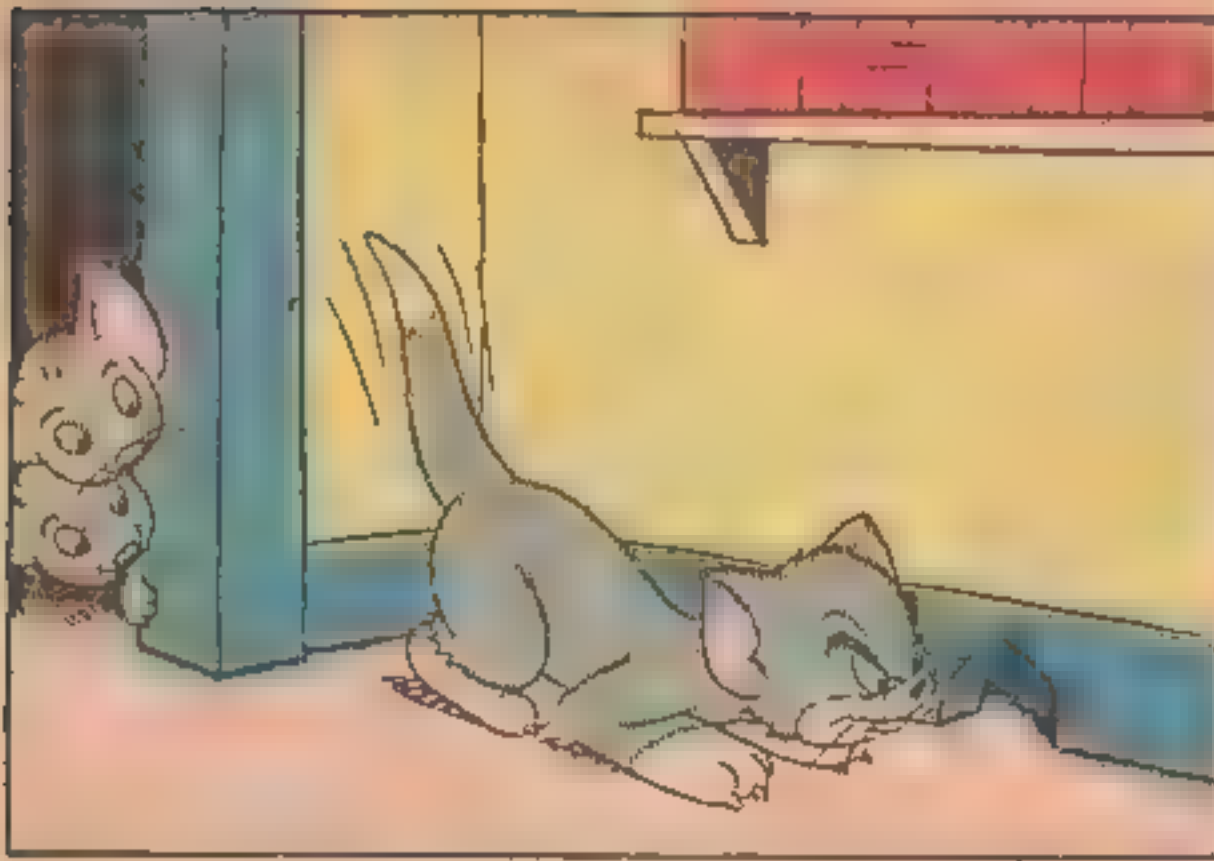


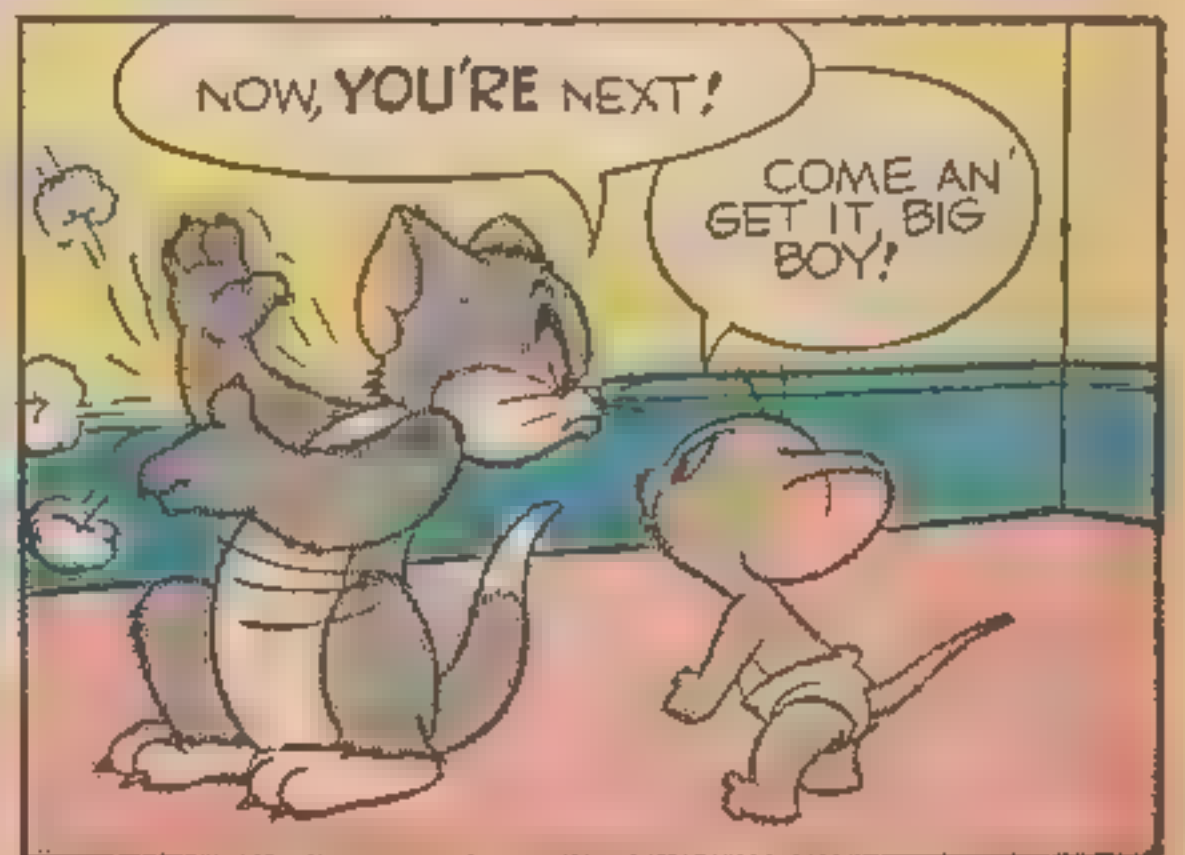
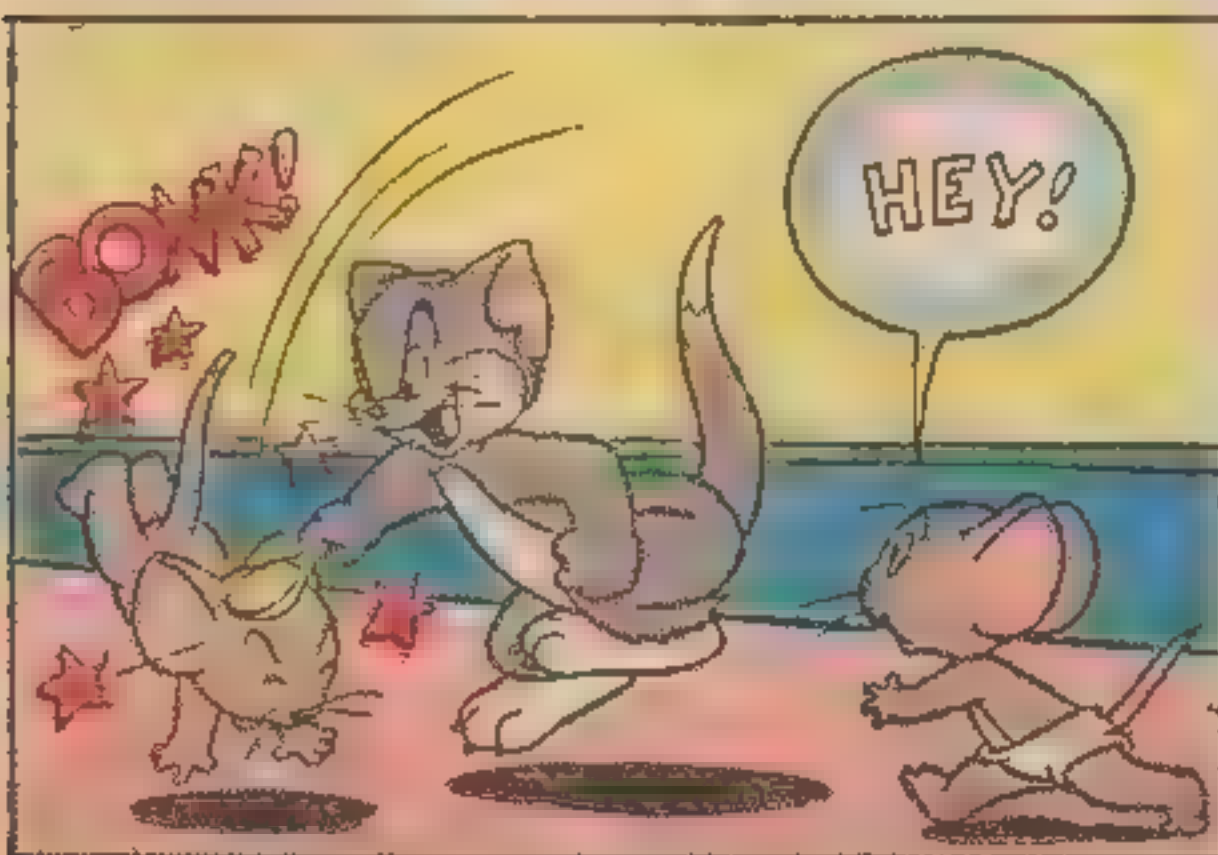
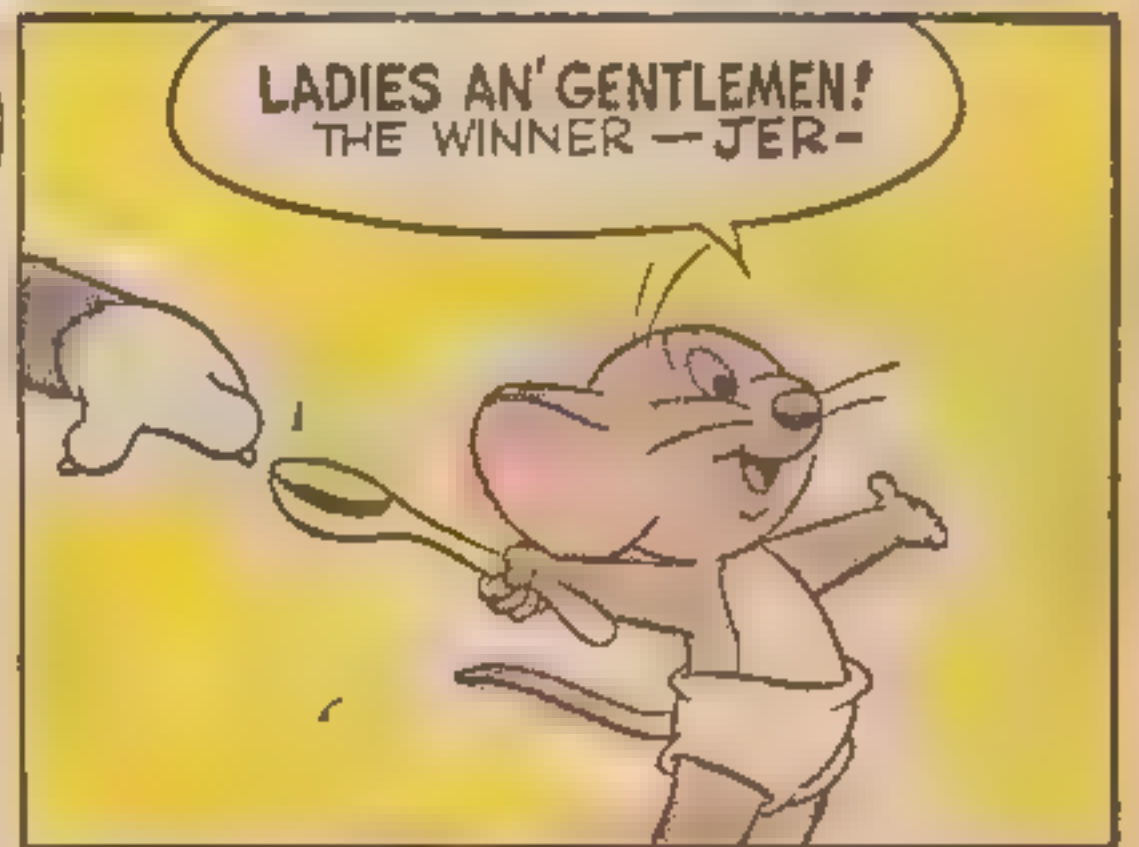
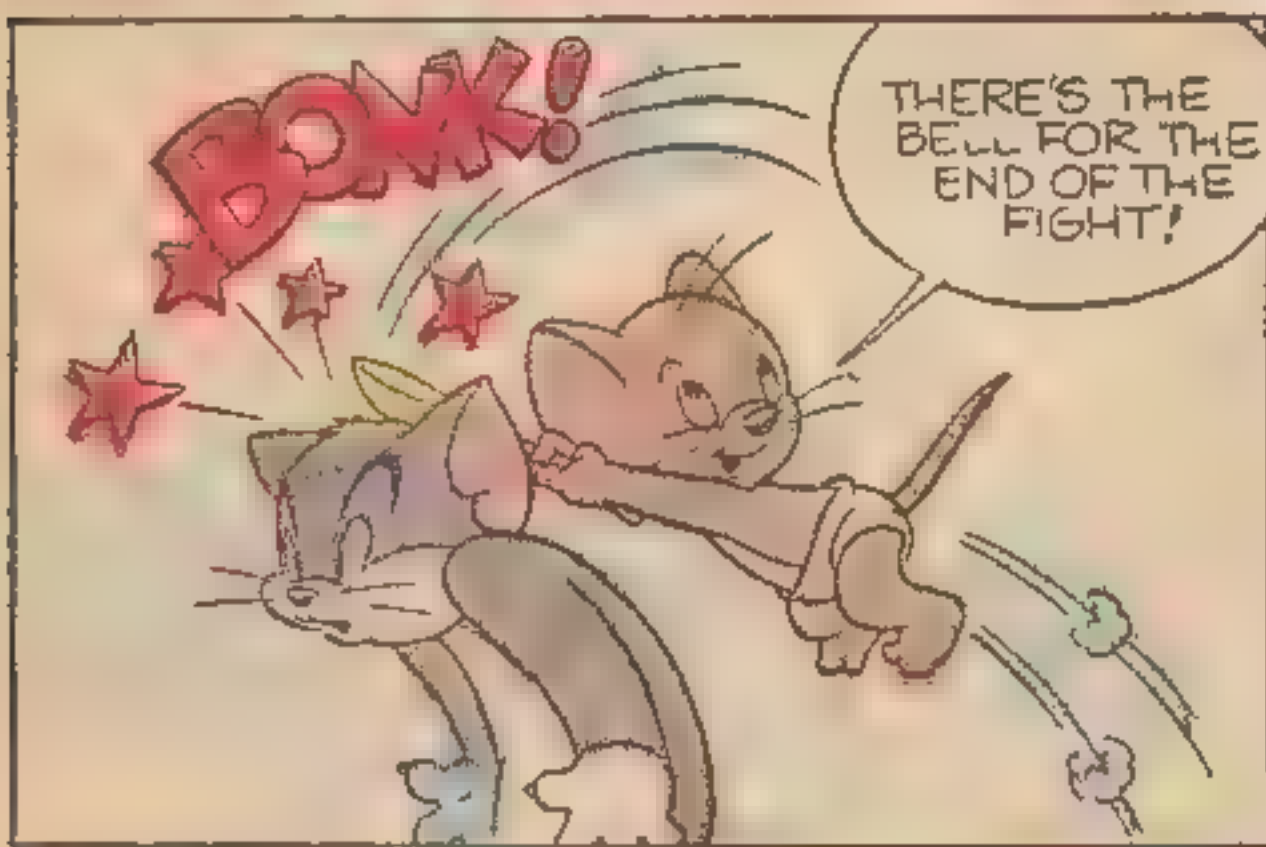
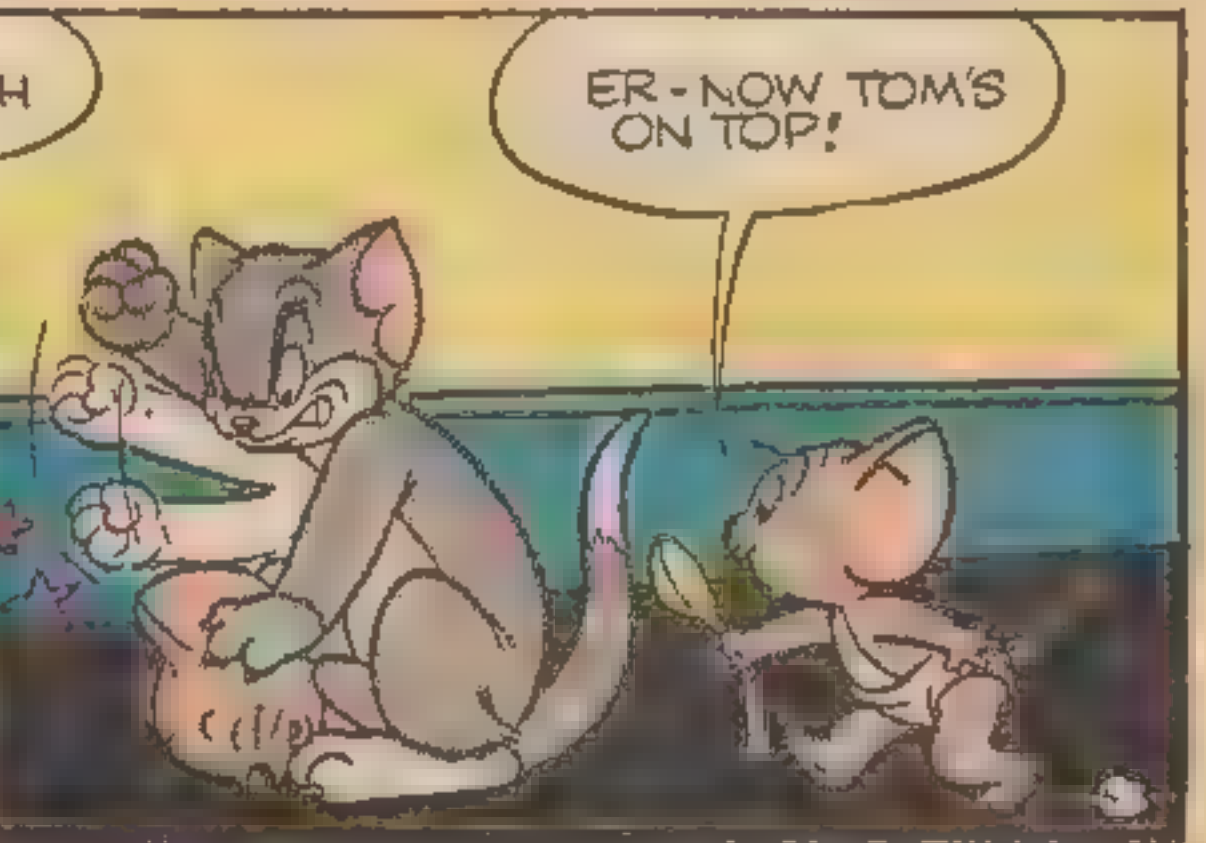
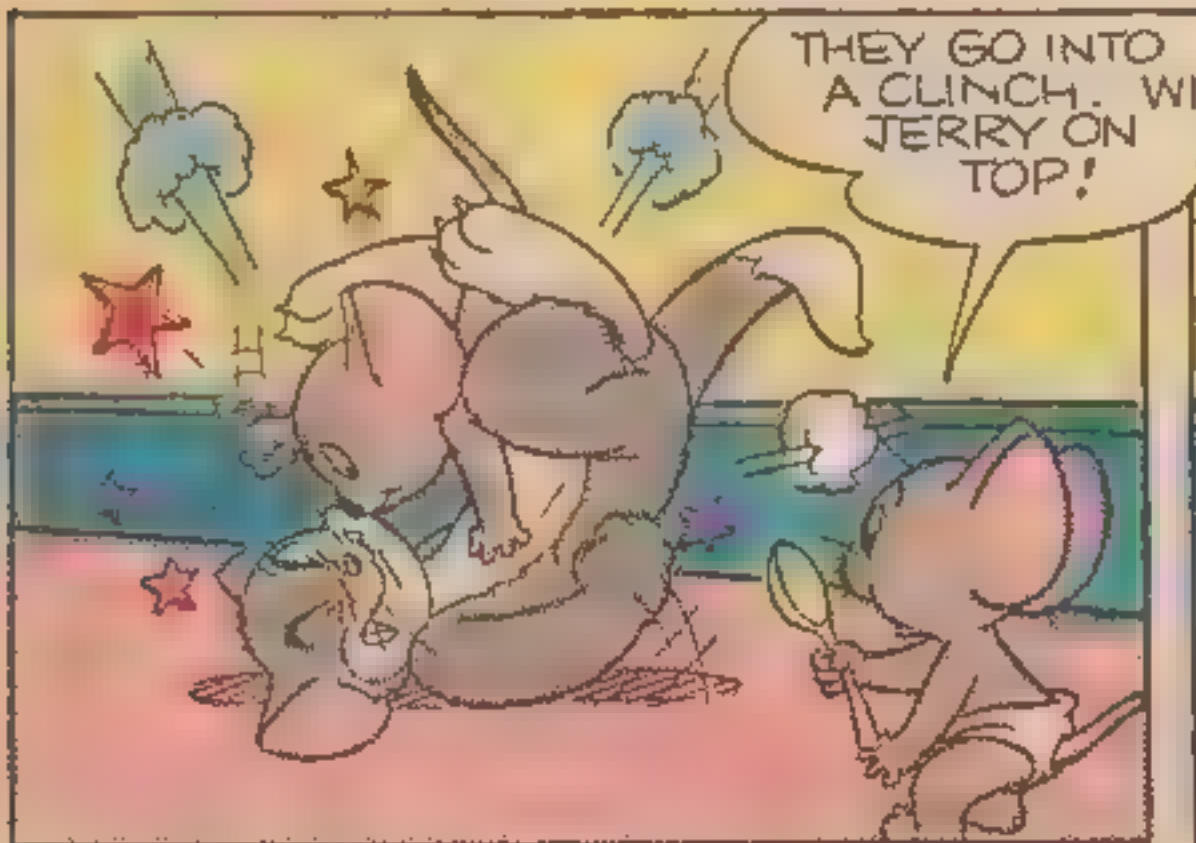
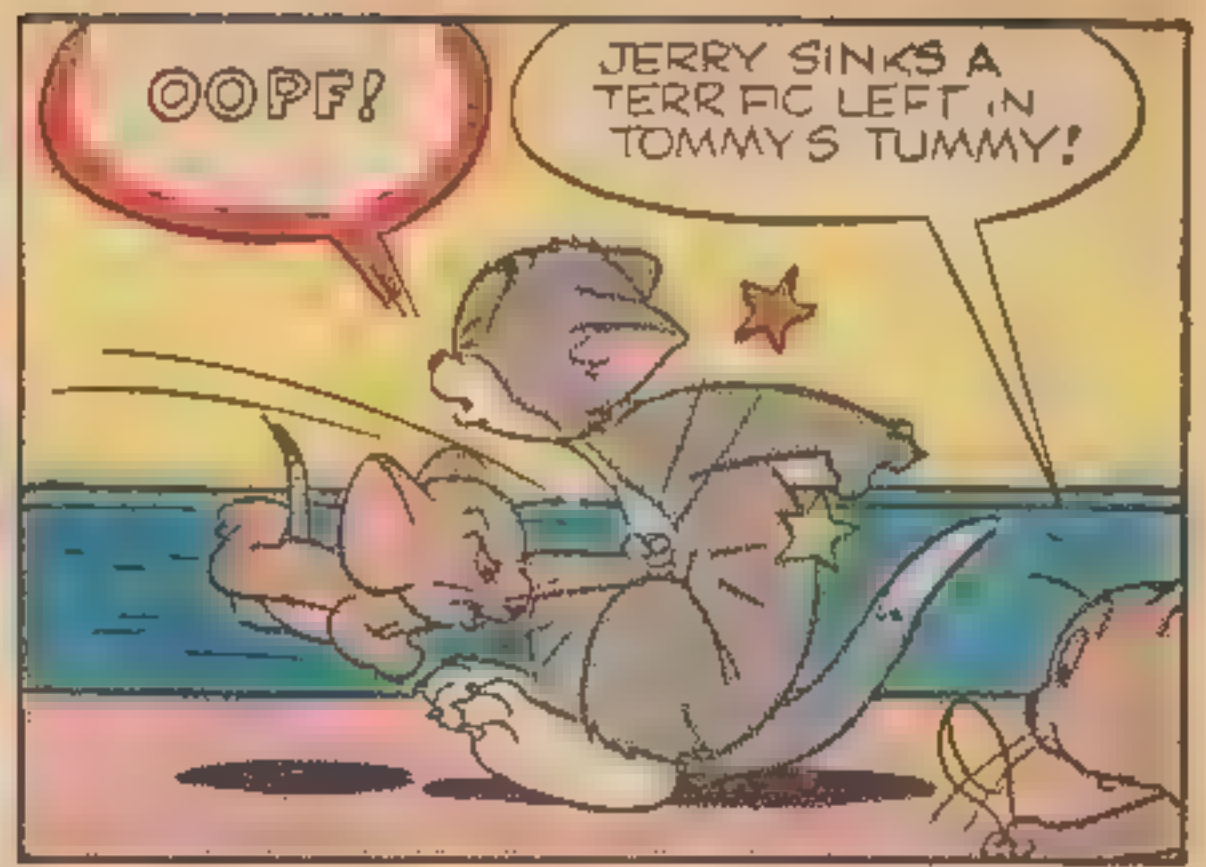
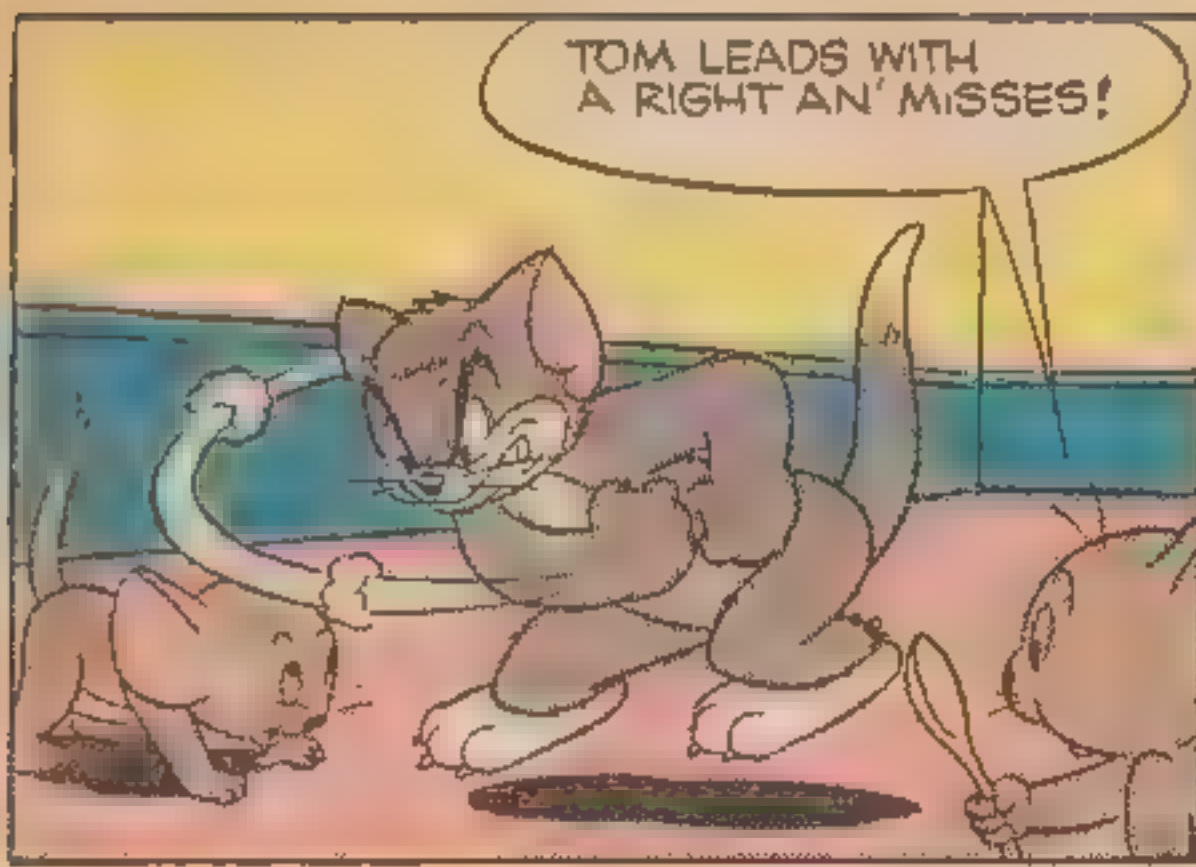


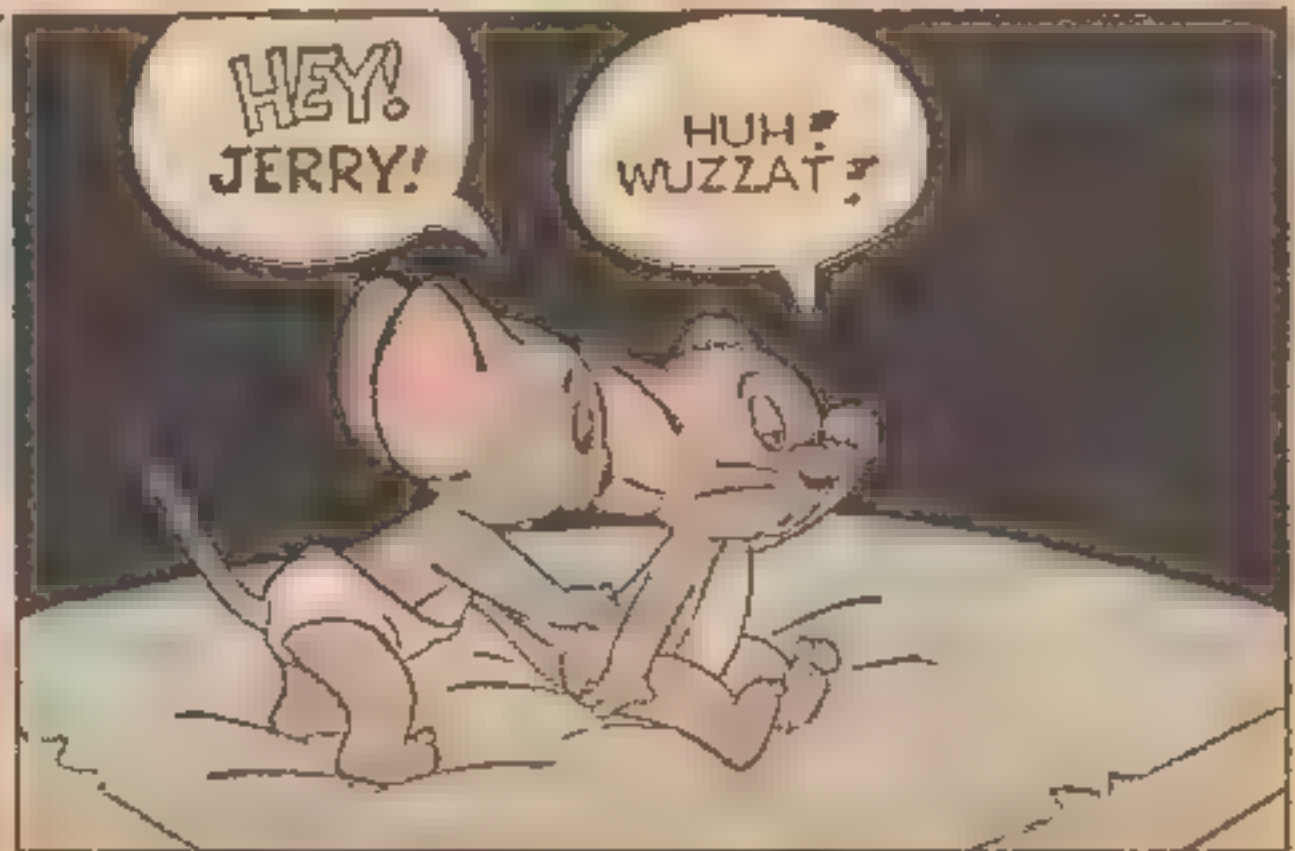
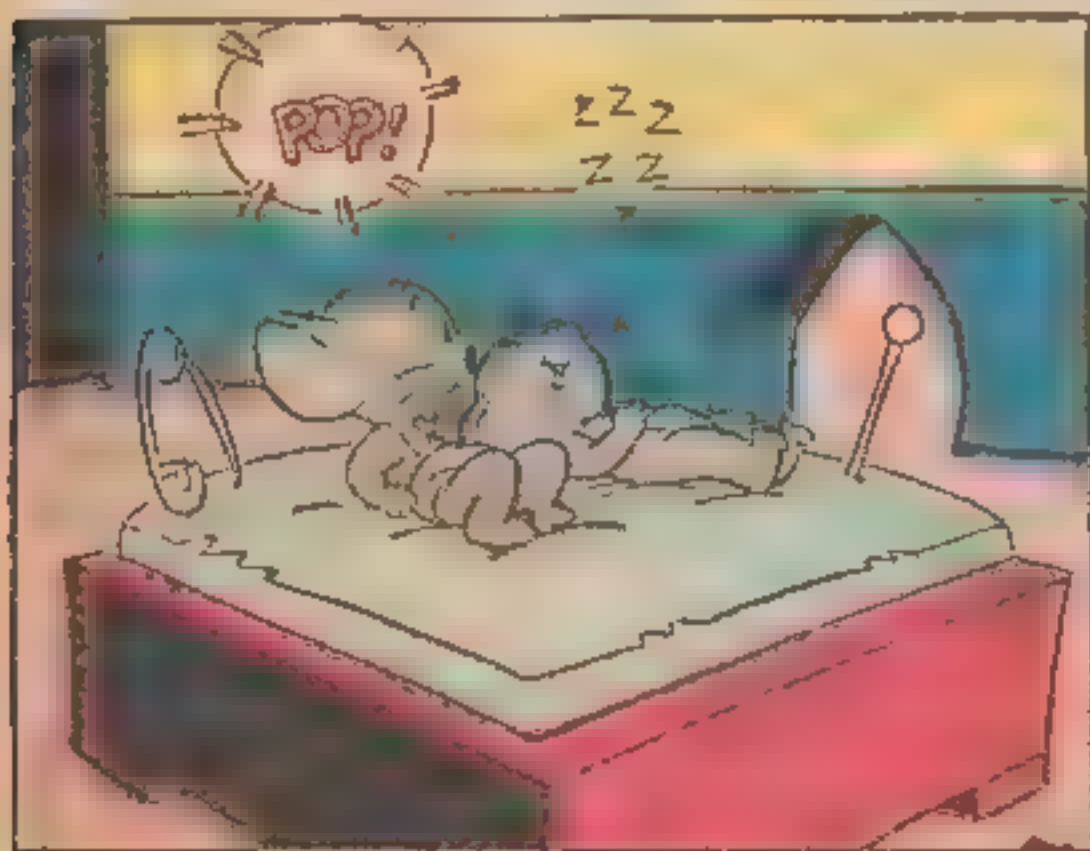
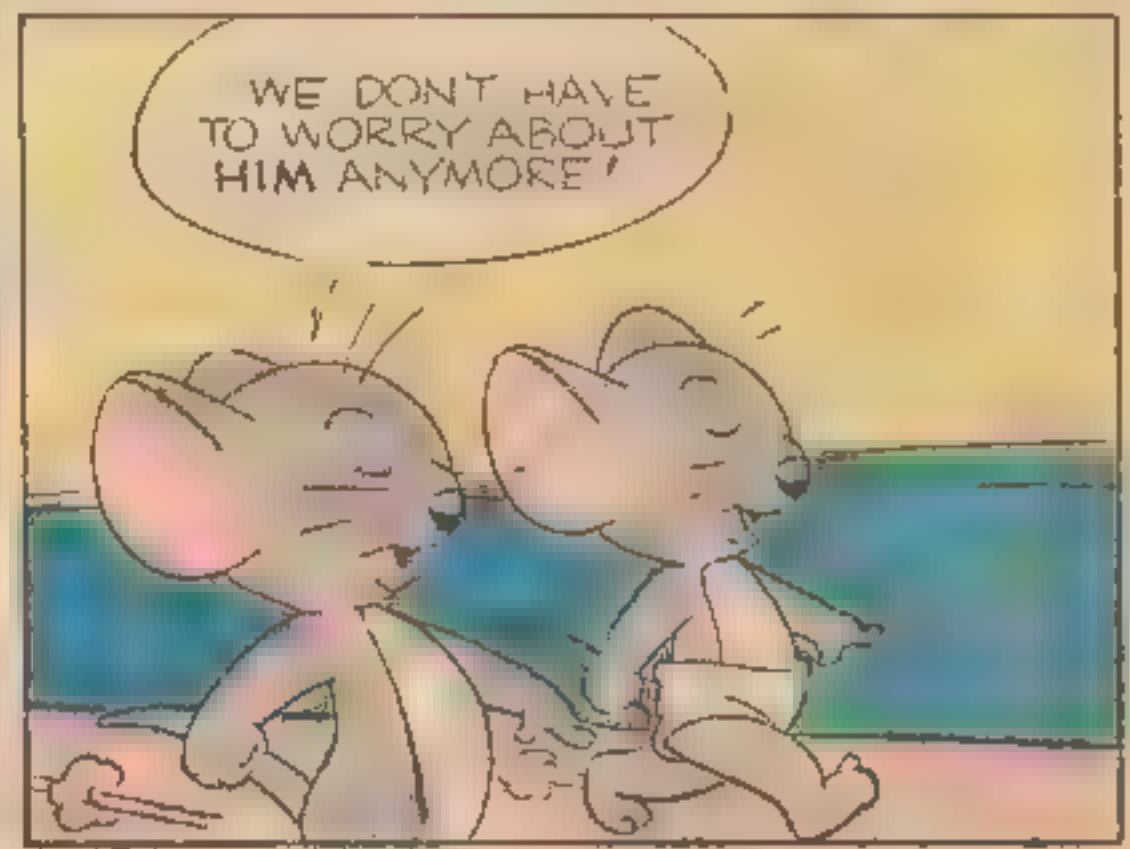
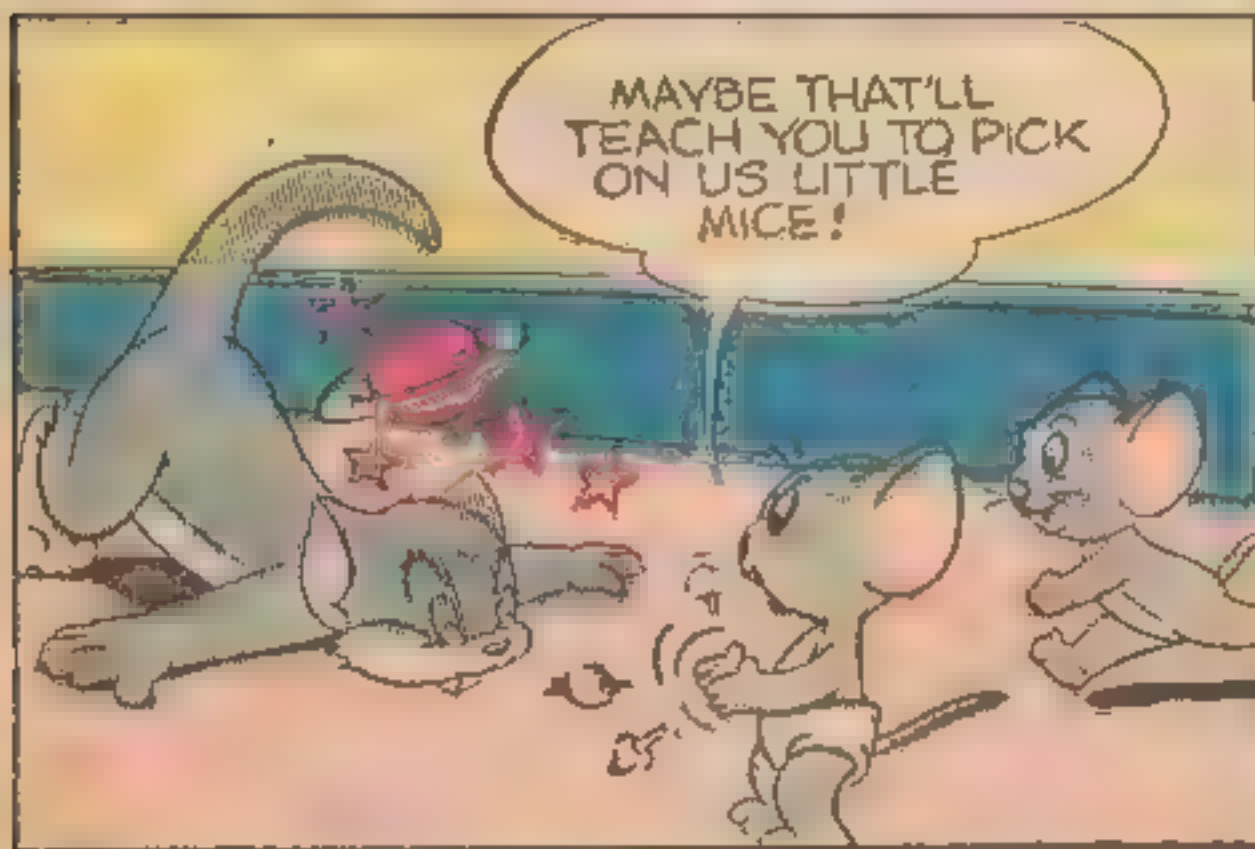
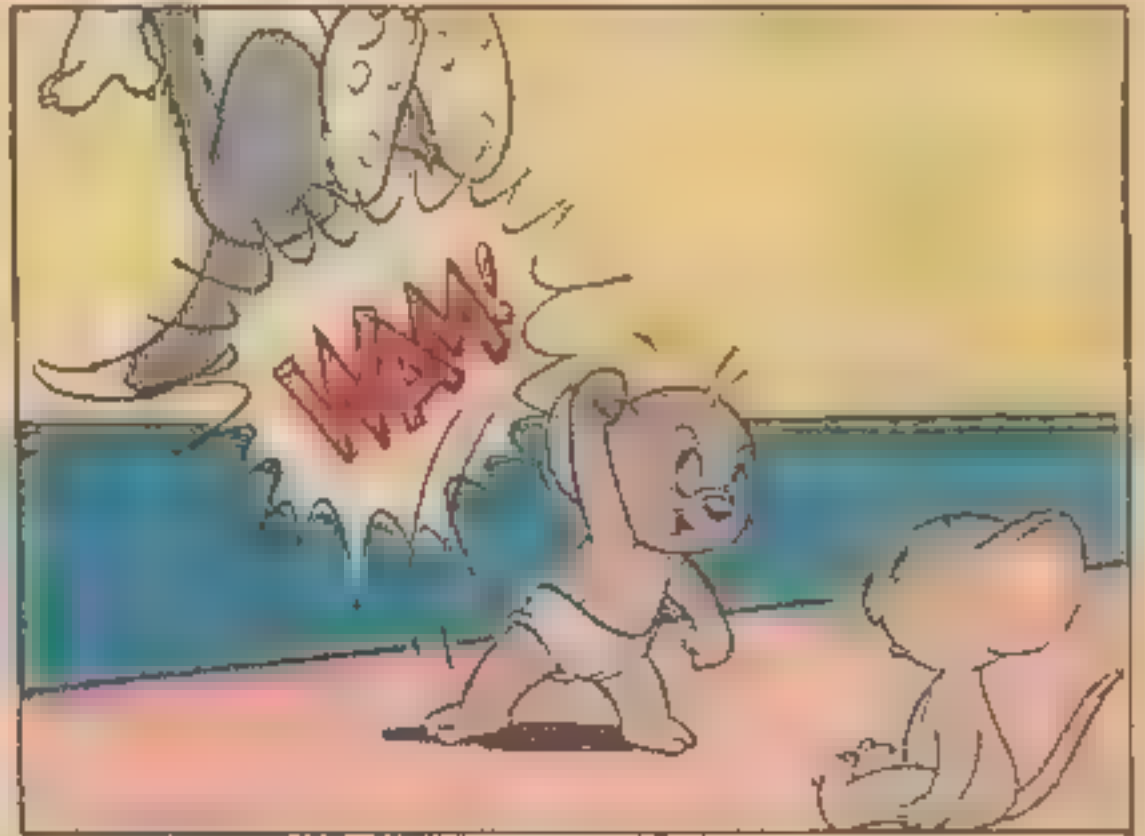
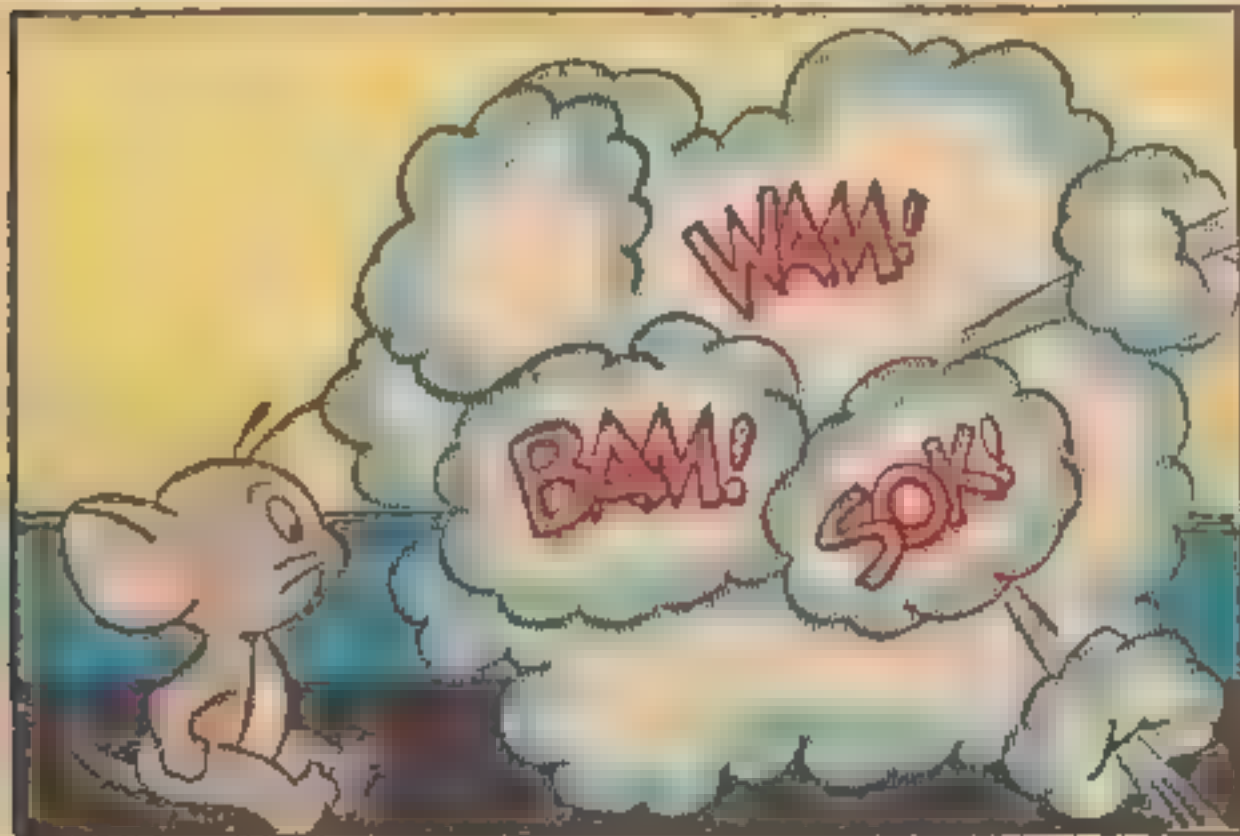
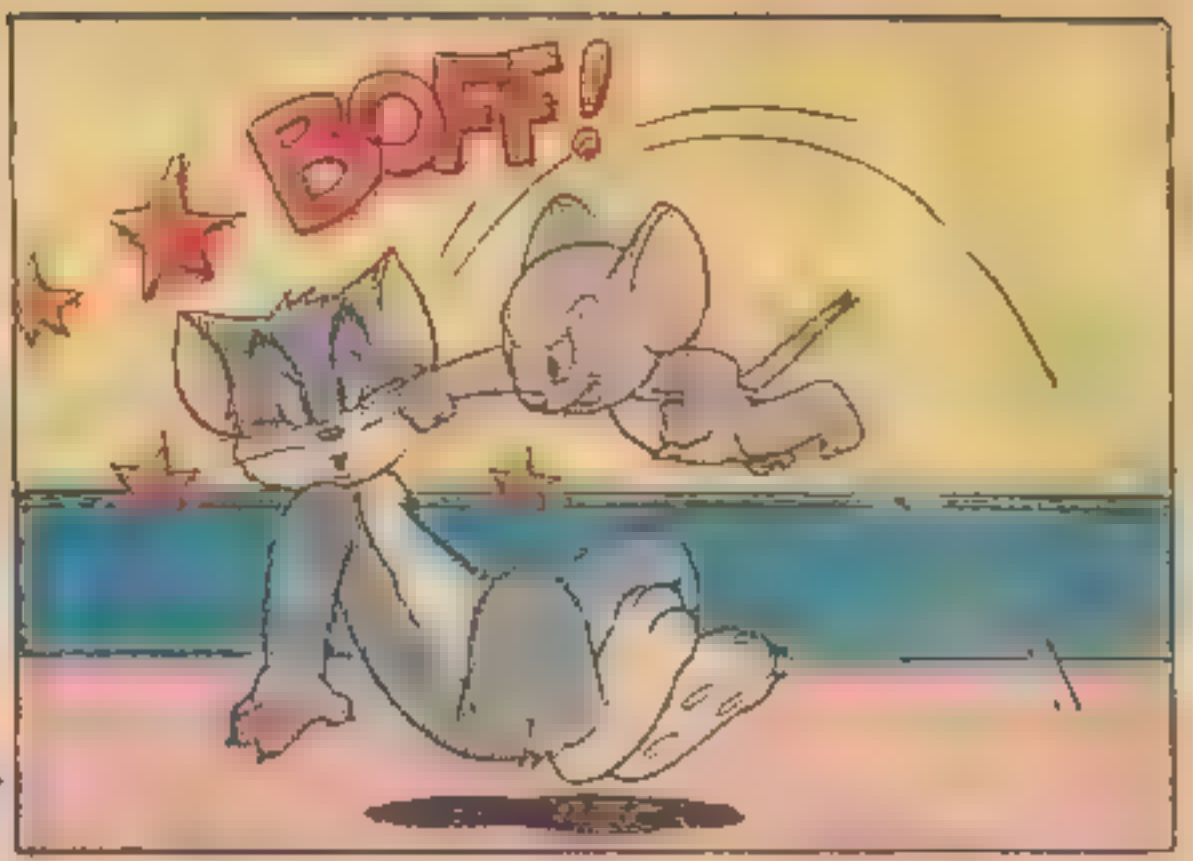
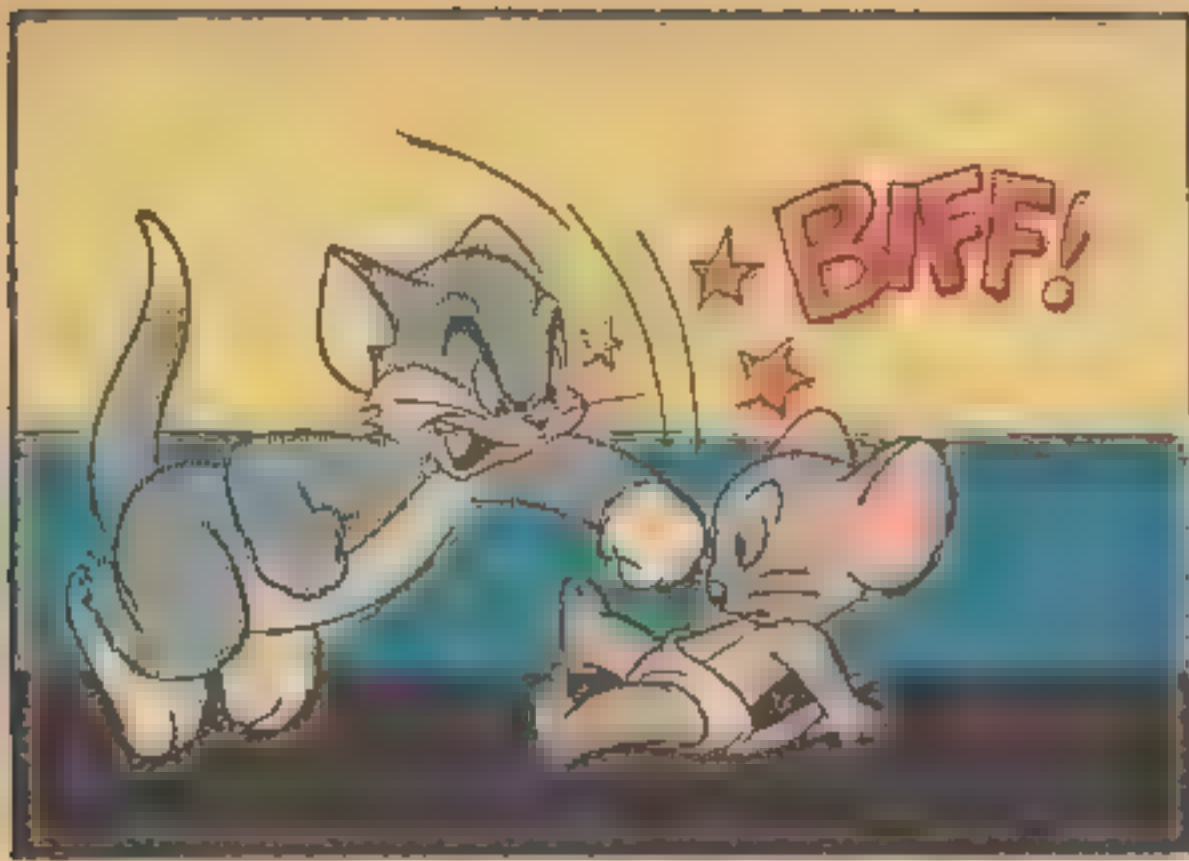


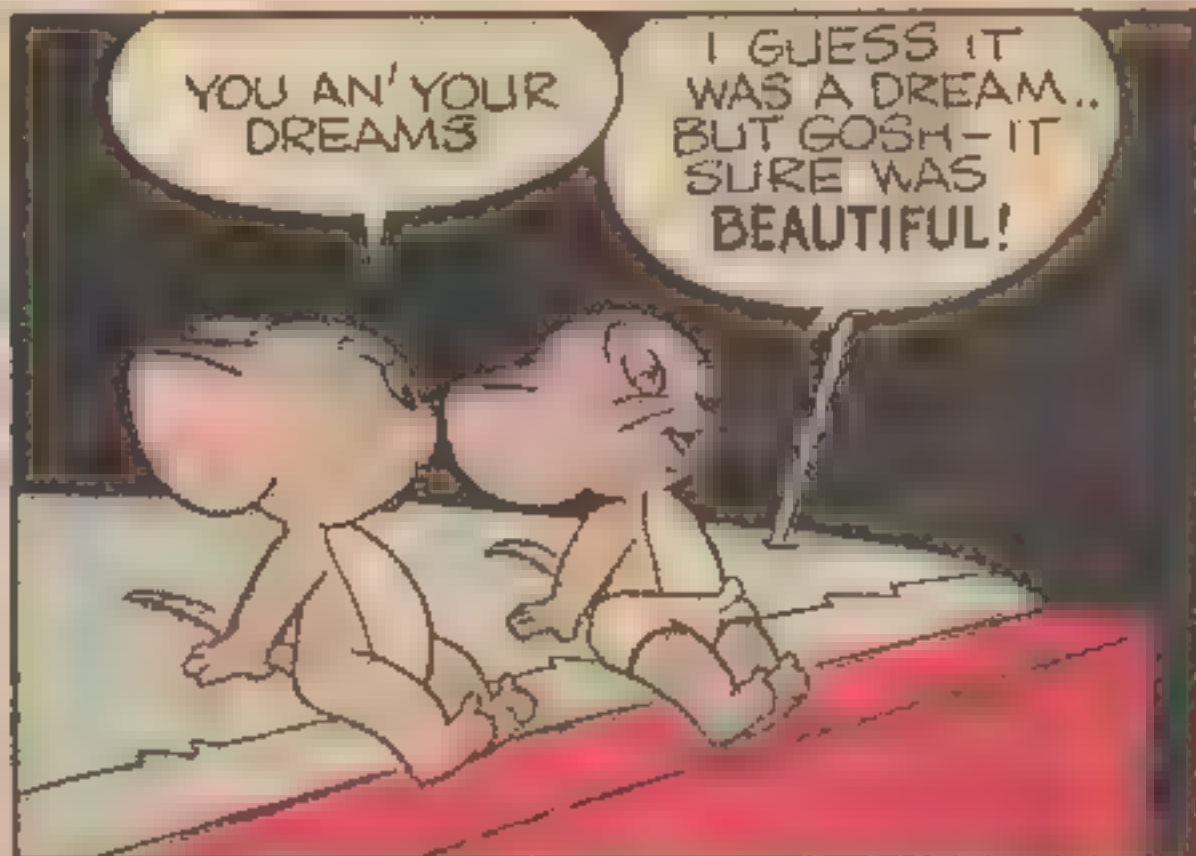
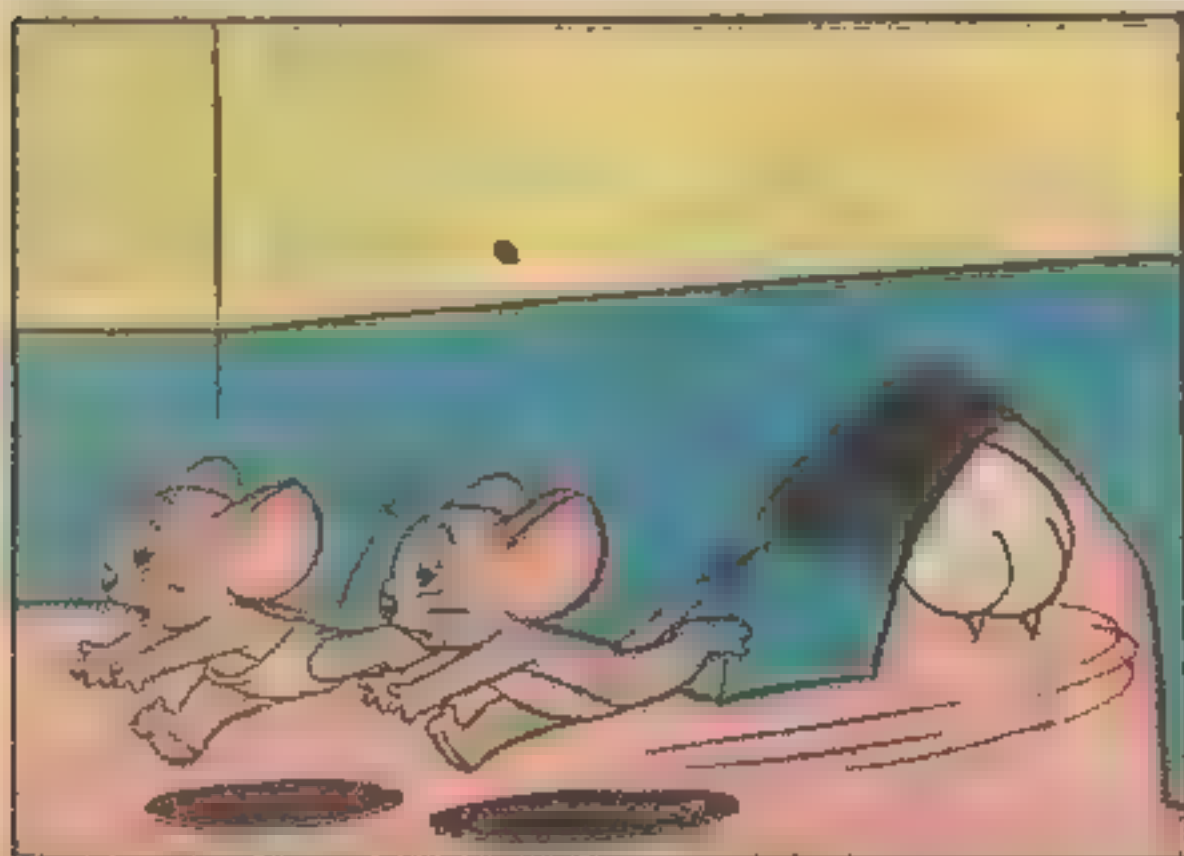
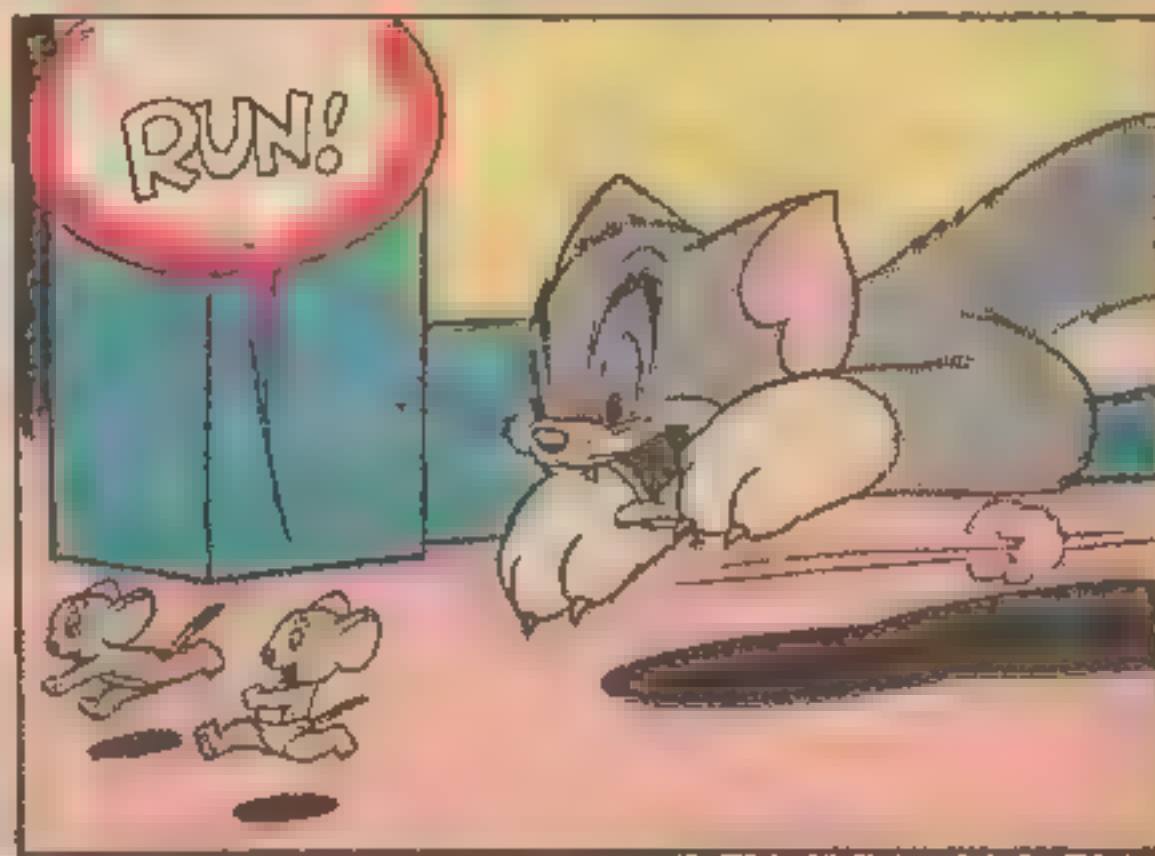
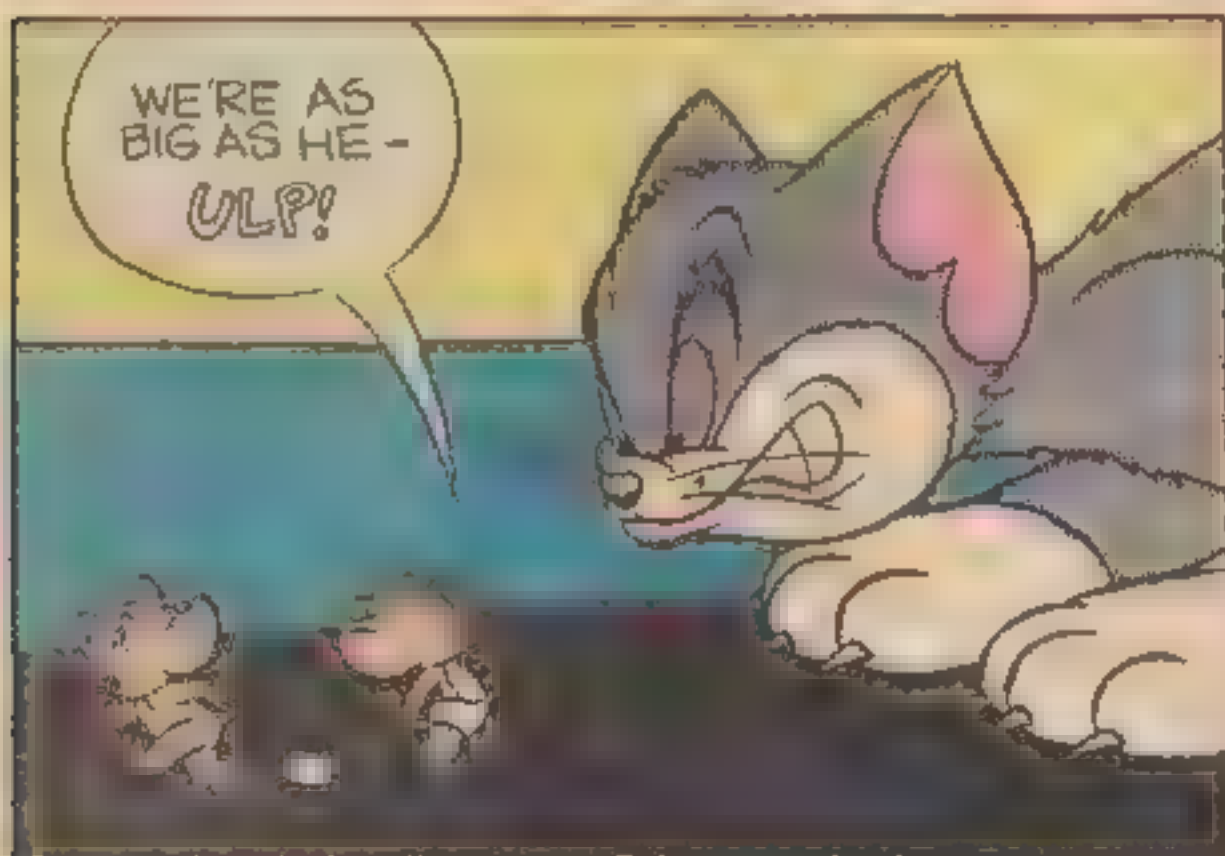
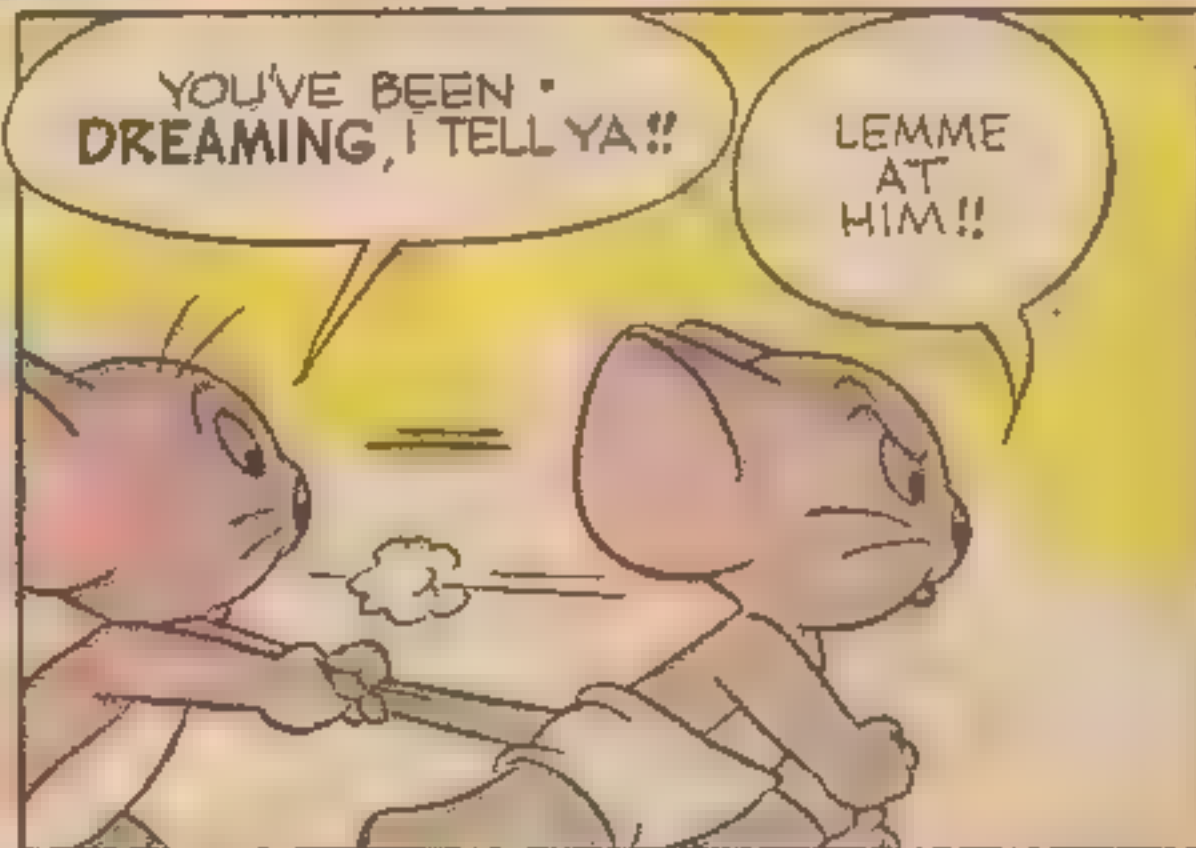
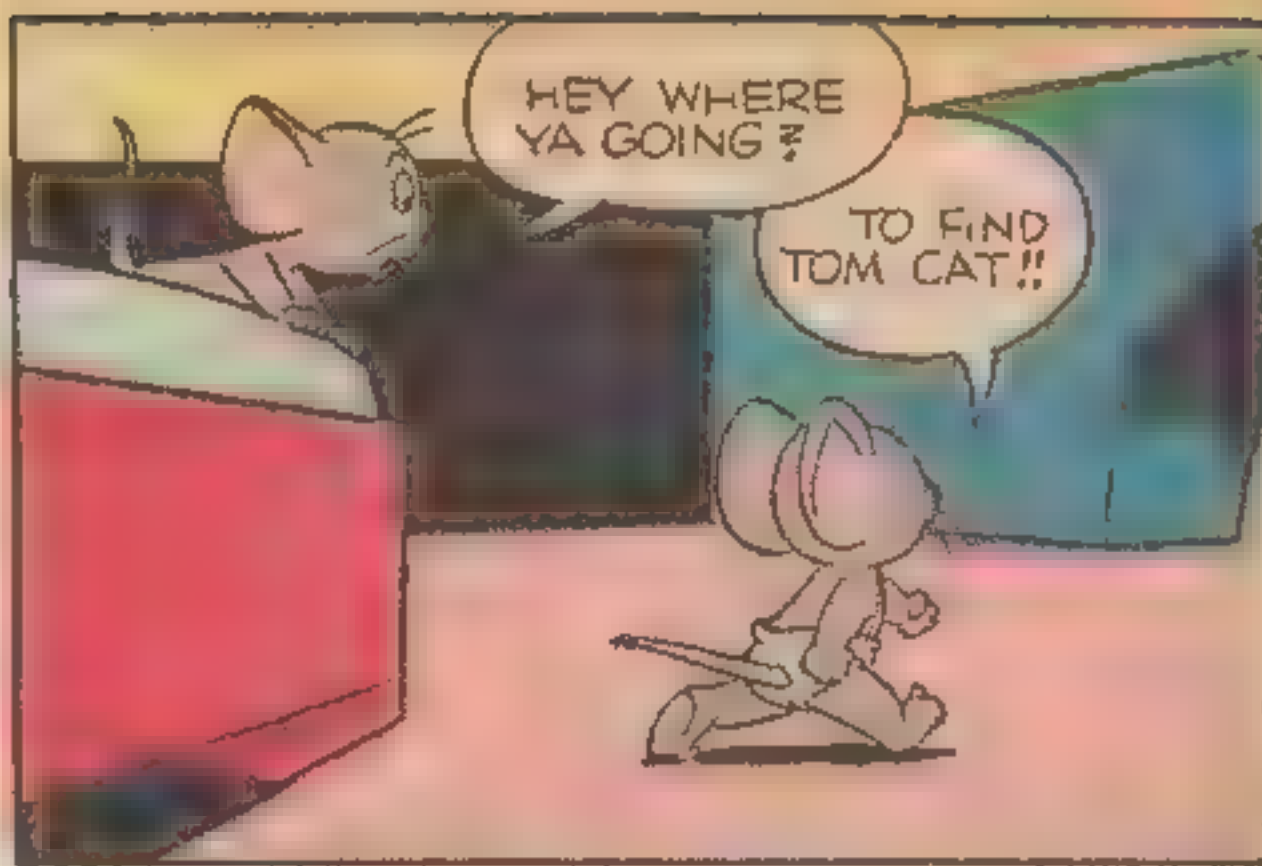
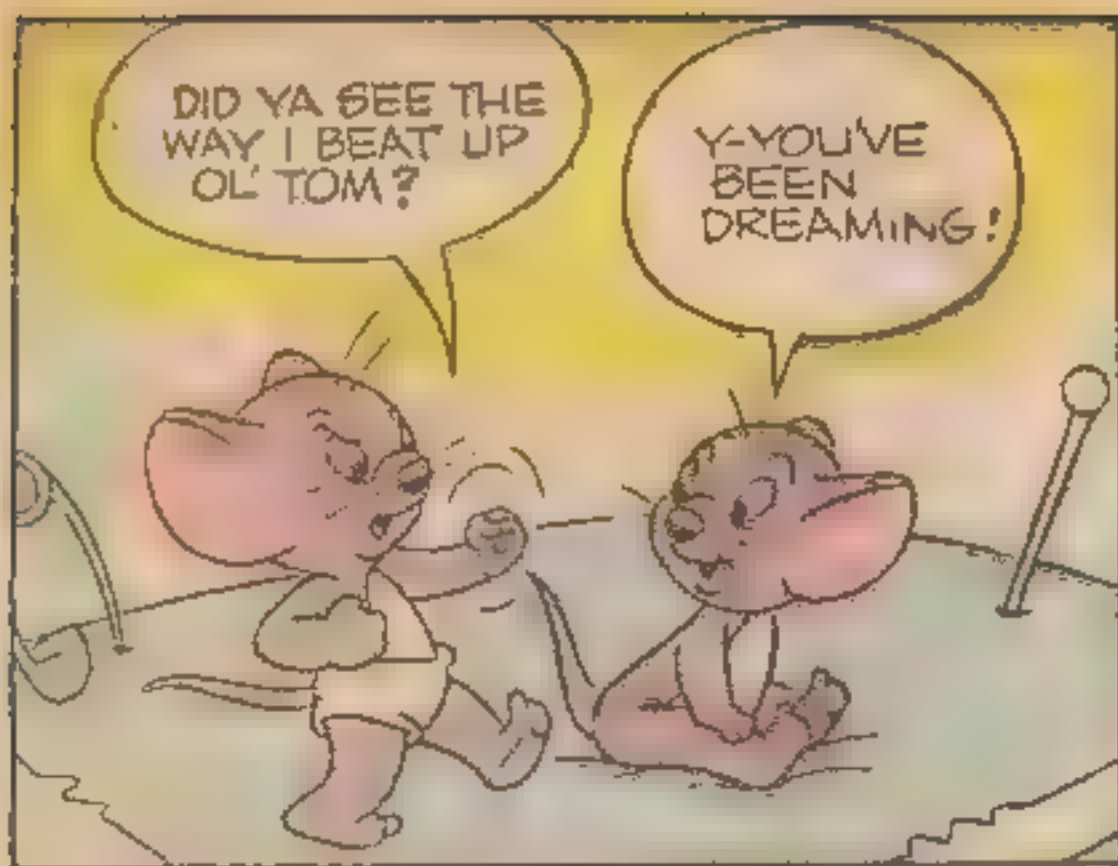
WE'LL GROW ANOTHER COUPLE OF INCHES, THEN WE'LL GO INS DE AN' LOOK UP OL' TOM!











Flip and Dip

THOSE KIDS SURE
ARE QUIET TODAY!

I'M KEEPING AN EYE ON
THEM JUST THE SAME.



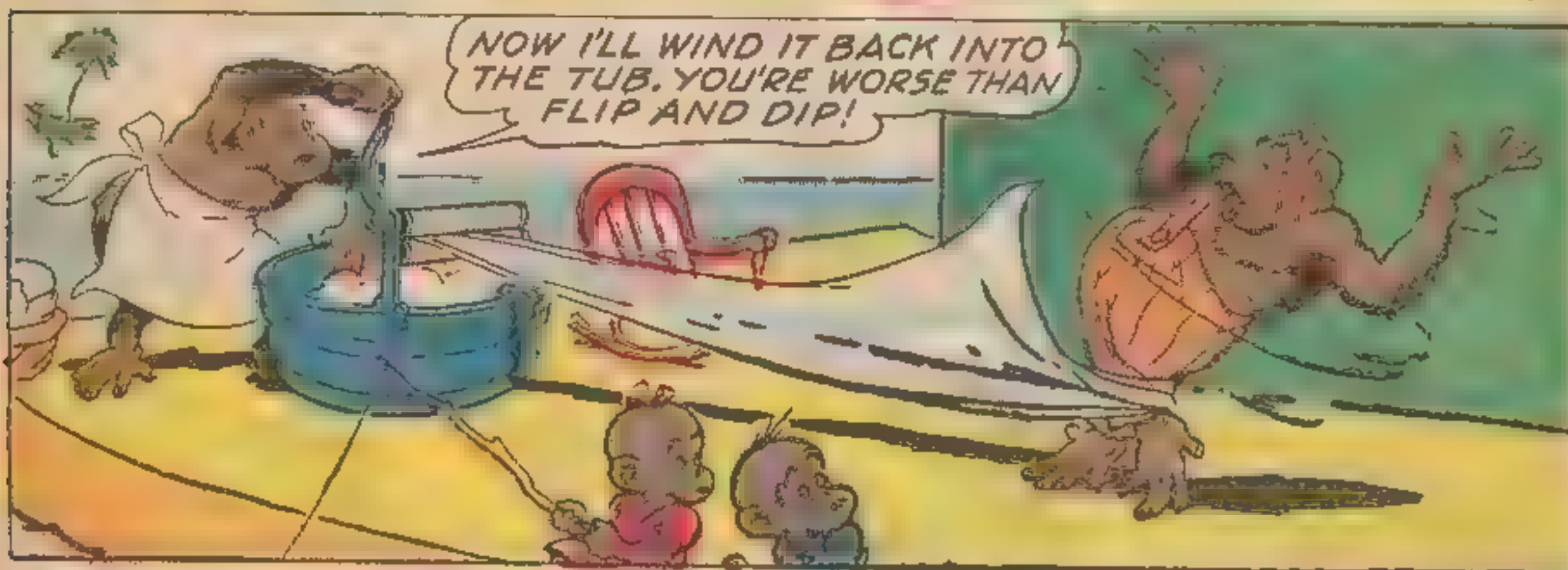
GIVE ME A HAND PUTTING THIS SHEET
THROUGH THE WRINGER, PA



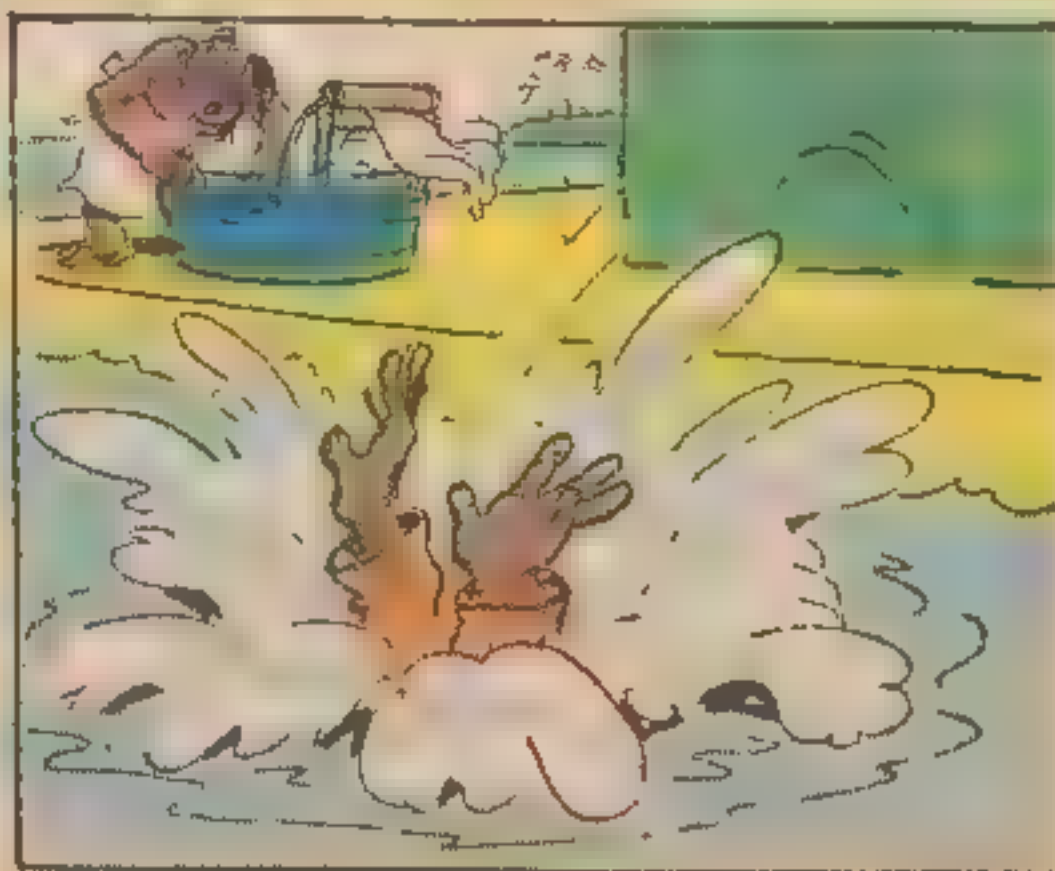
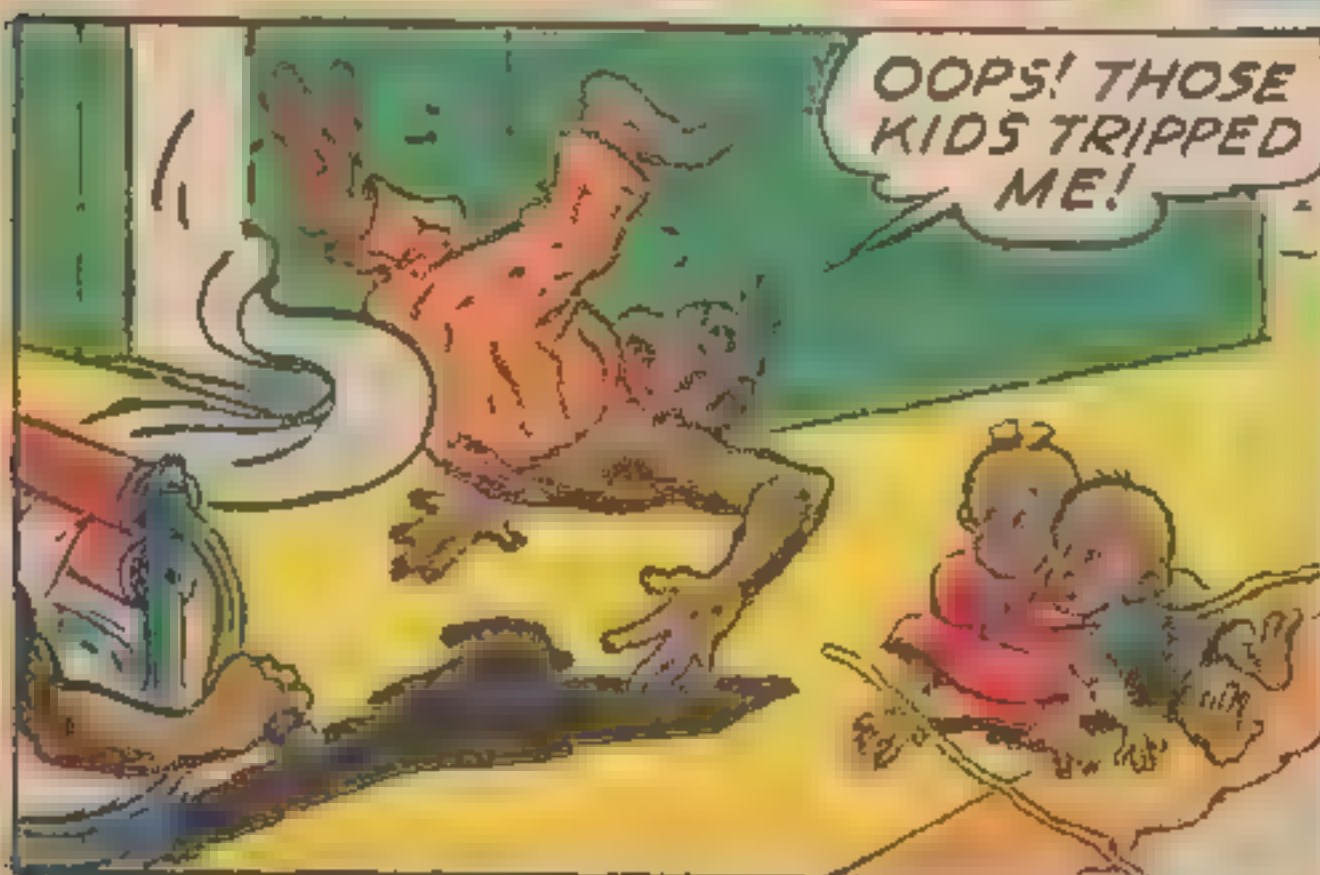
YOU'RE DRAGGING IT ON THE FLOOR!
NOW I'LL HAVE TO WASH IT AGAIN.

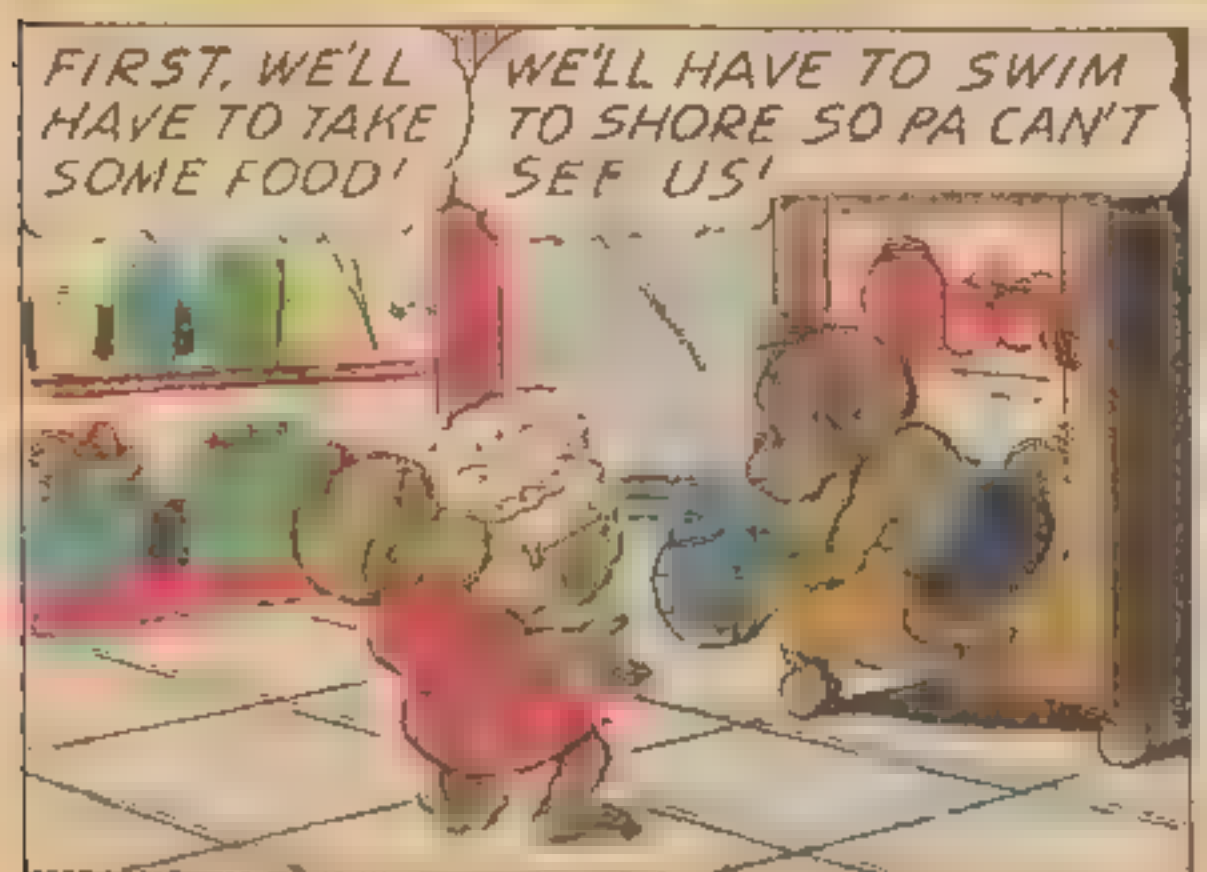
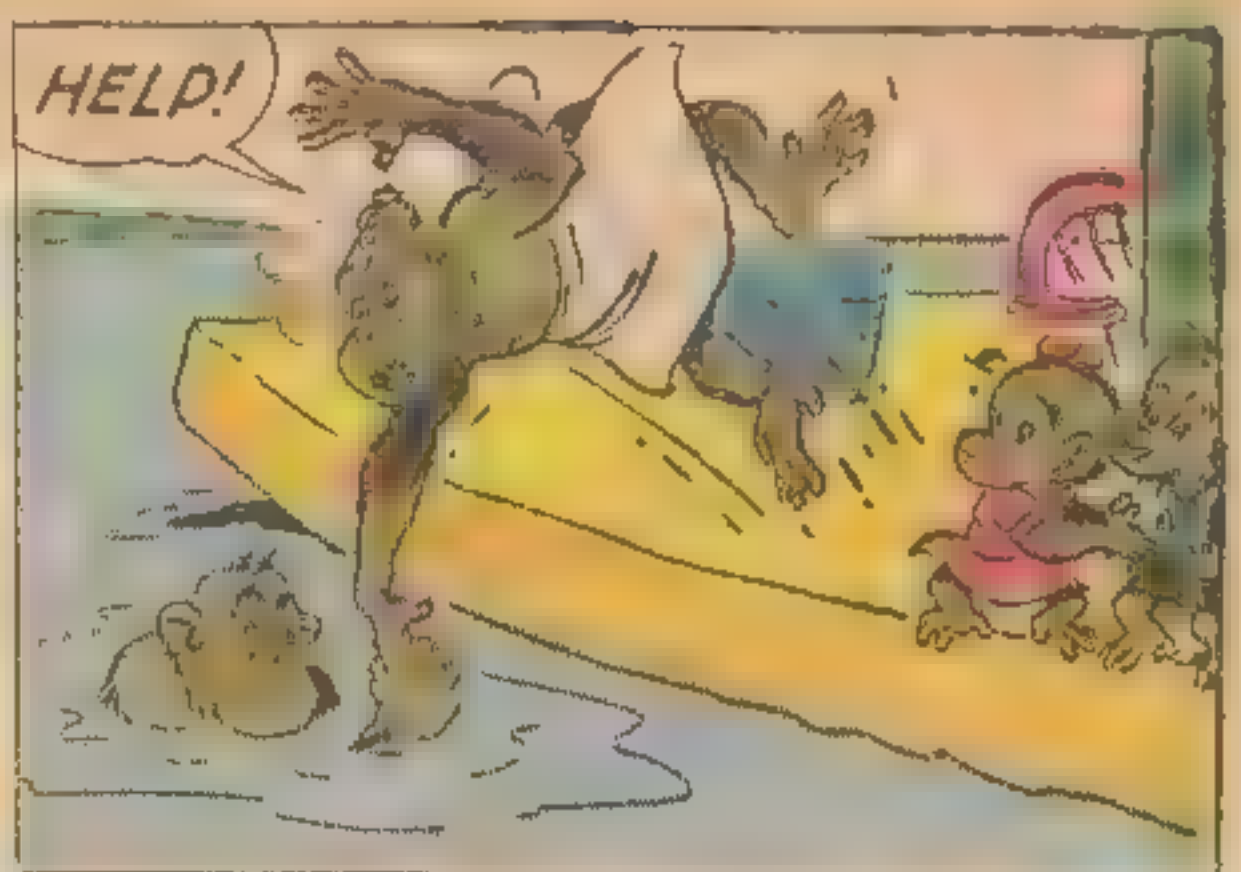
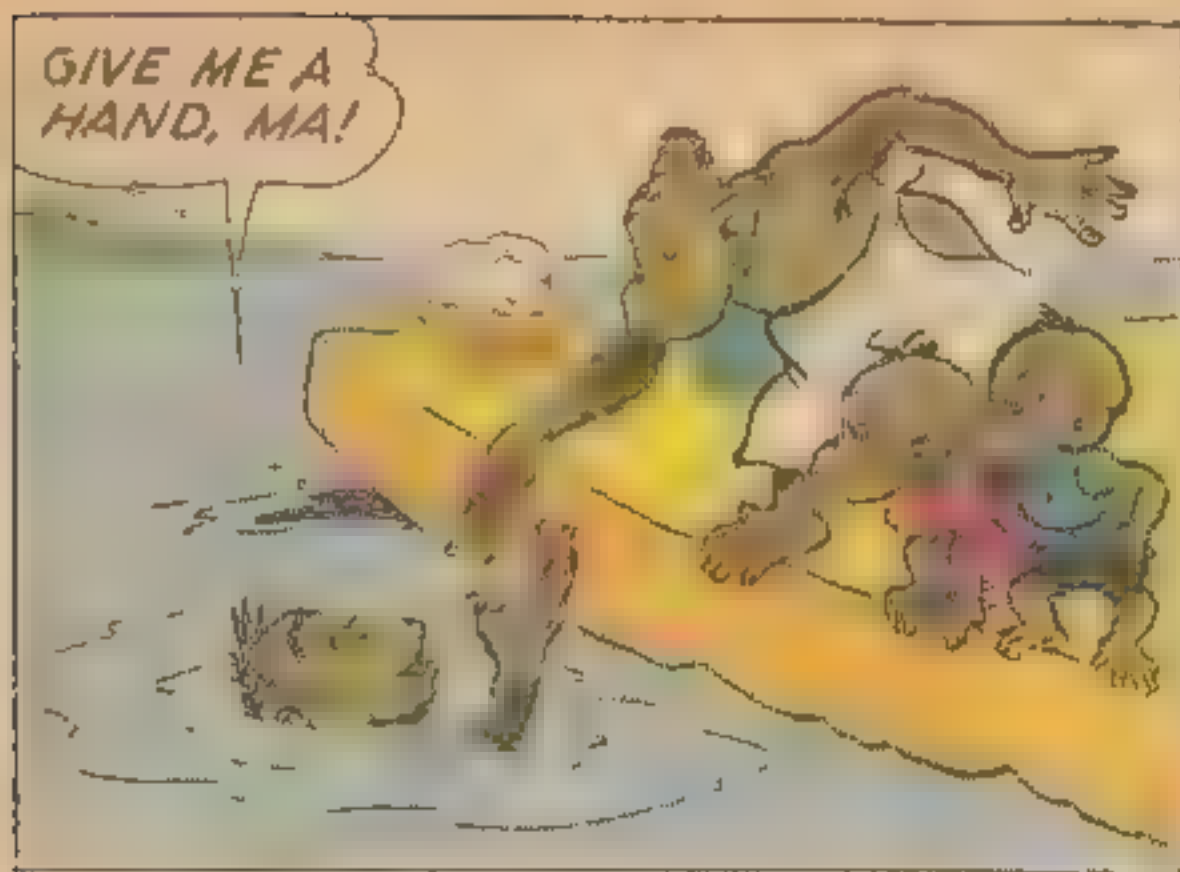


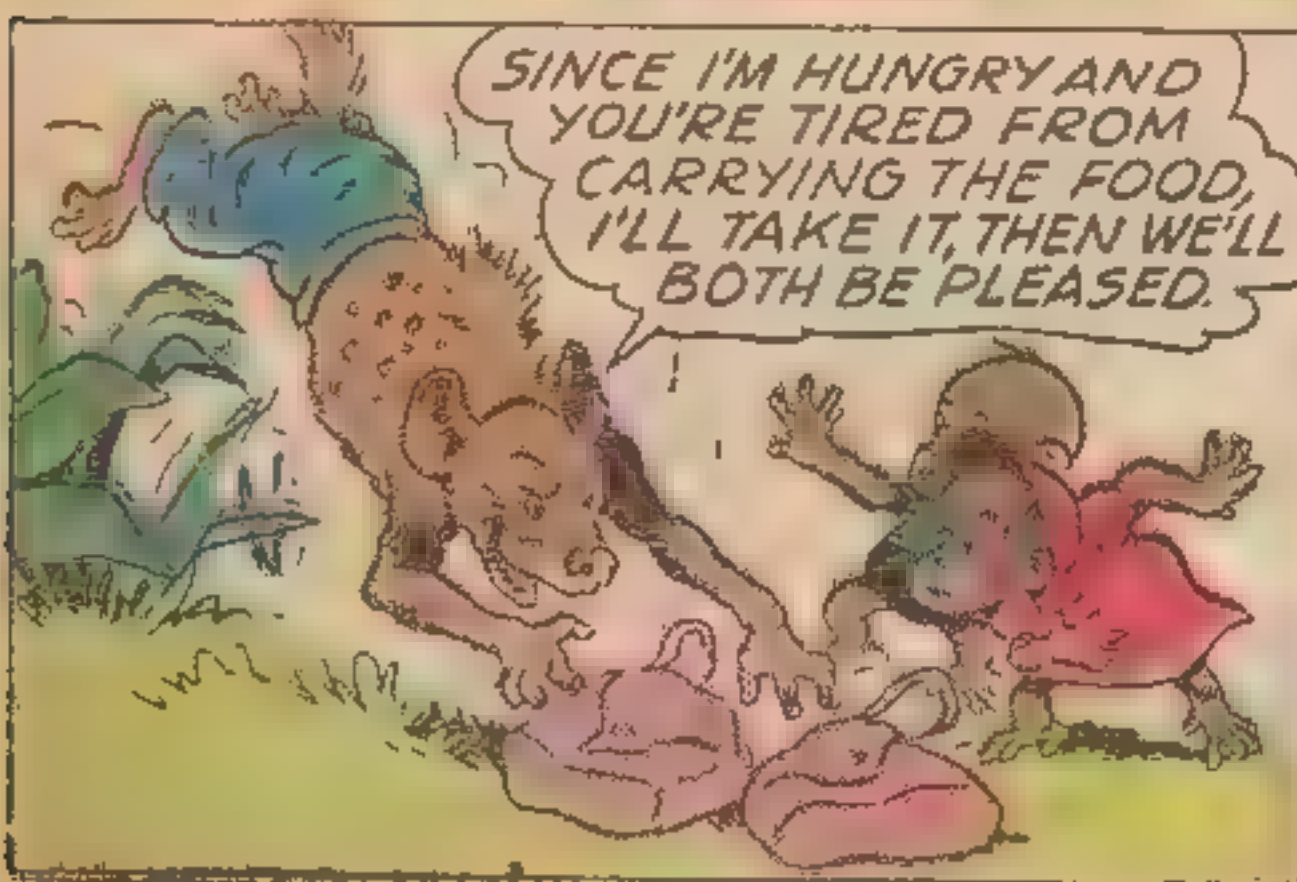
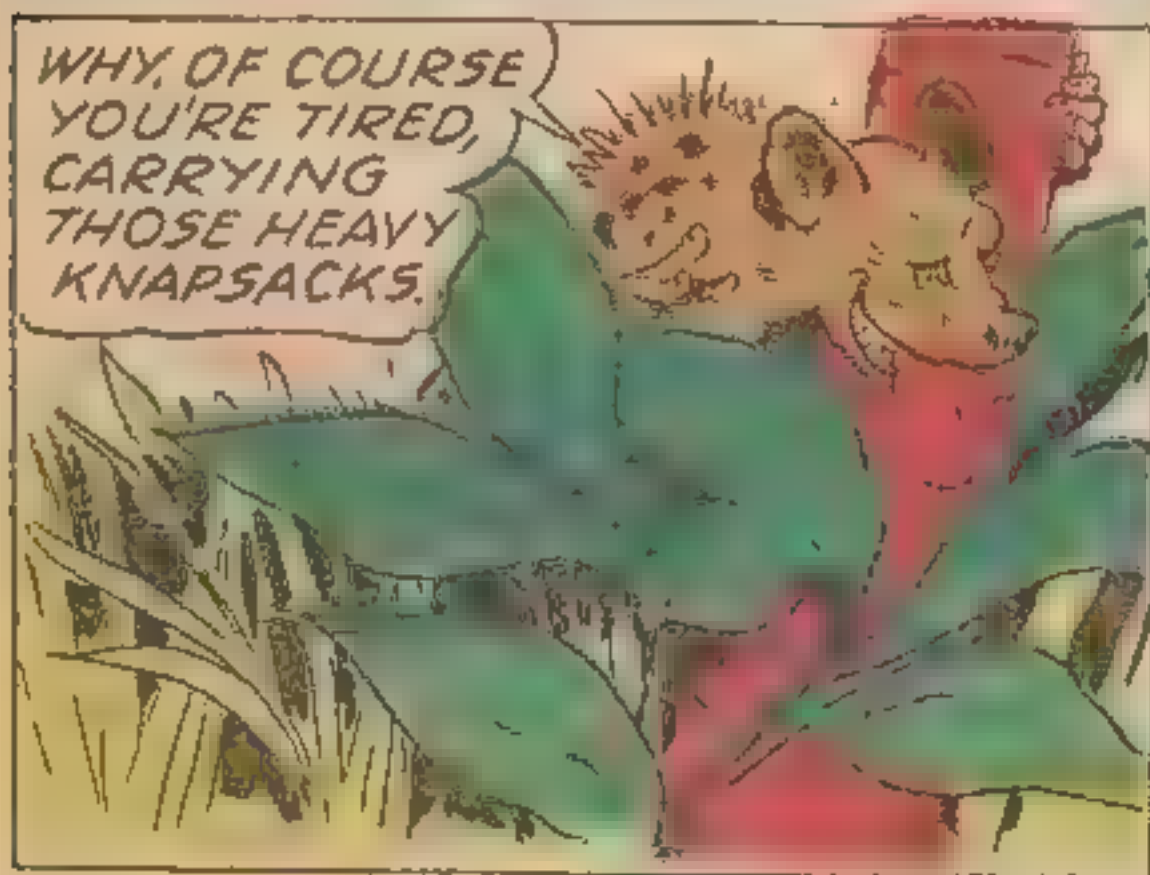
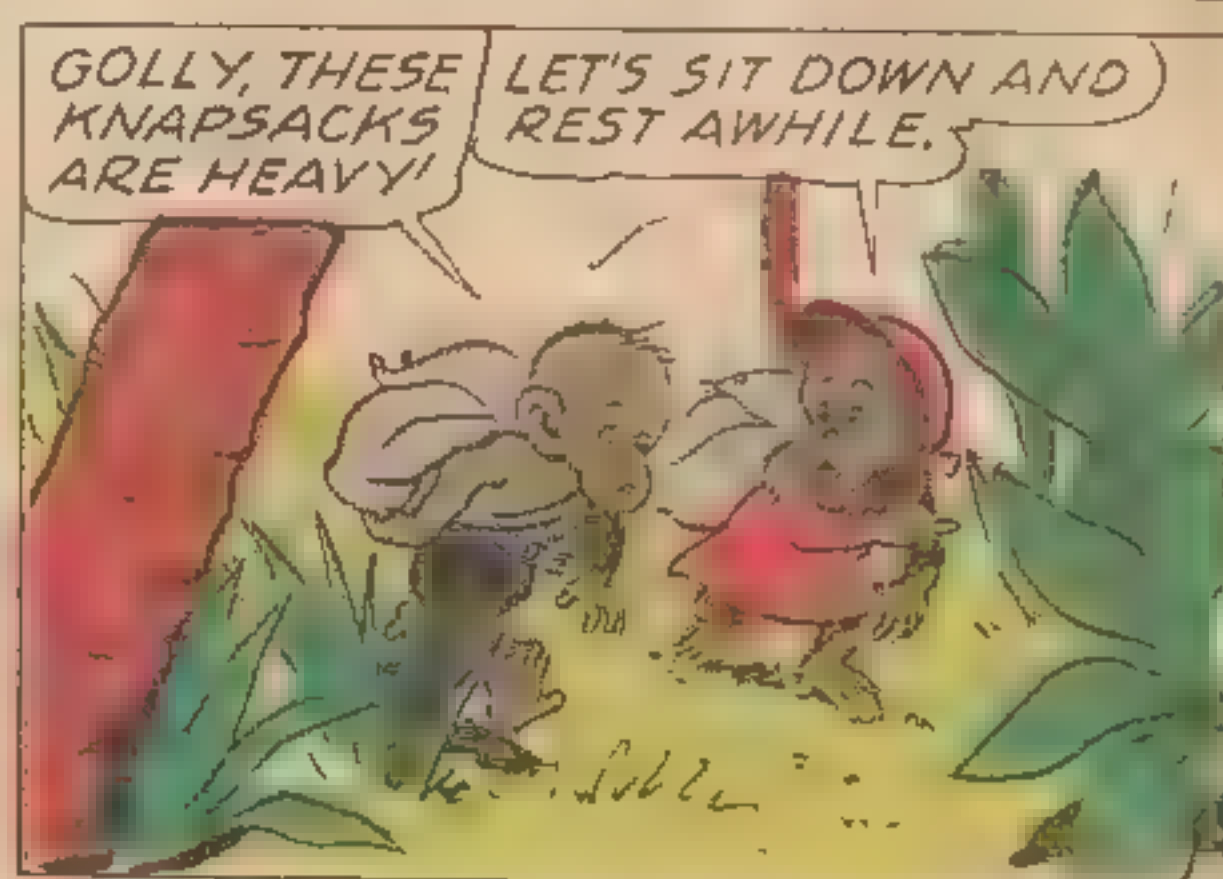
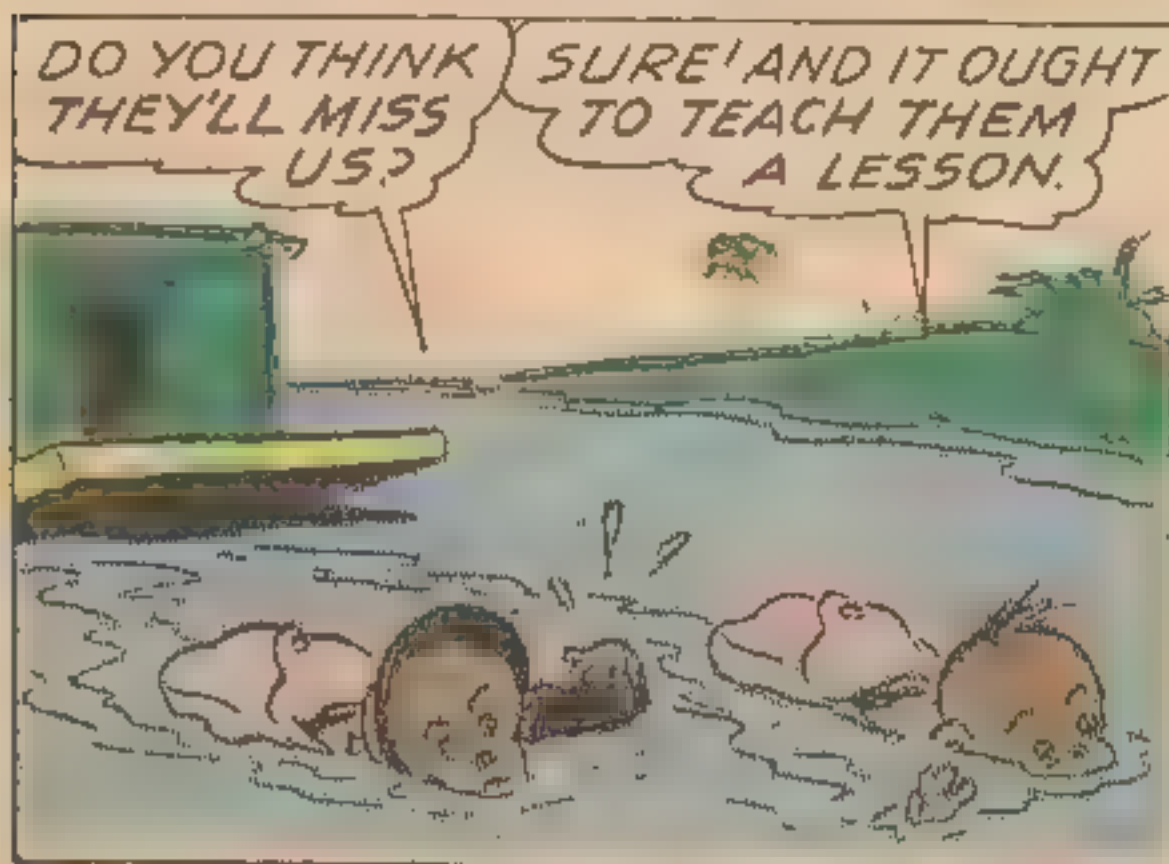
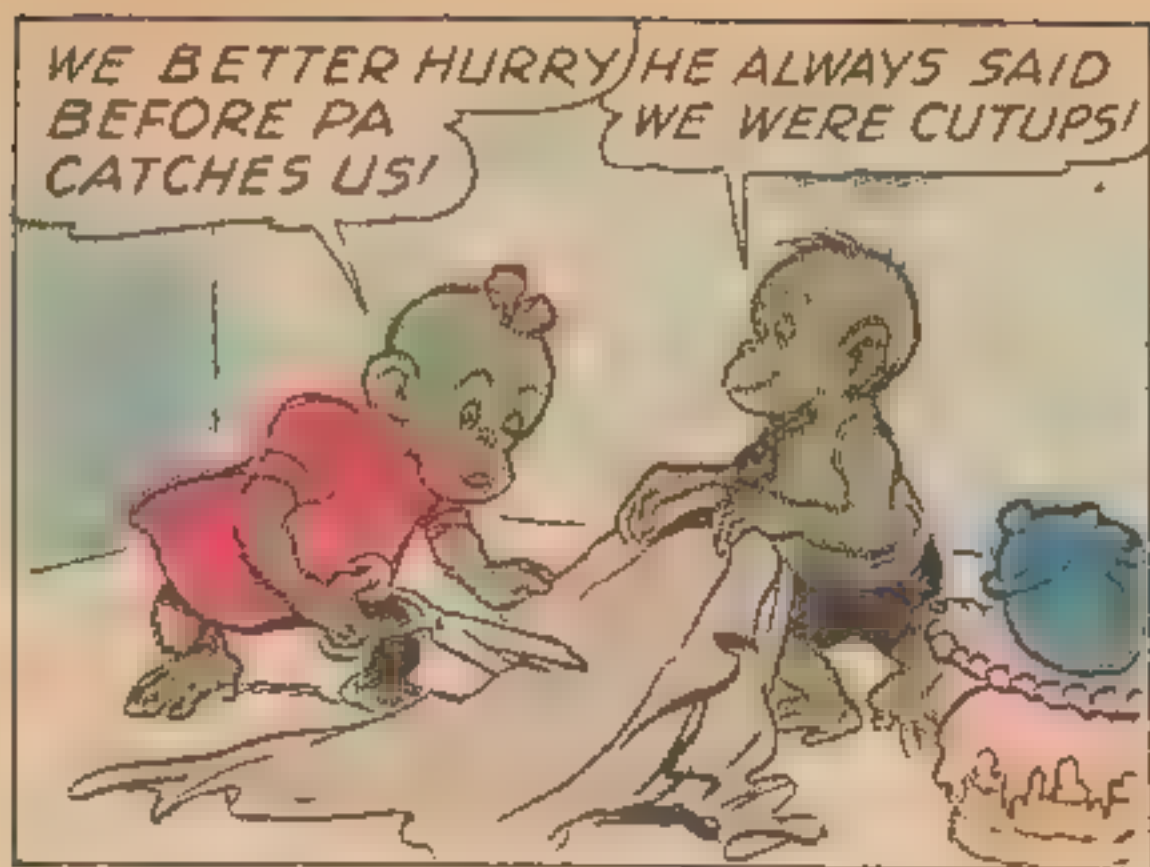
NOW I'LL WIND IT BACK INTO
THE TUB. YOU'RE WORSE THAN
FLIP AND DIP!

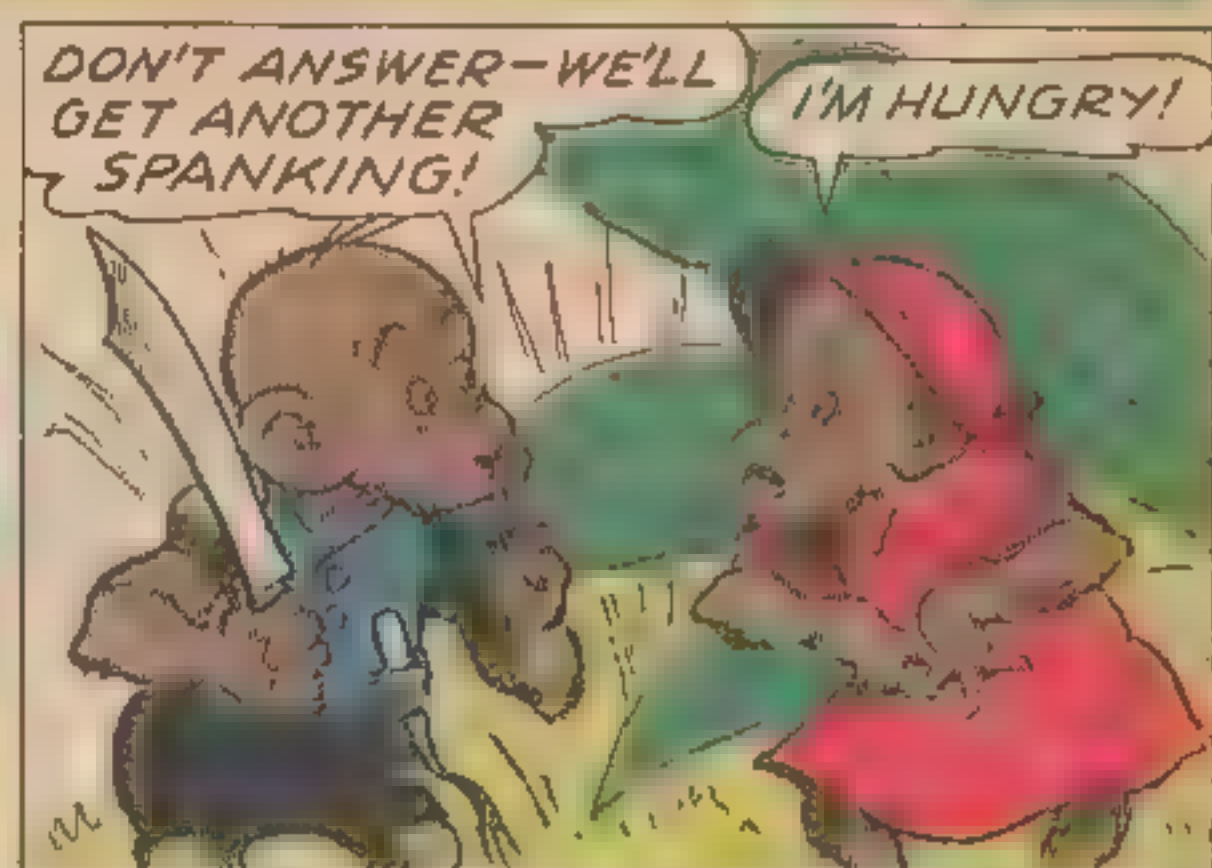
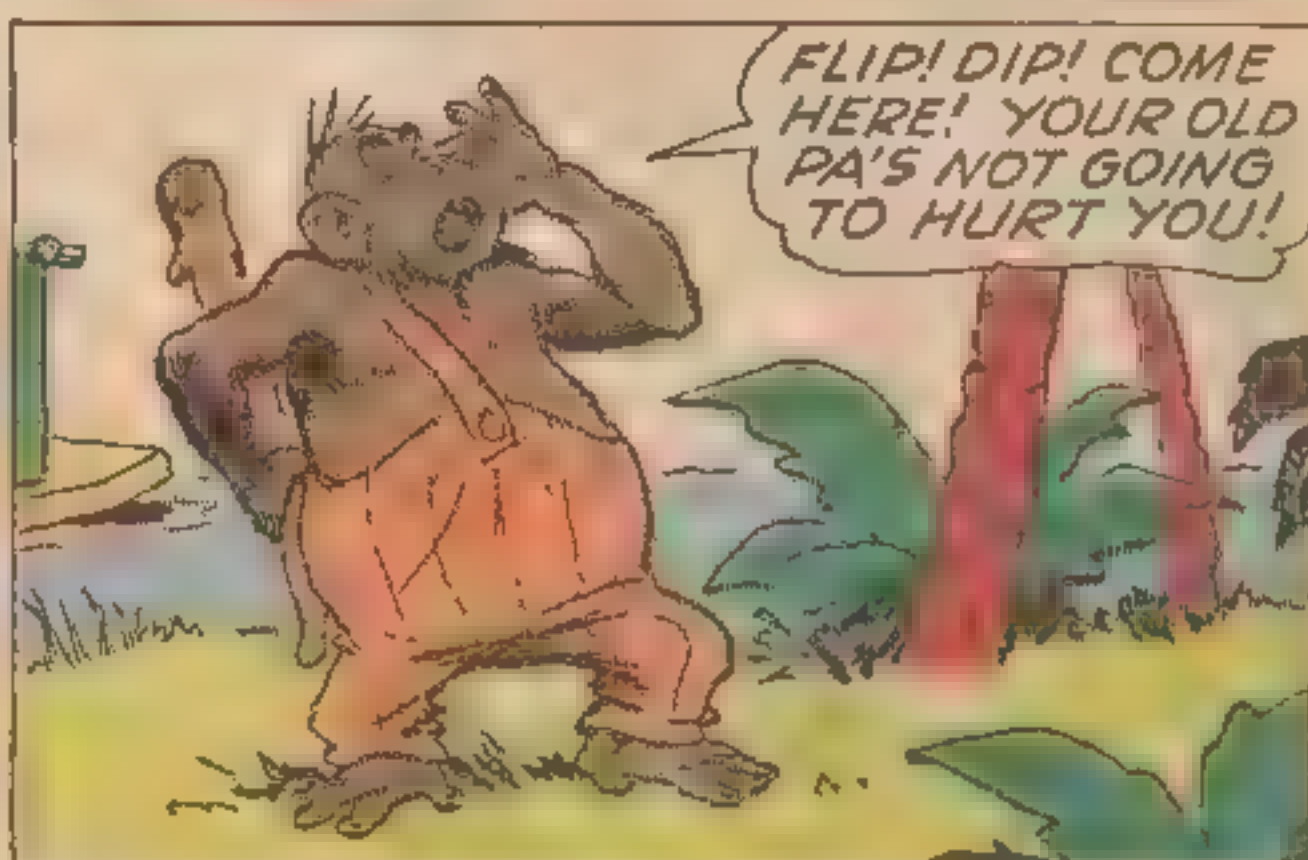
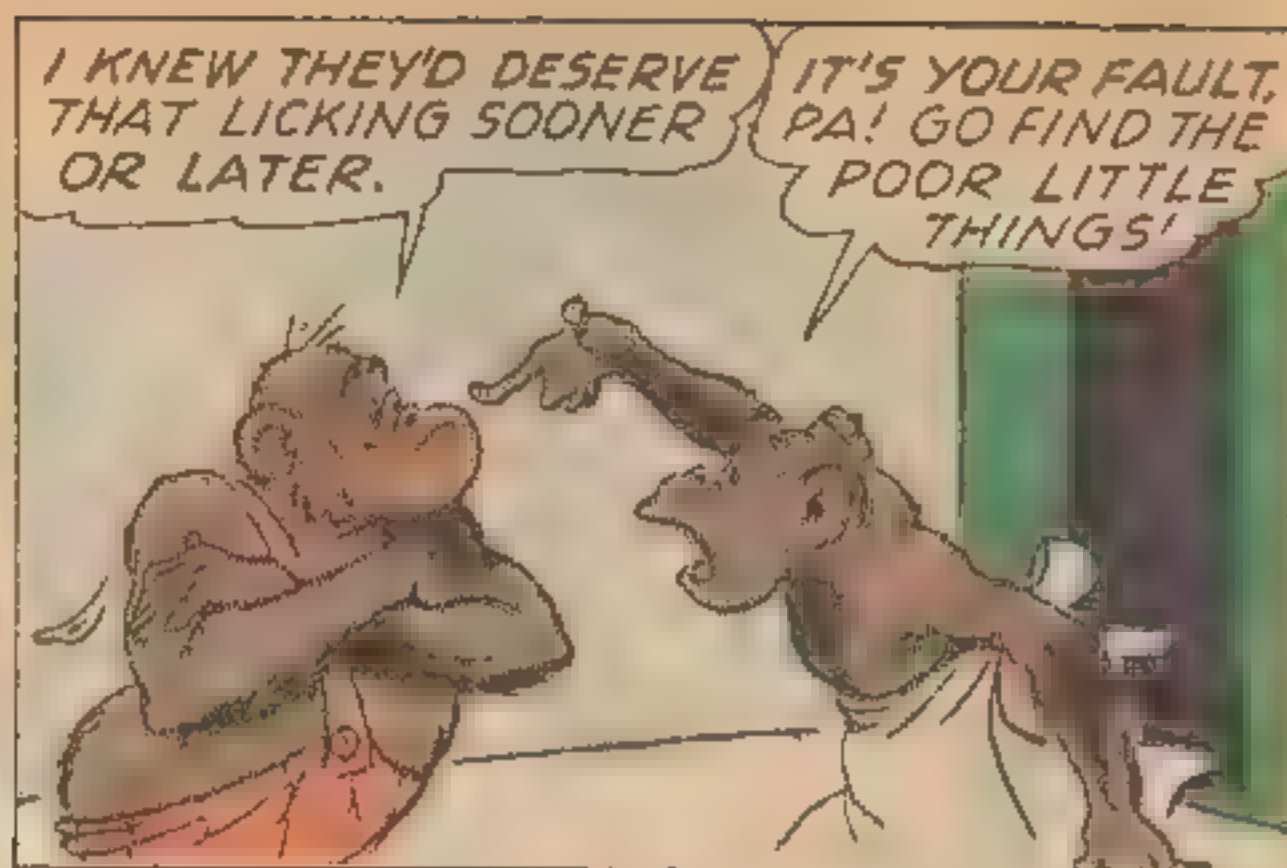


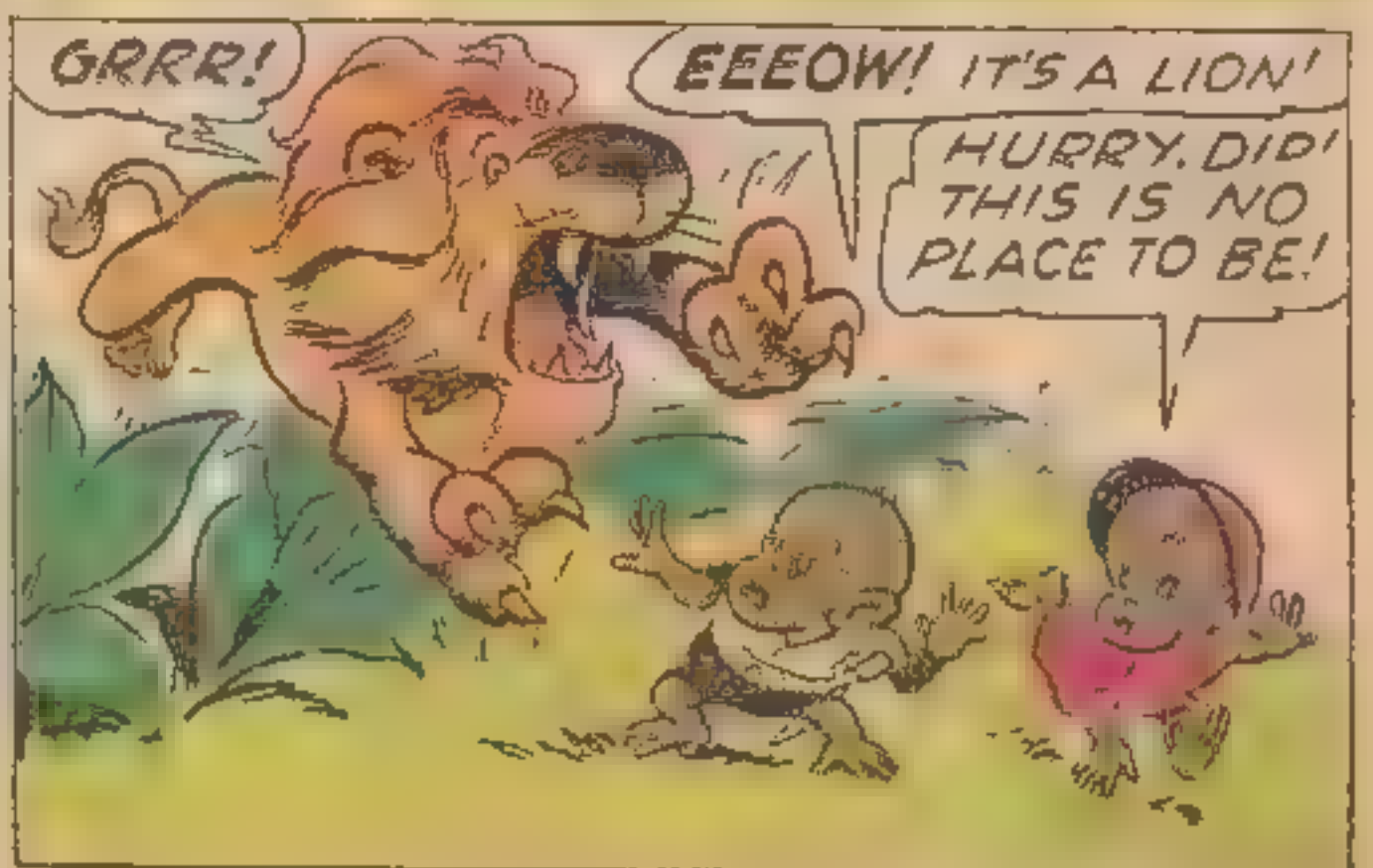
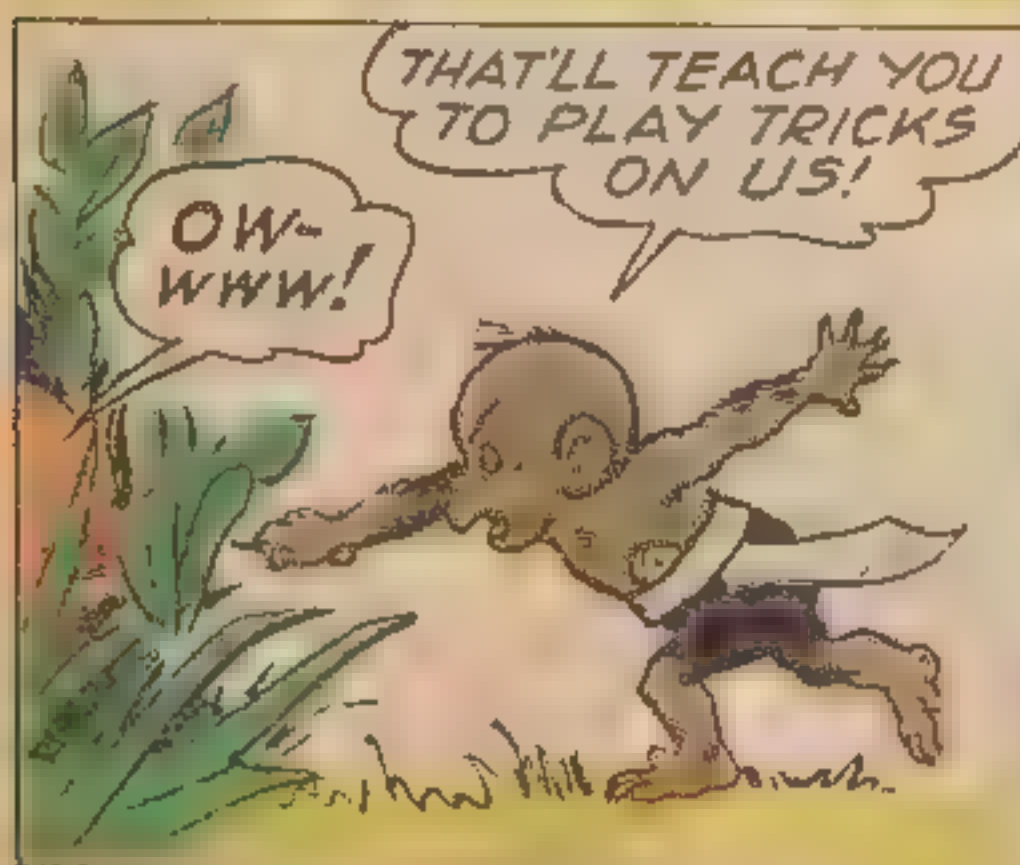
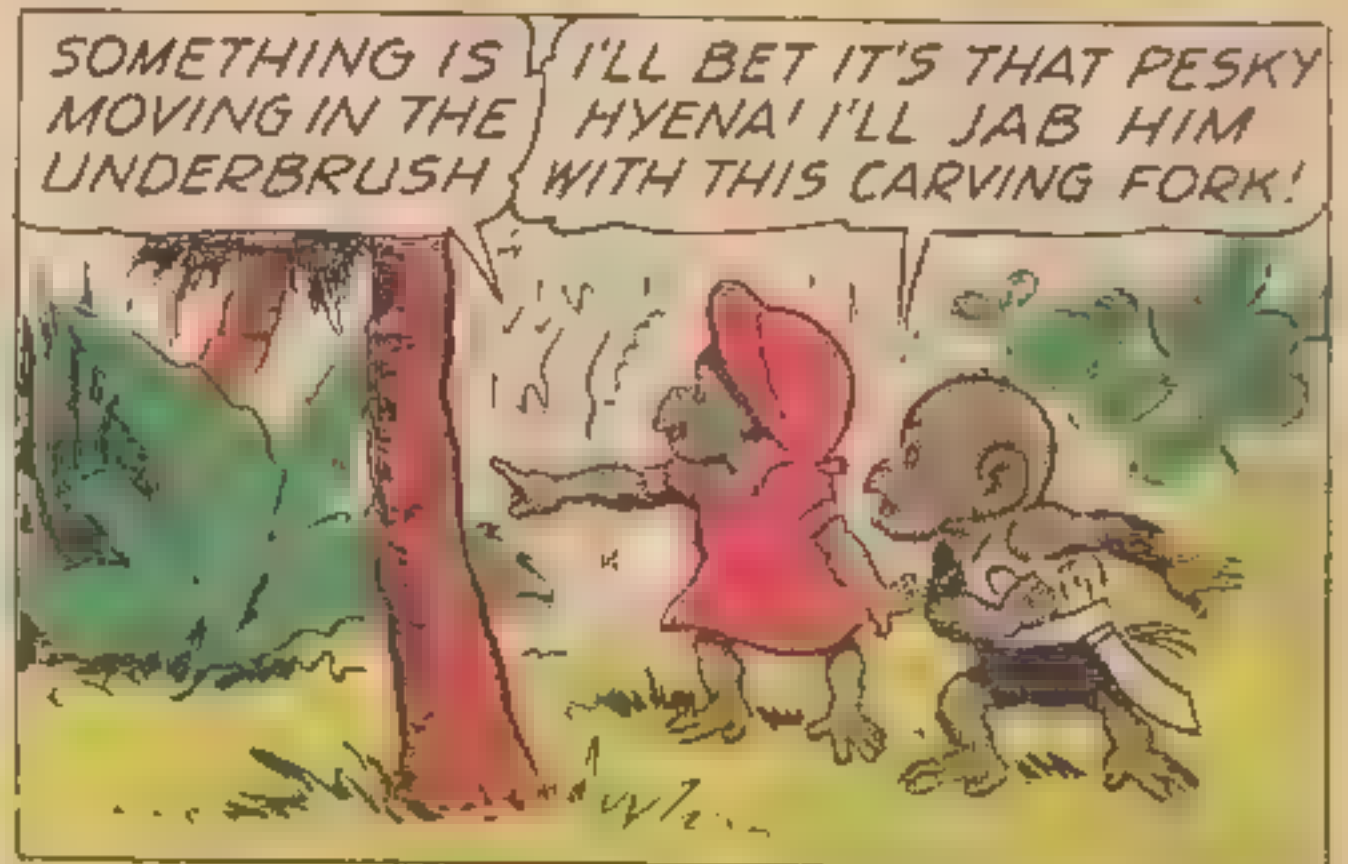
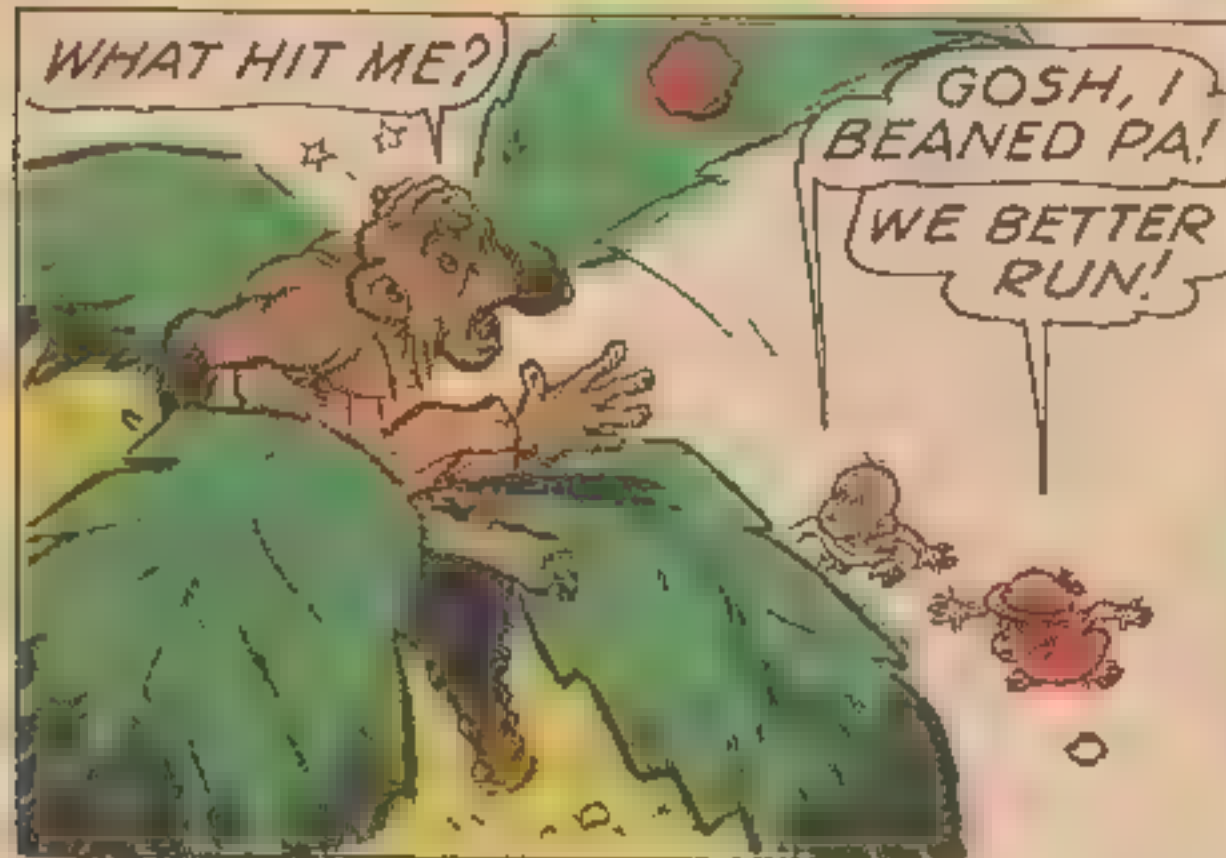
OOPS! THOSE
KIDS TRIPPED
ME!

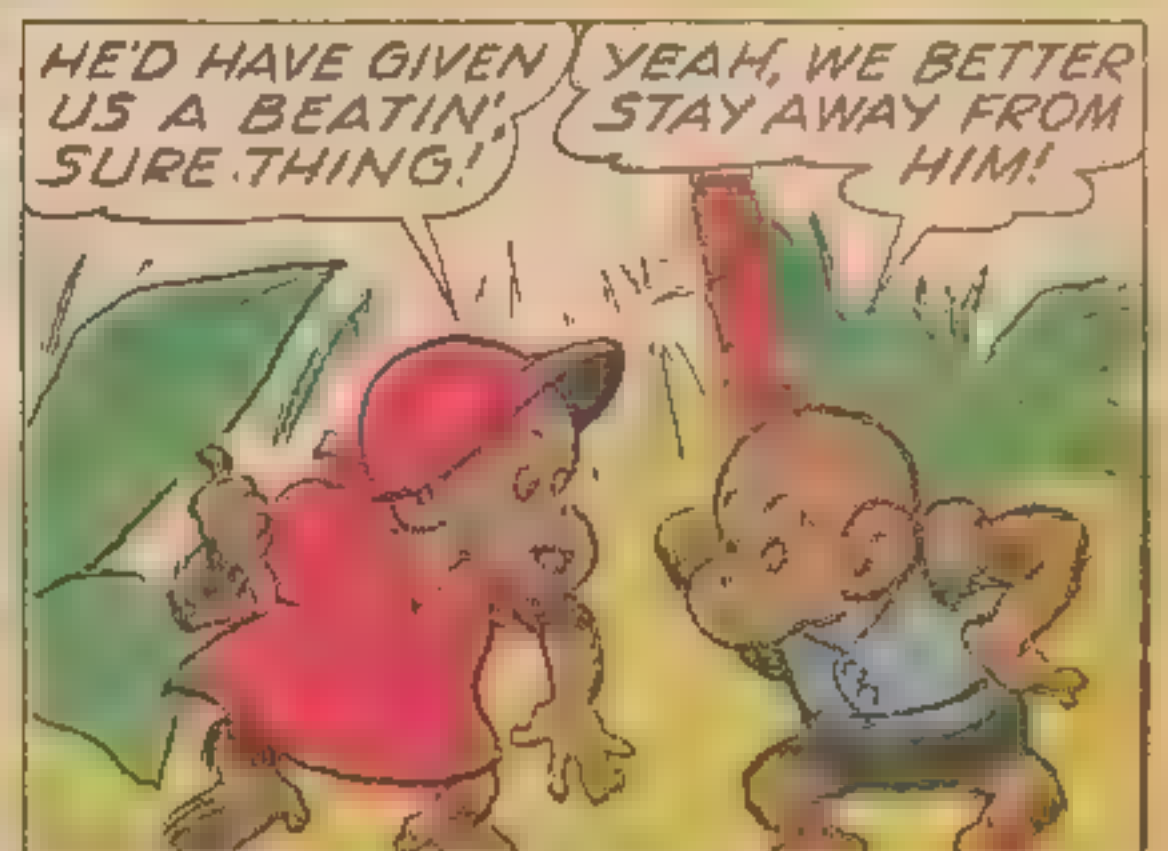
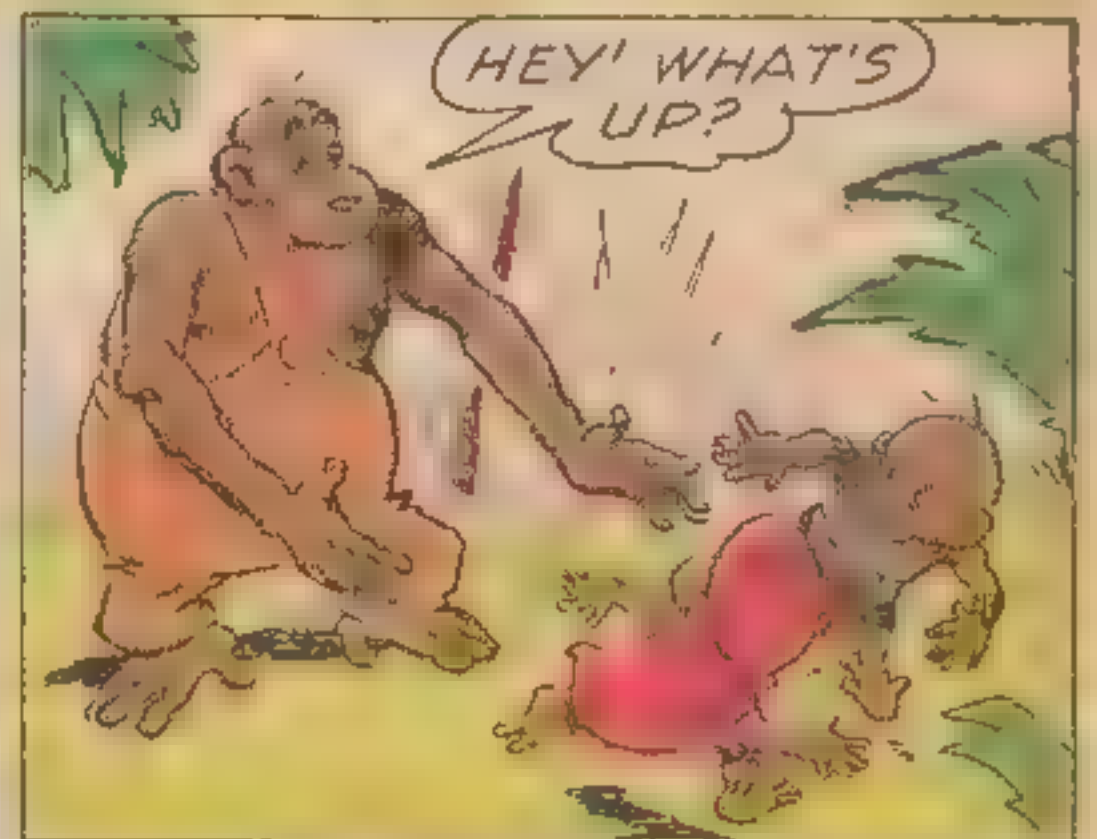
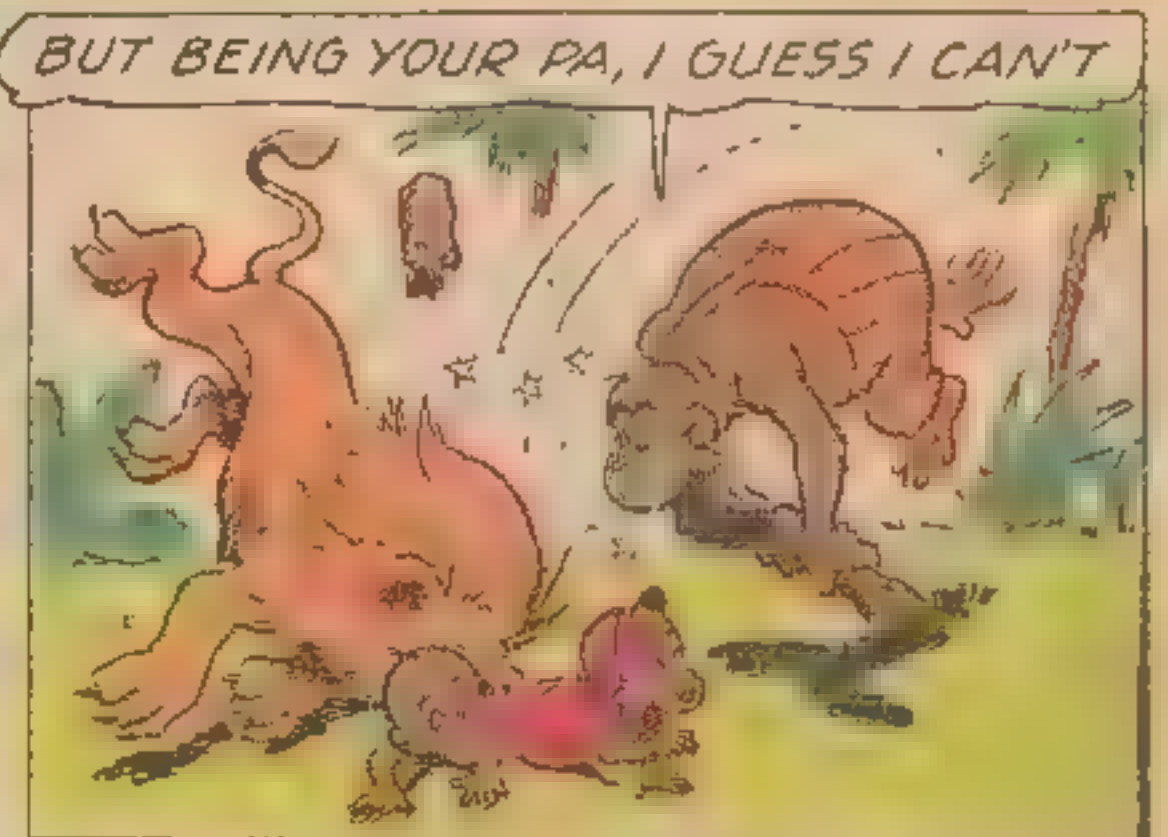
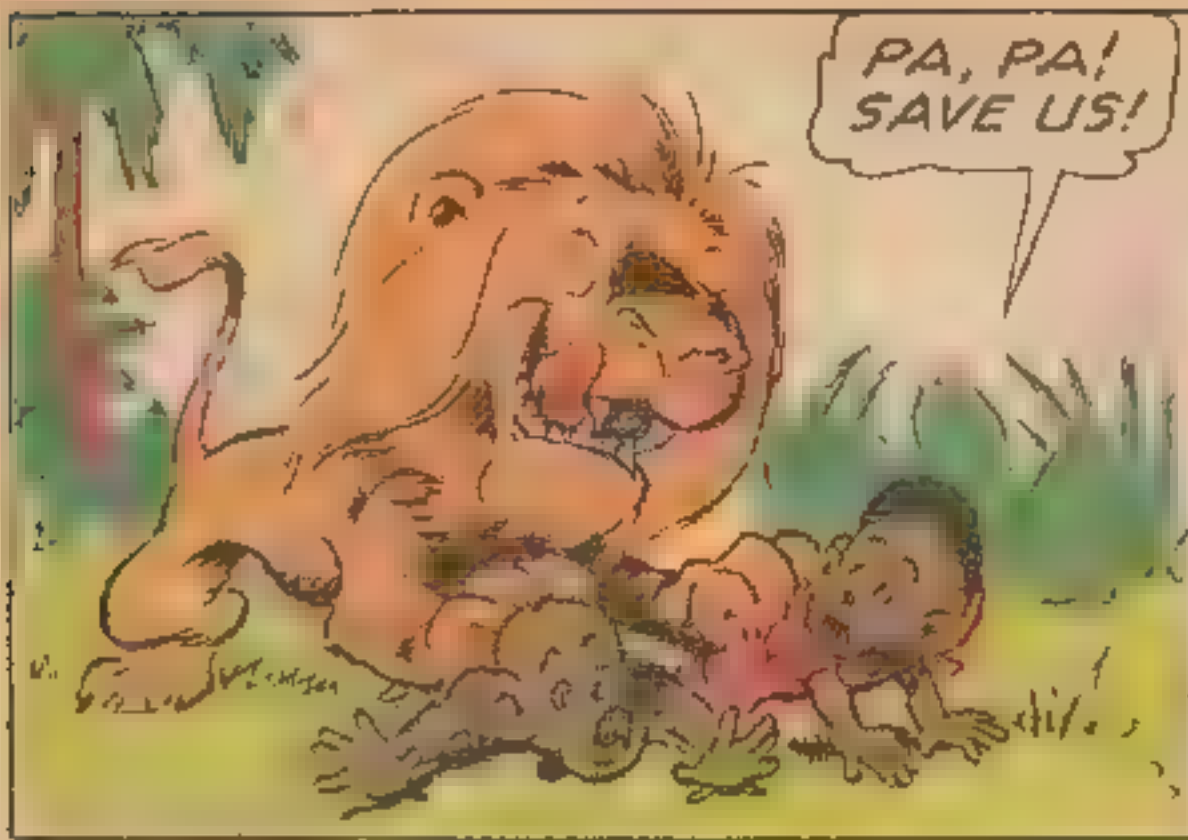


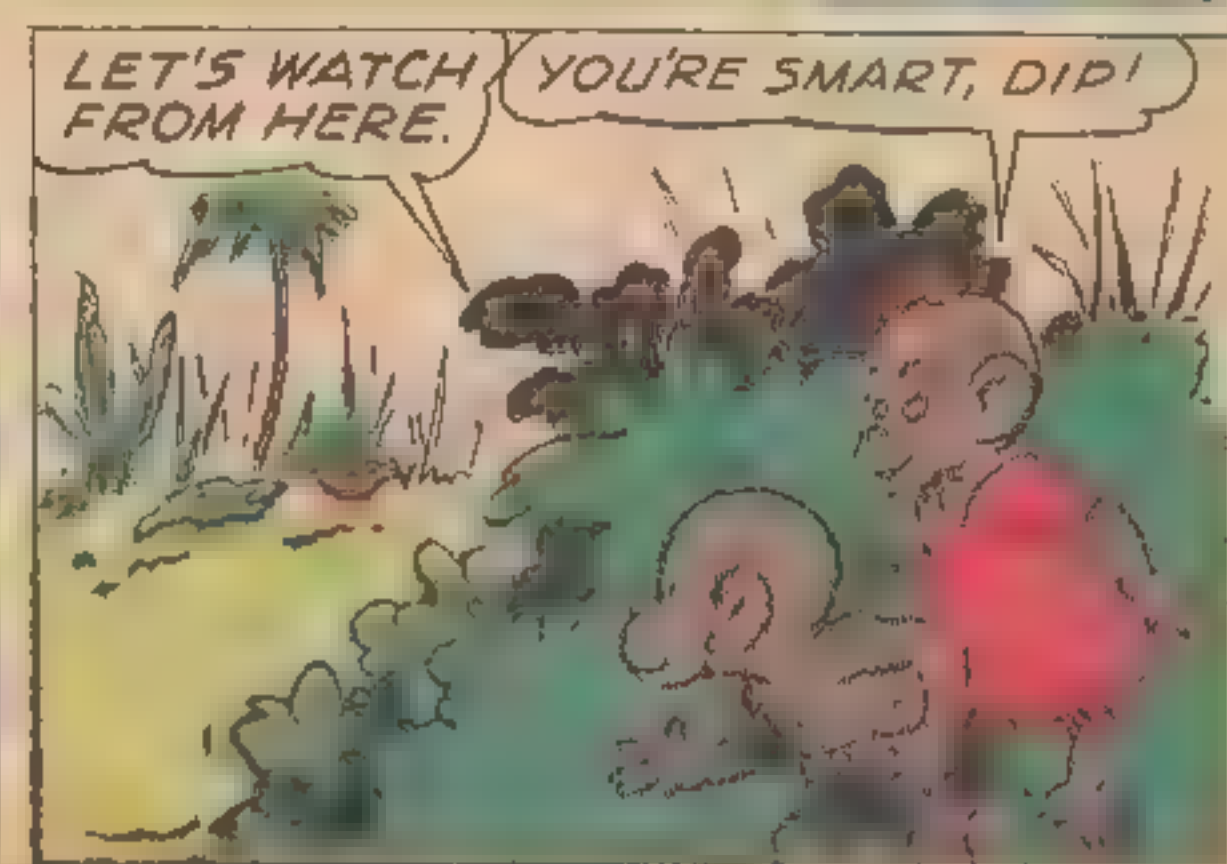
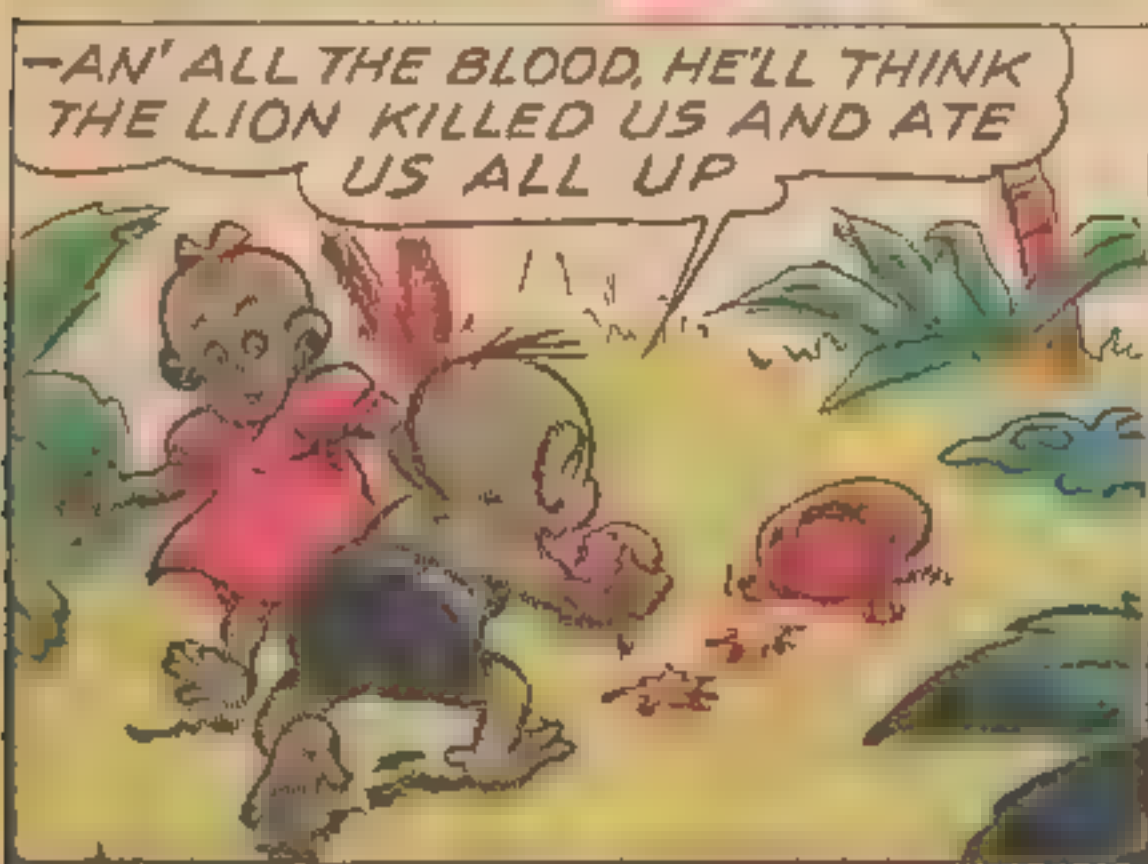
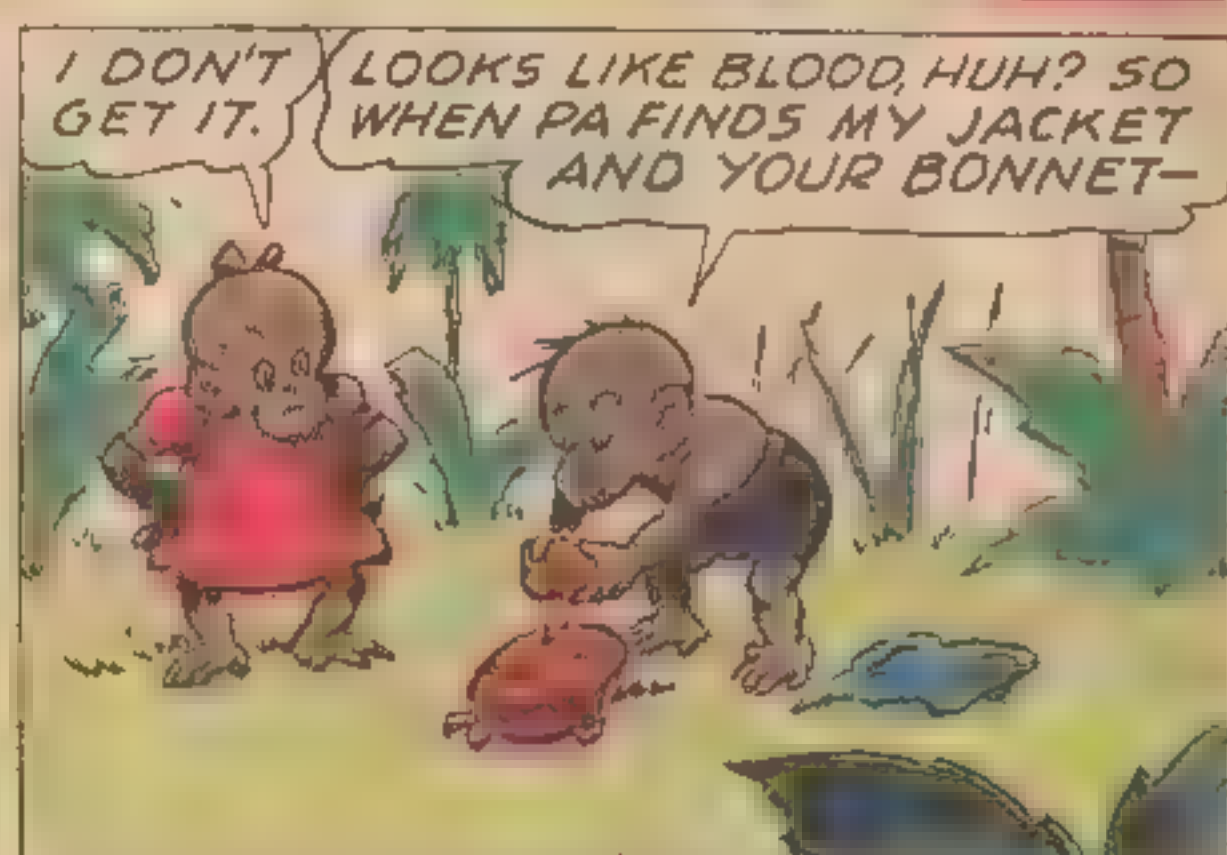
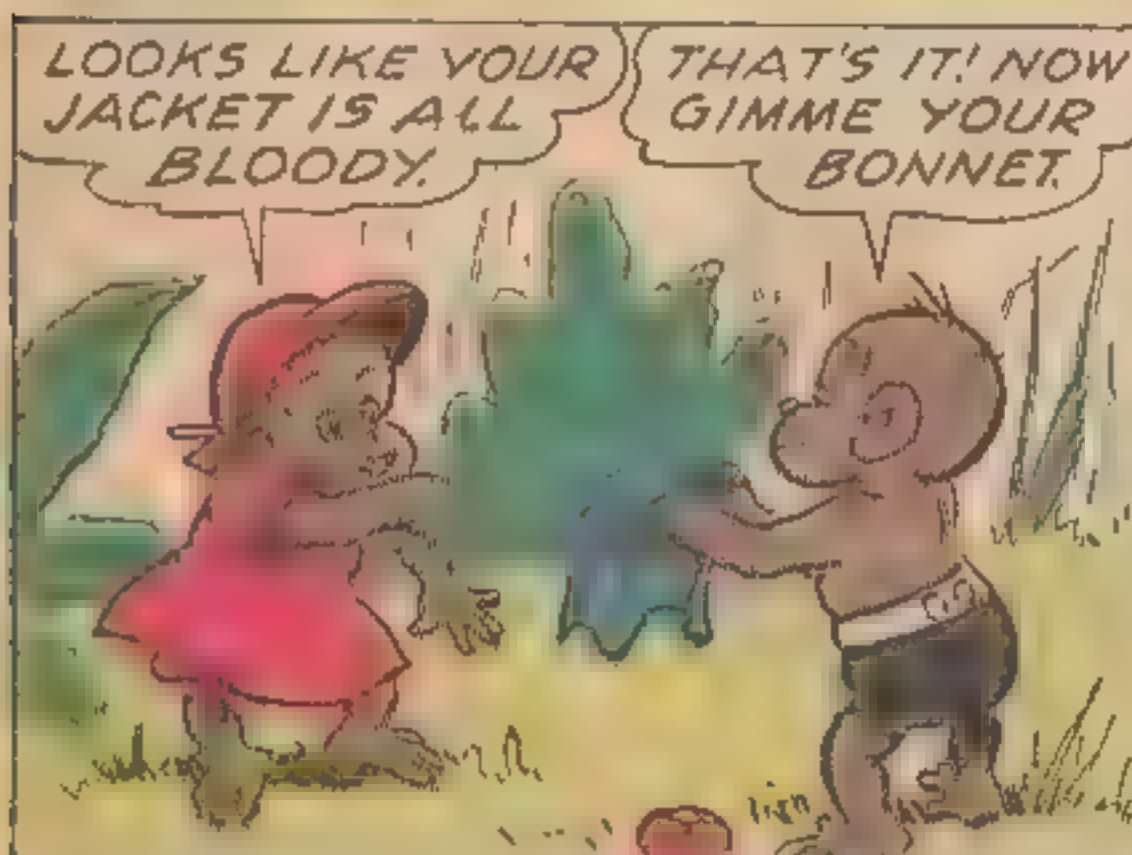
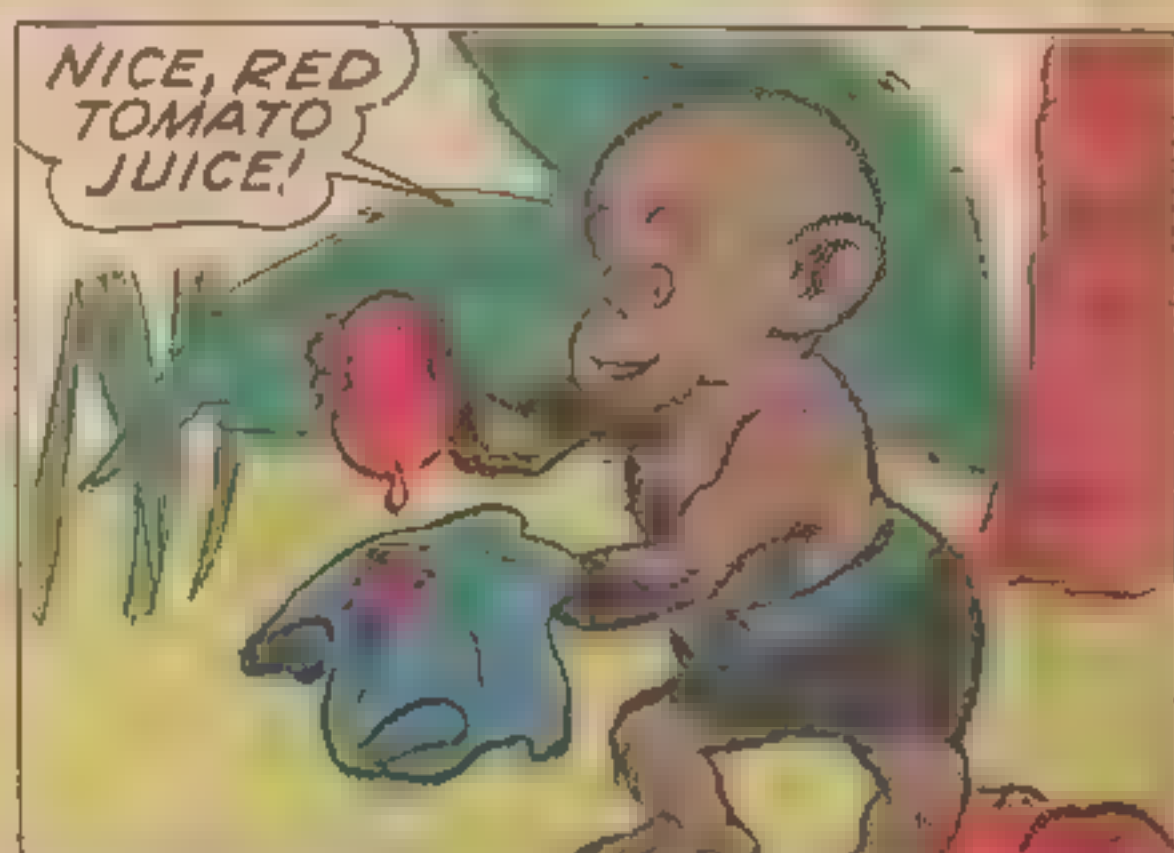
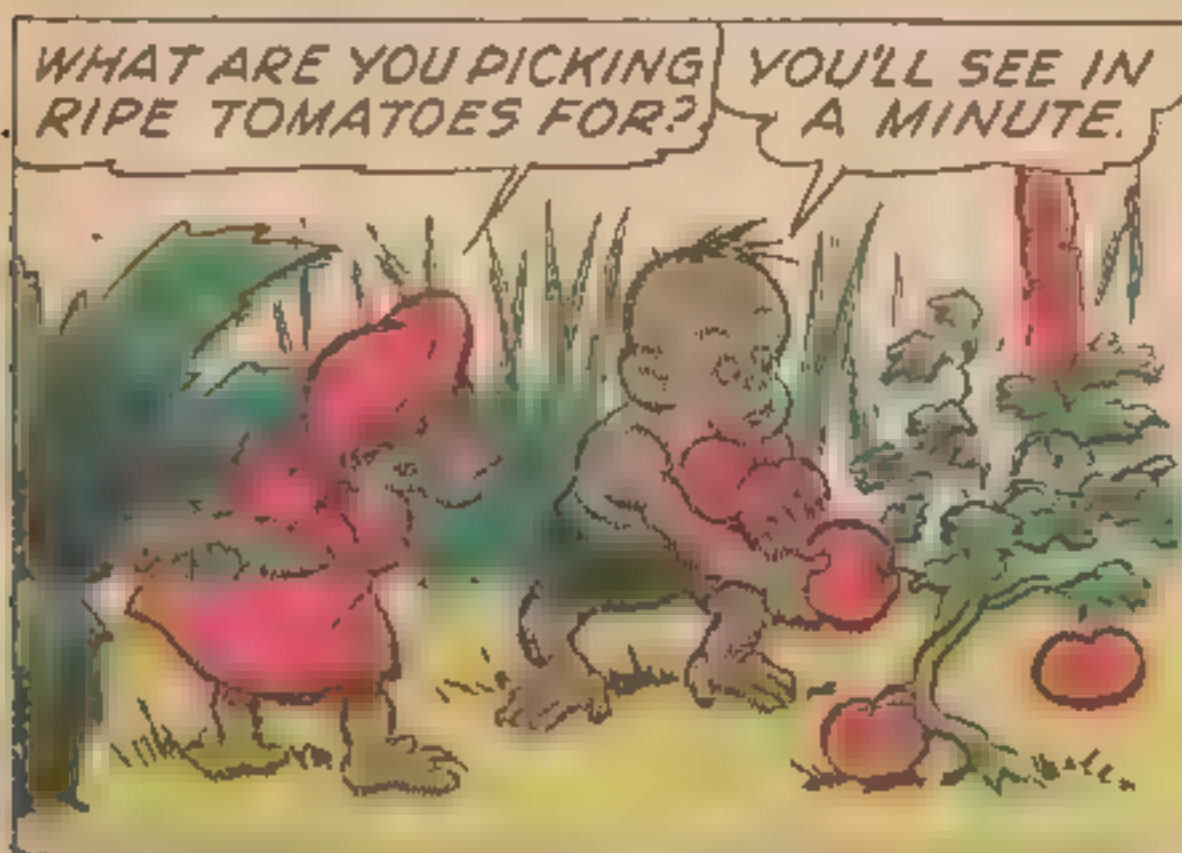
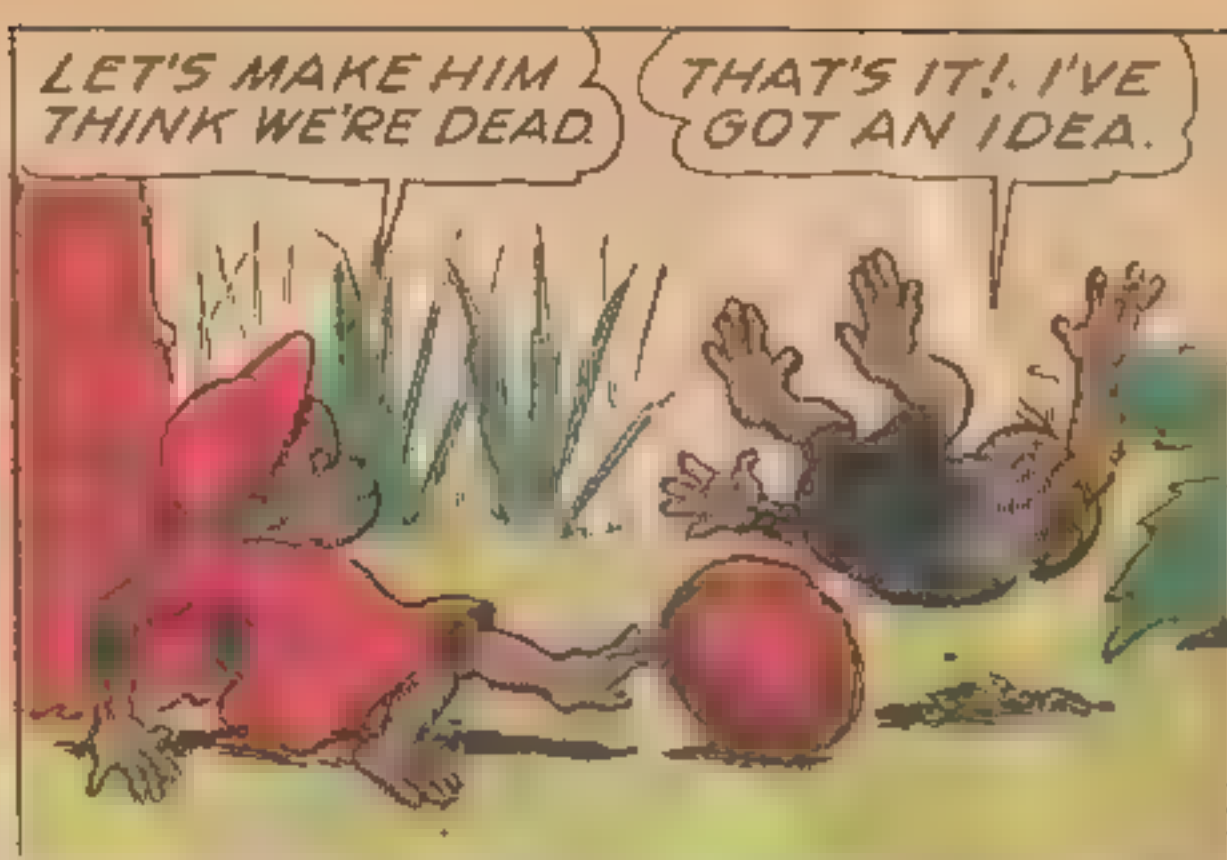
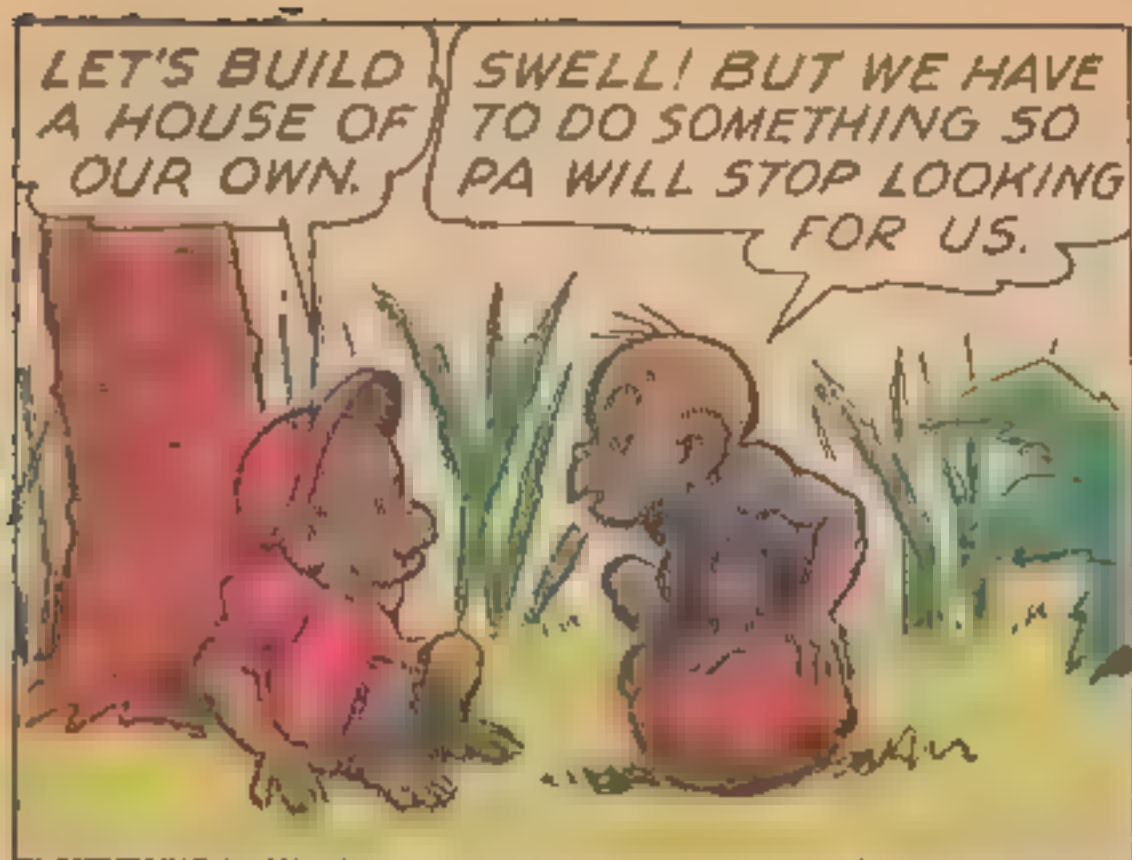


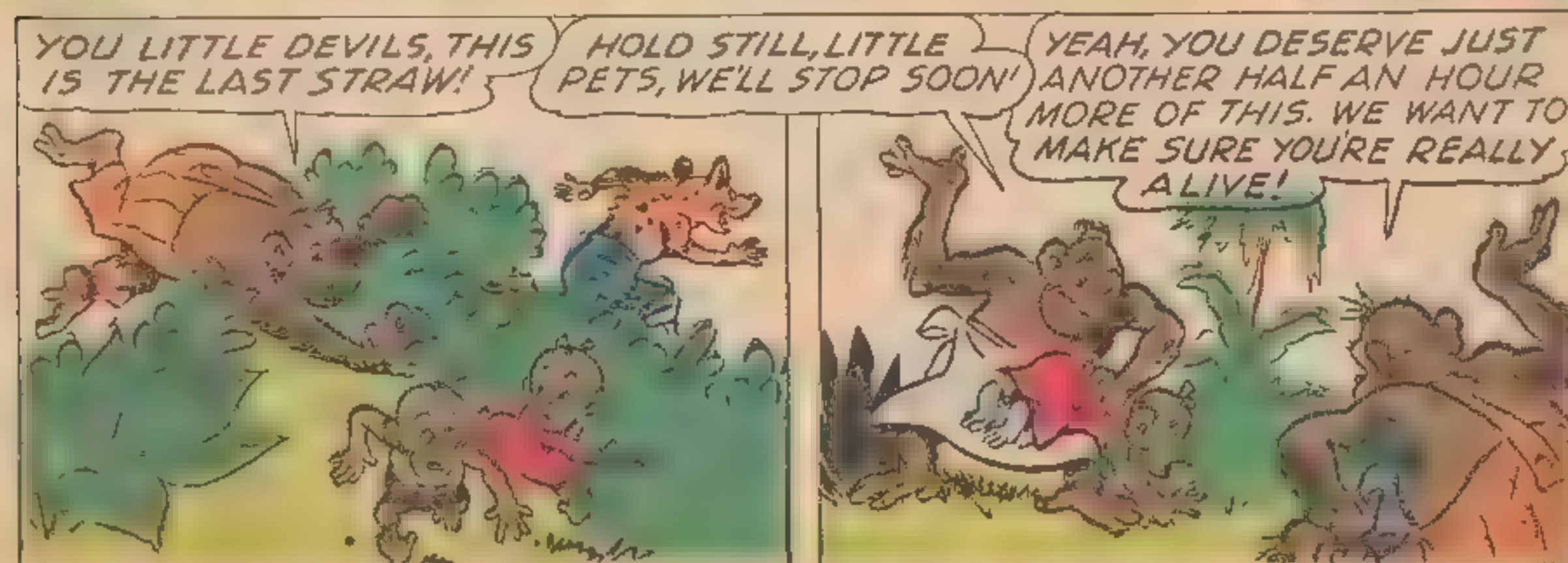
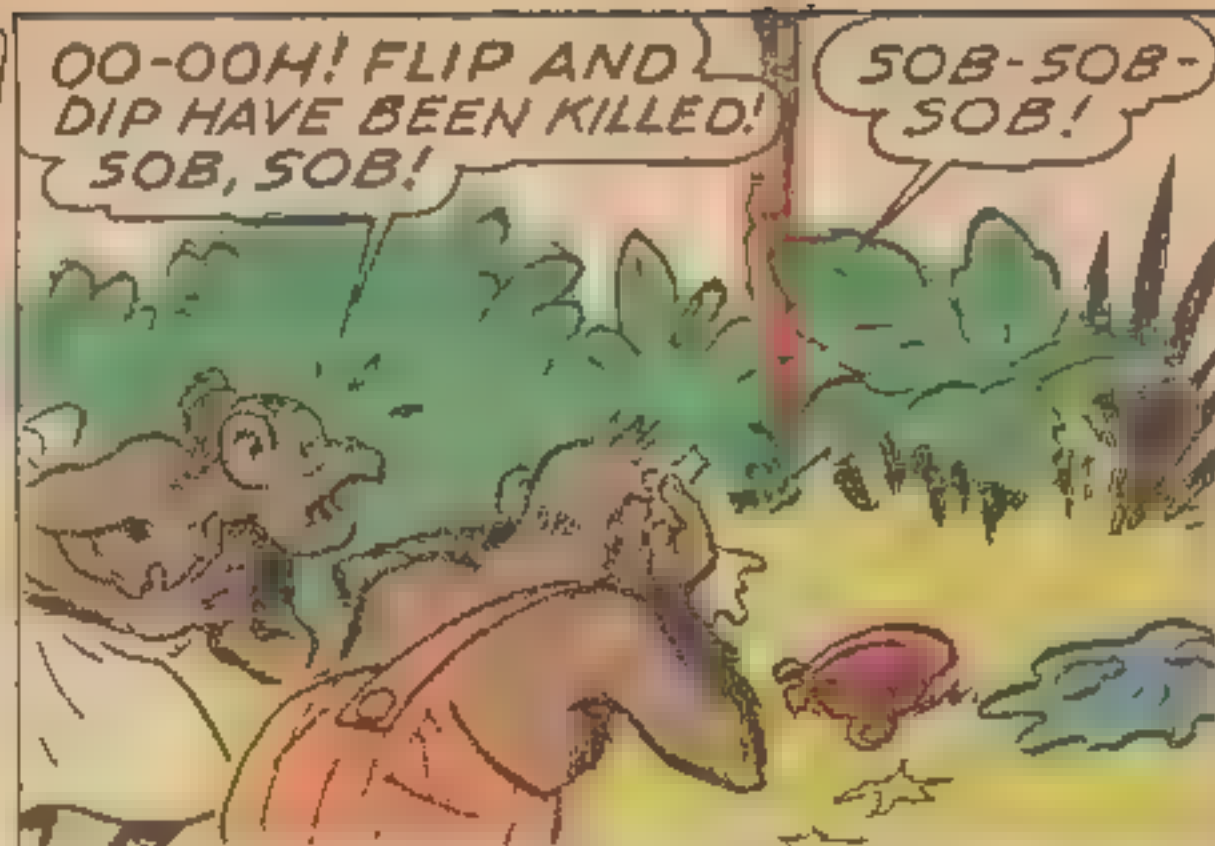


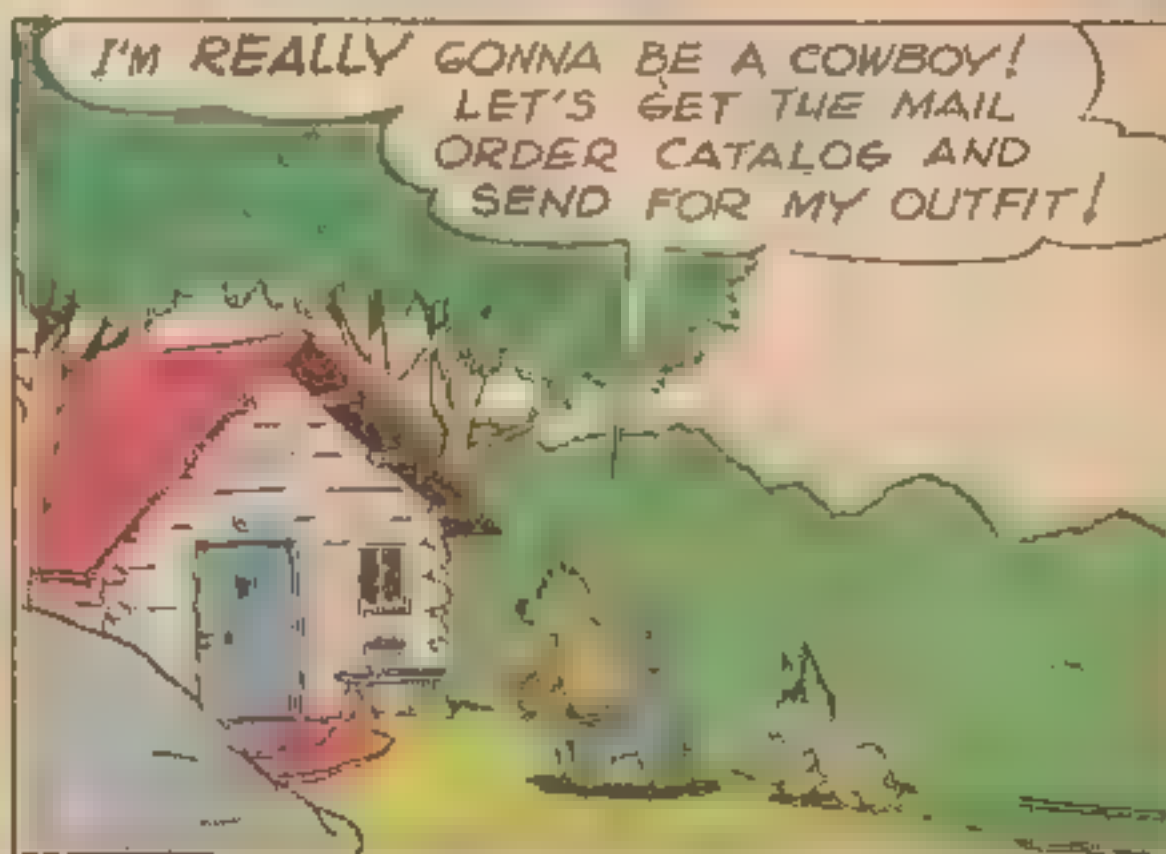
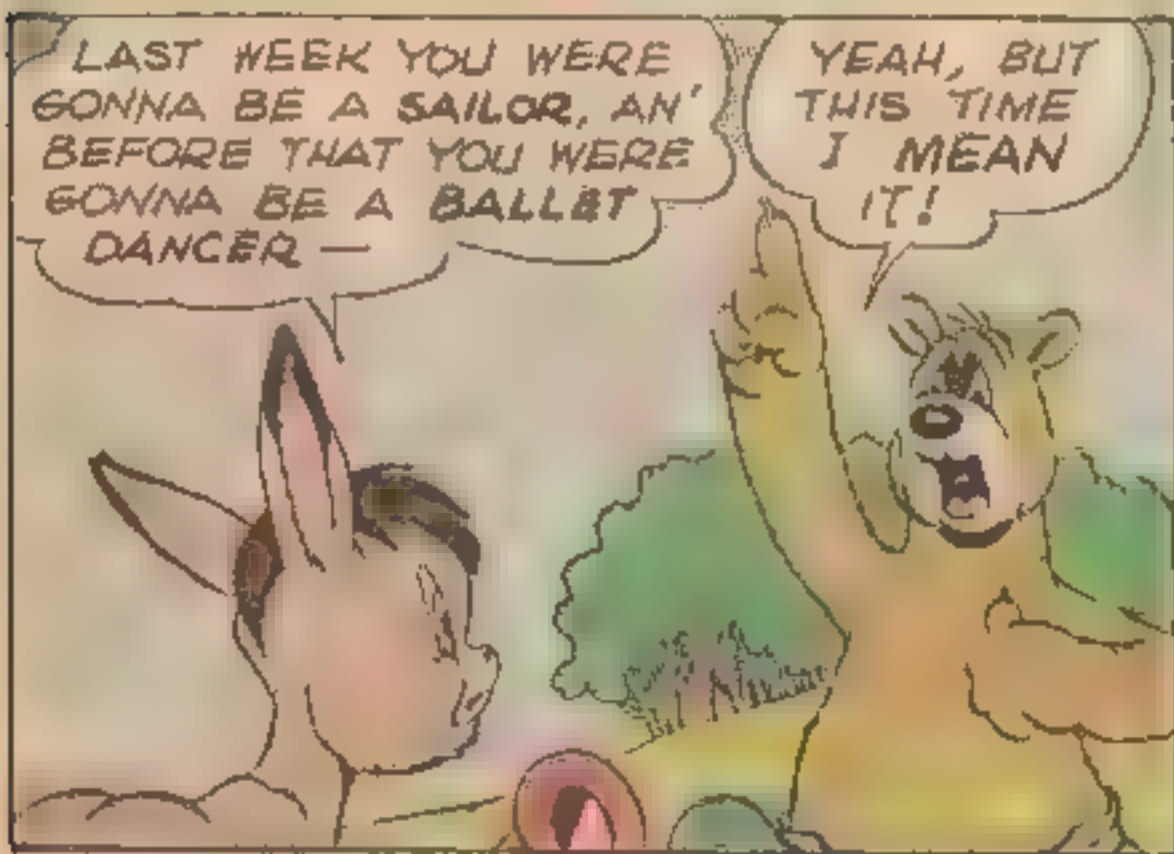
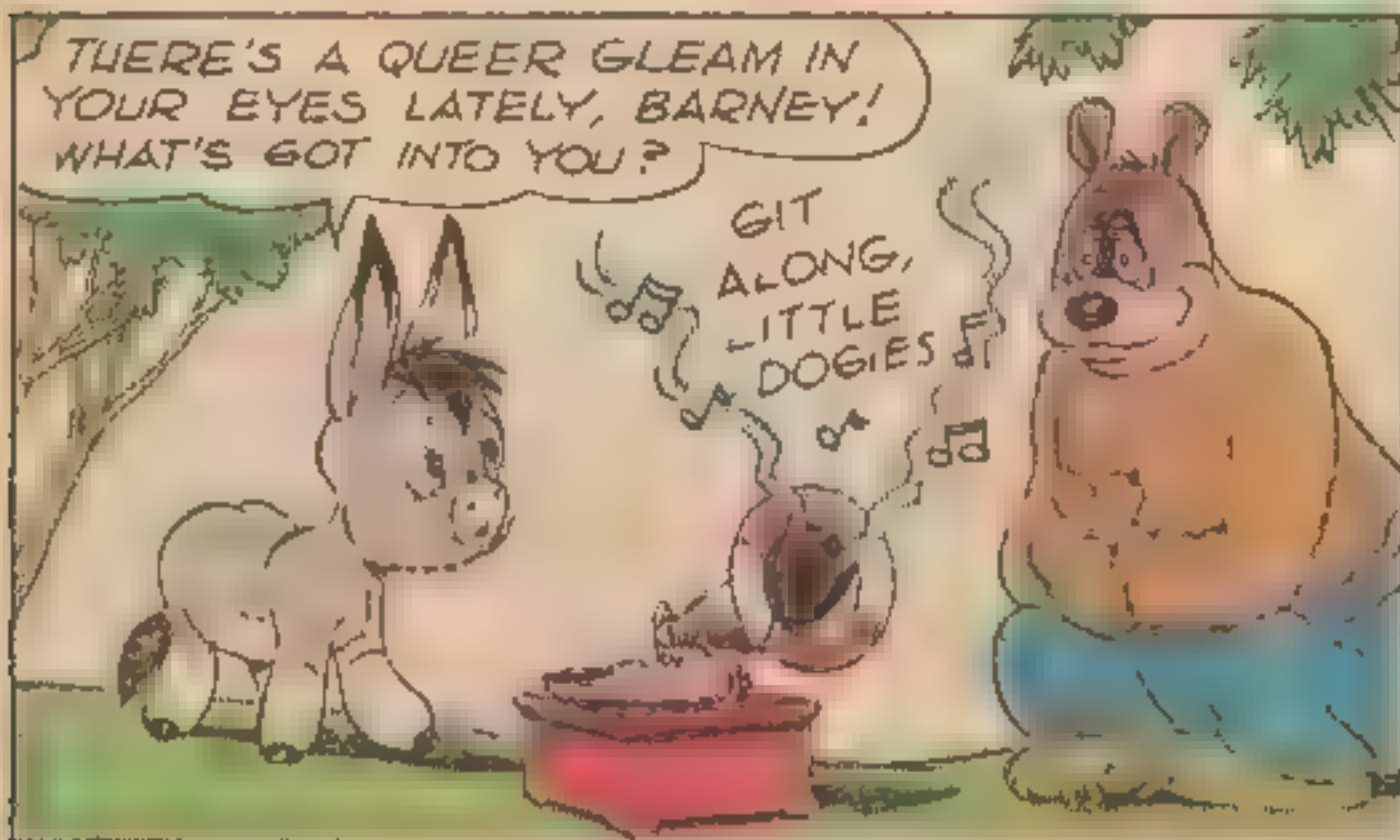
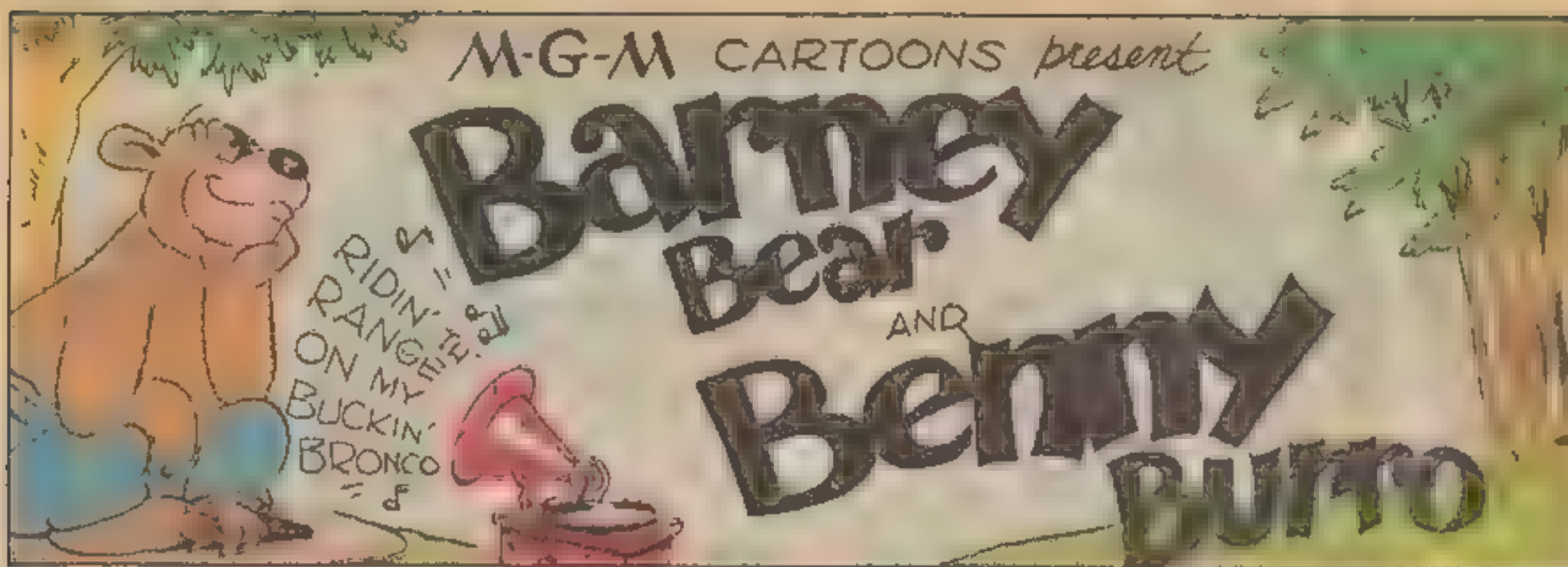


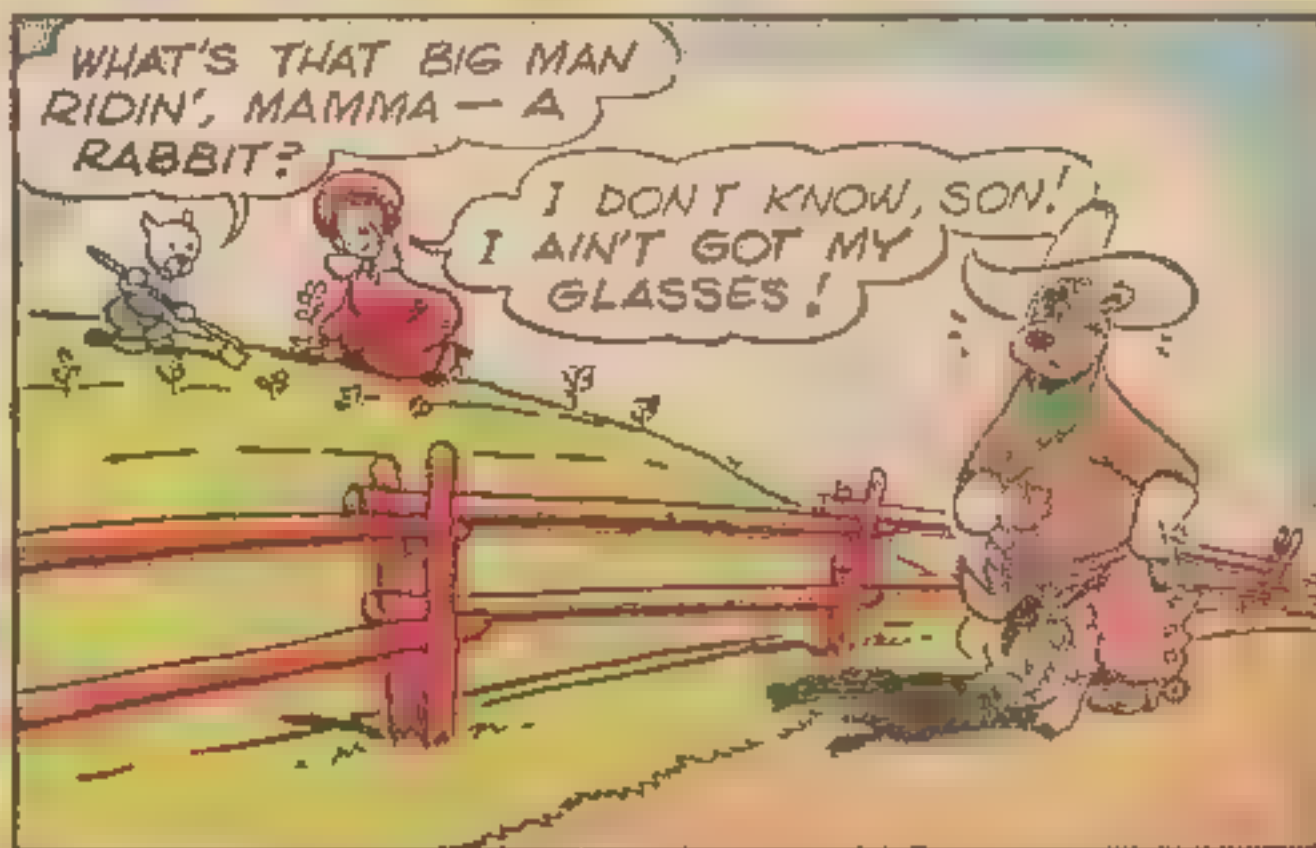
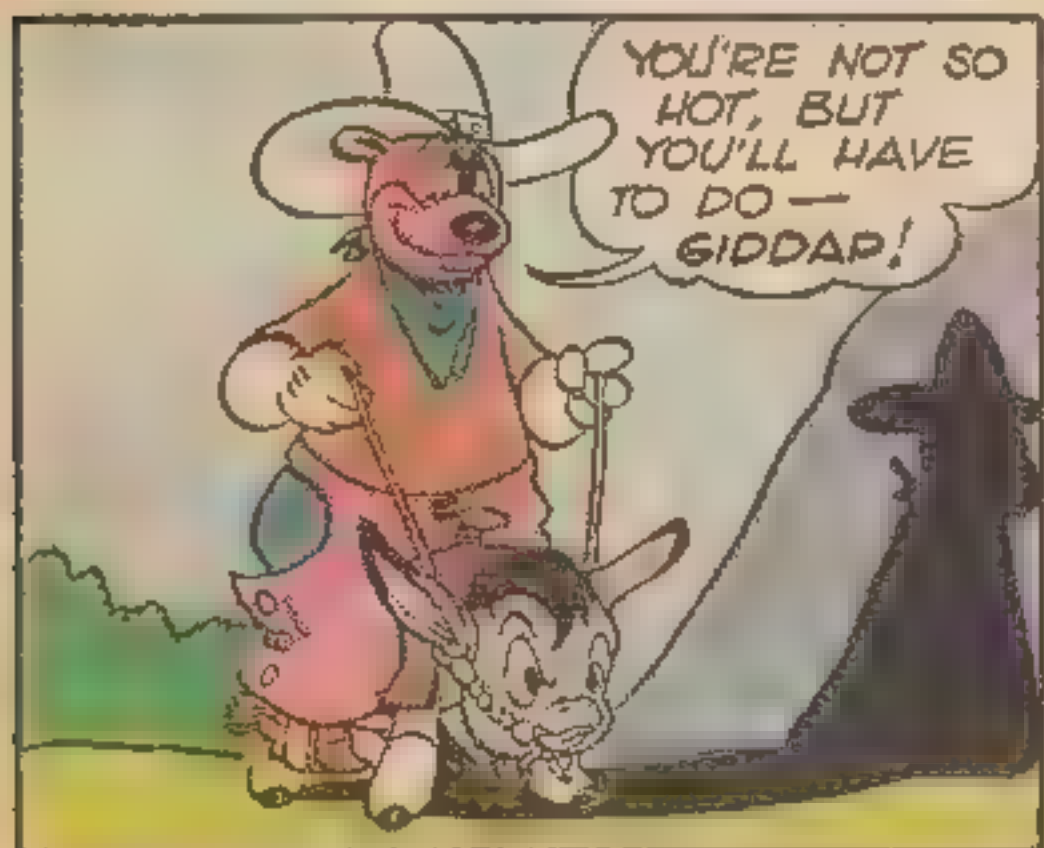
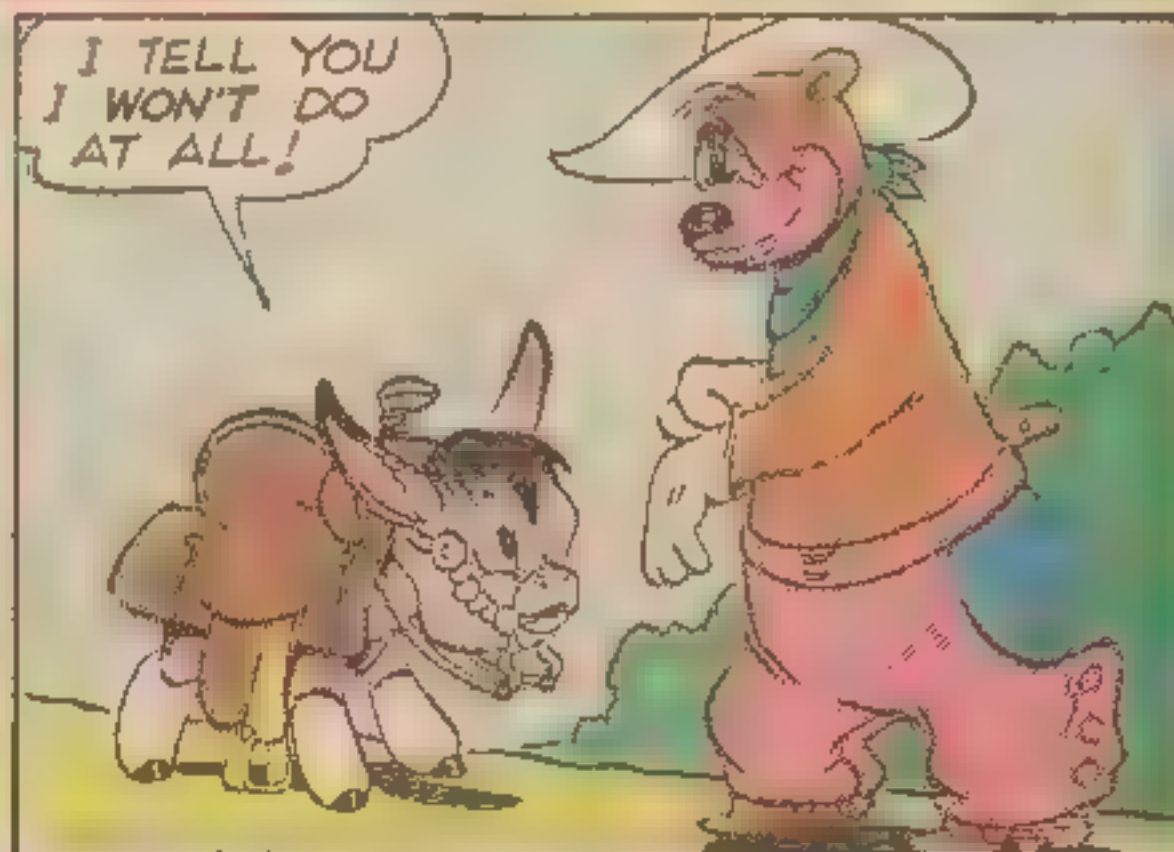
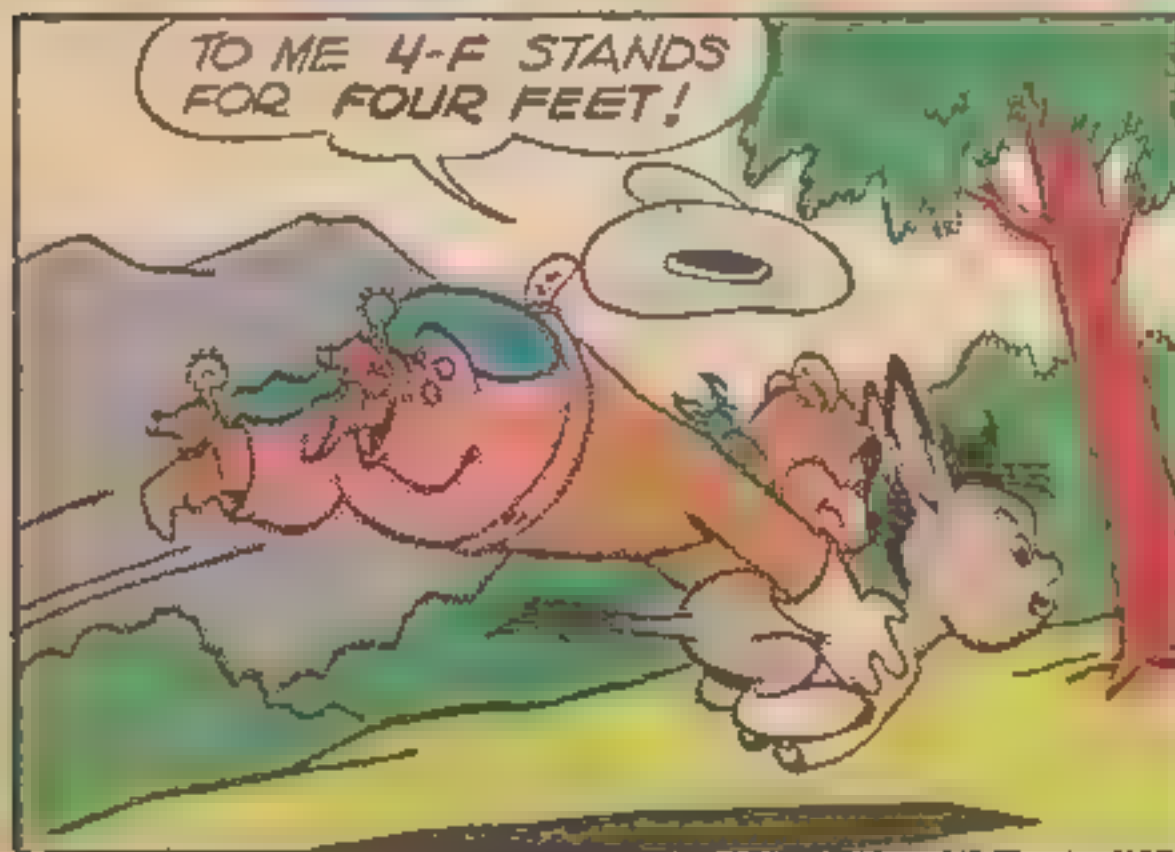
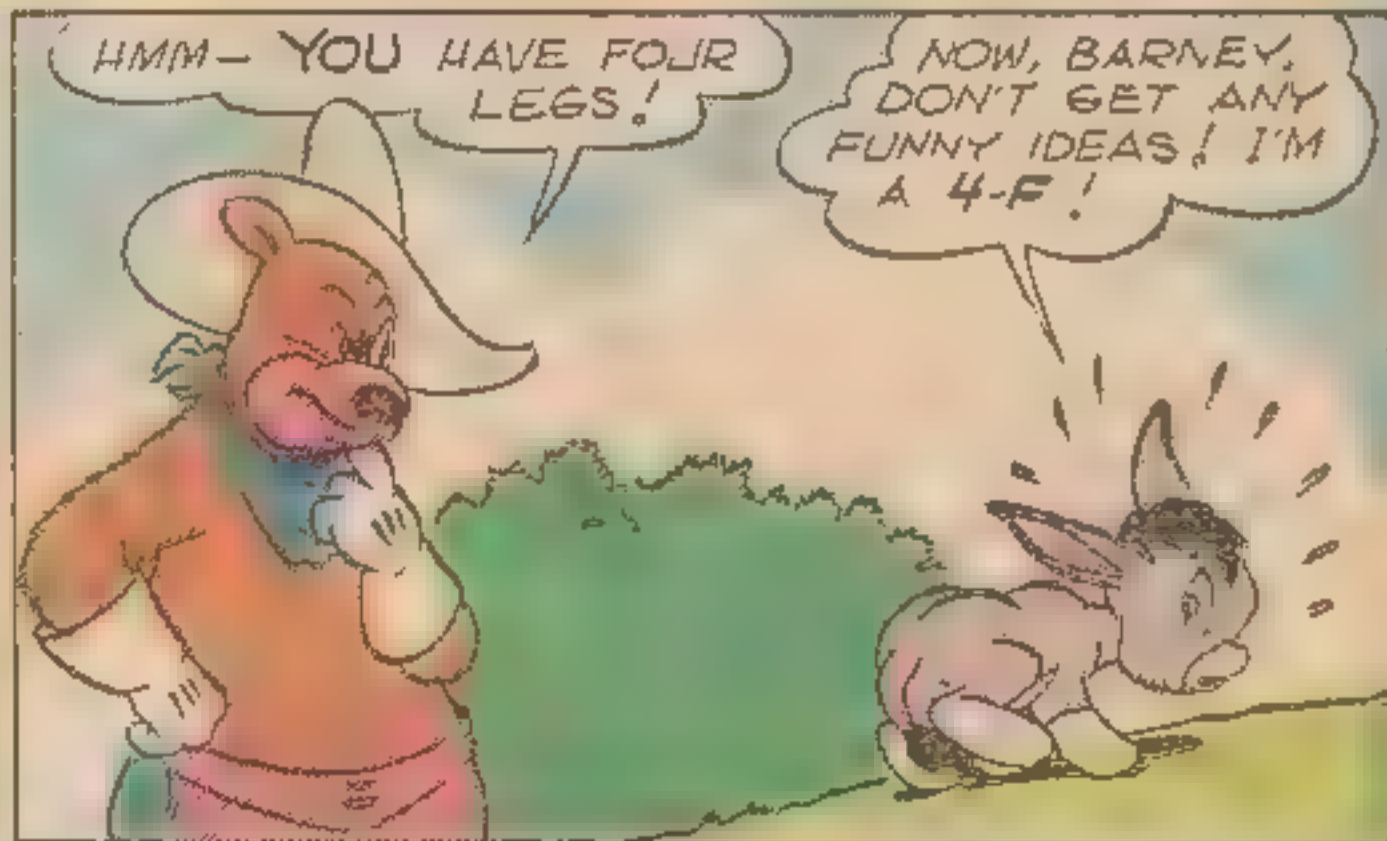
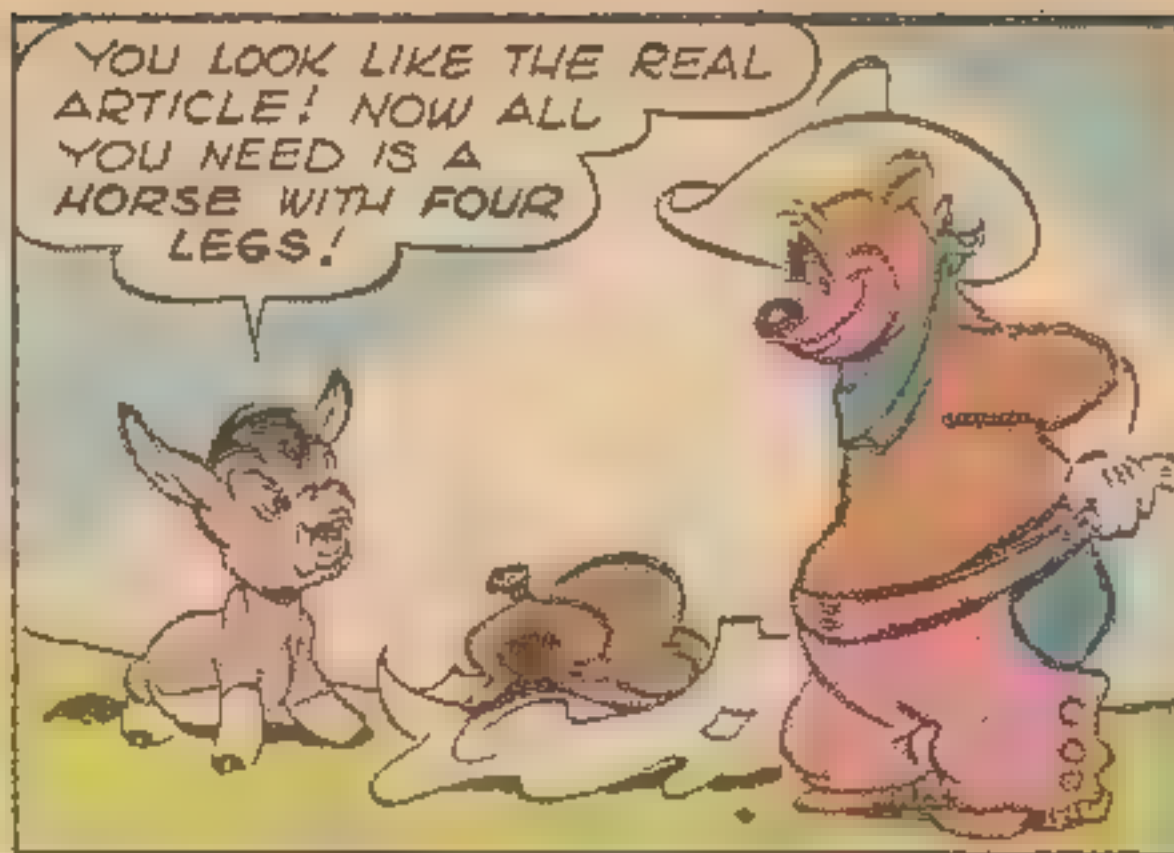
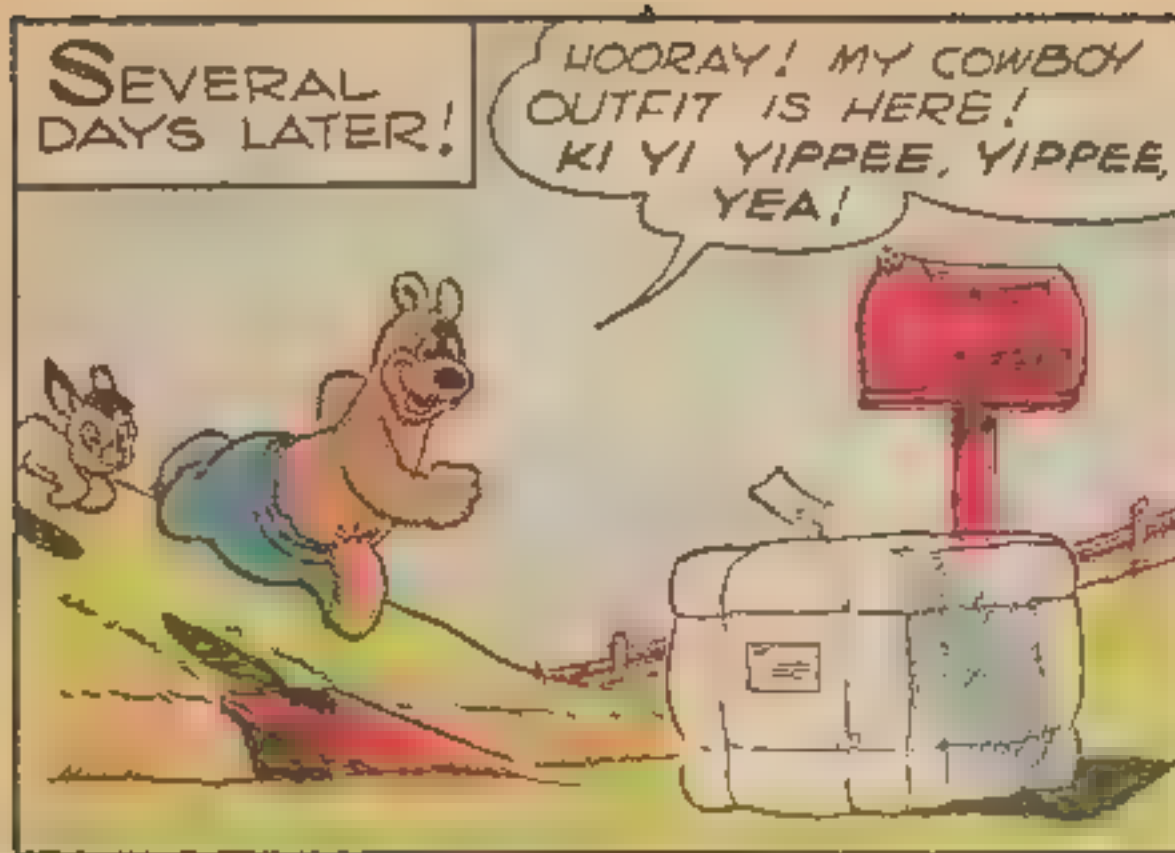


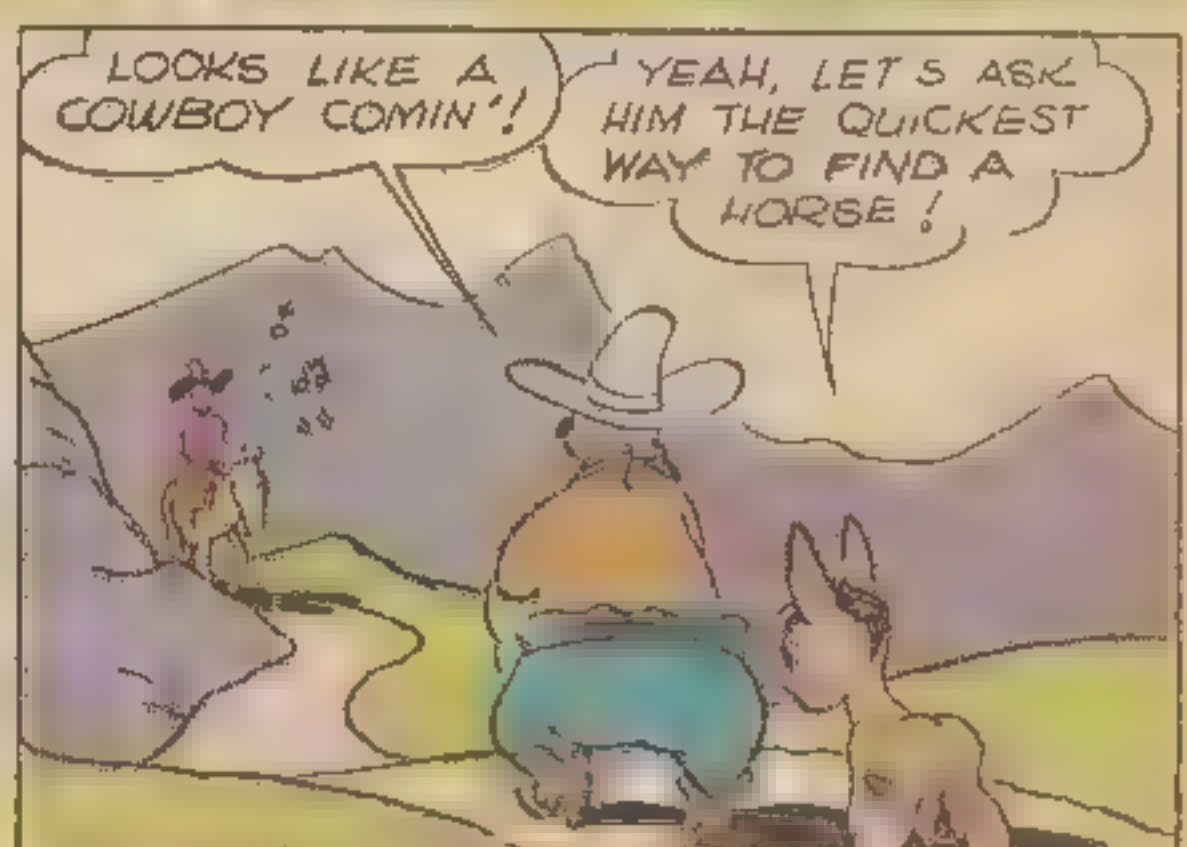
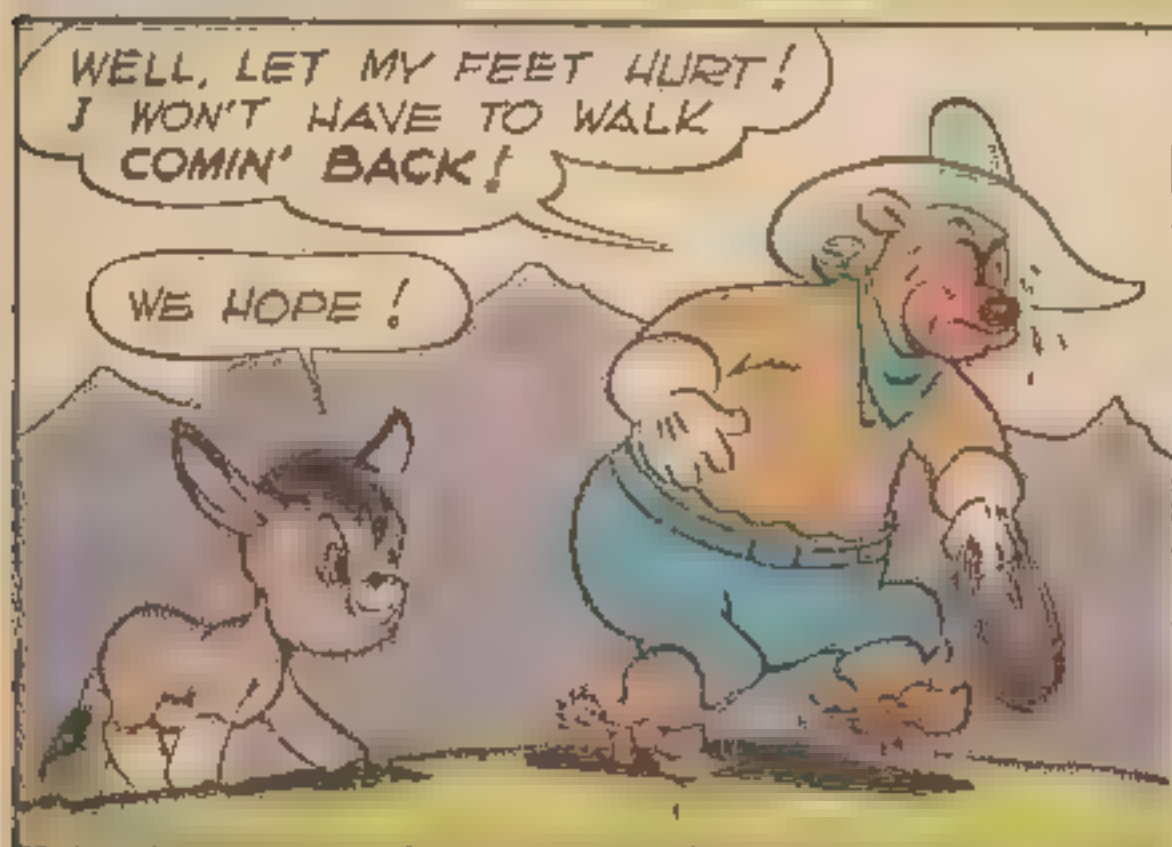
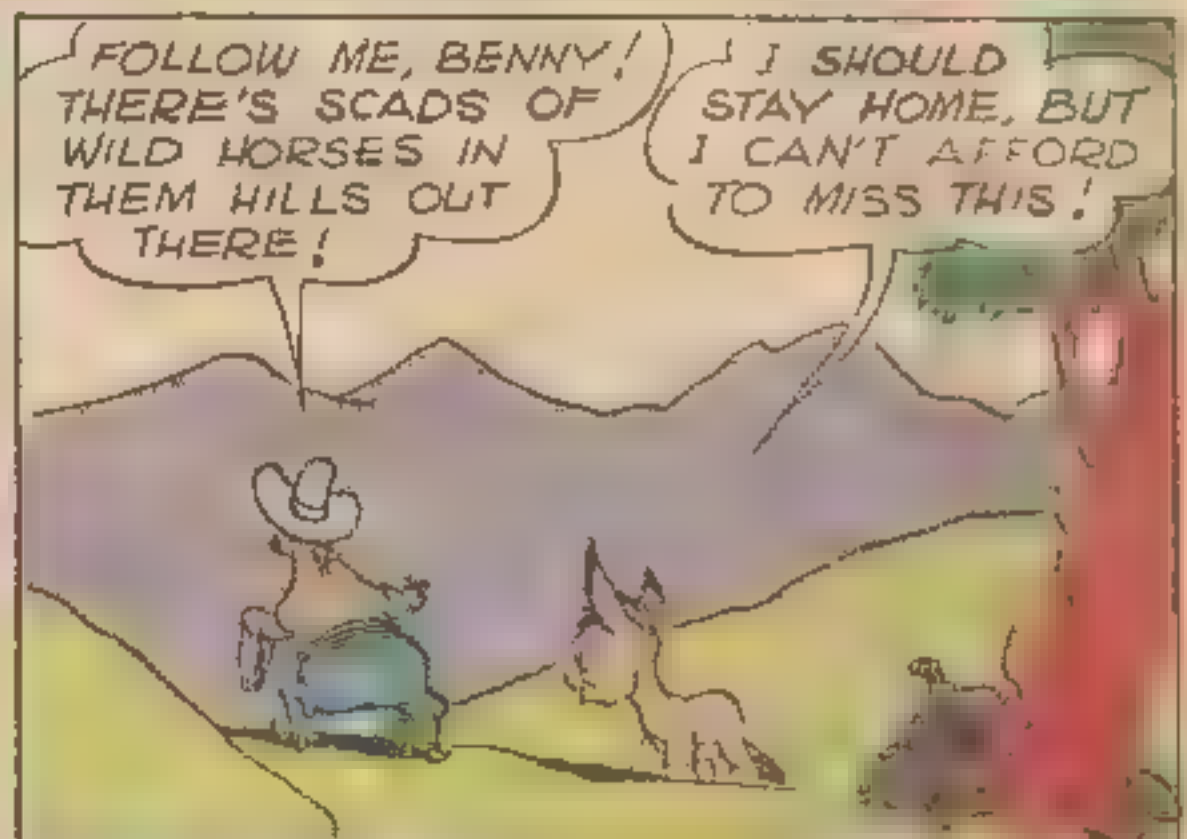
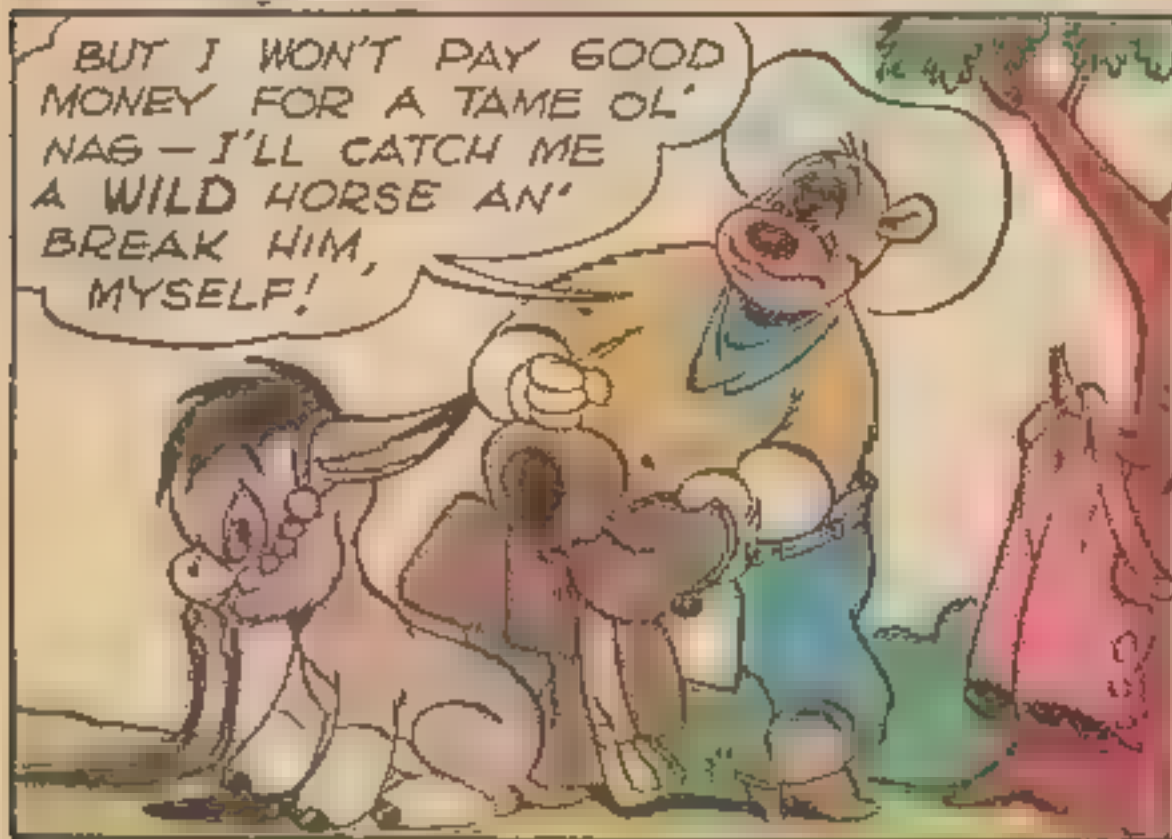
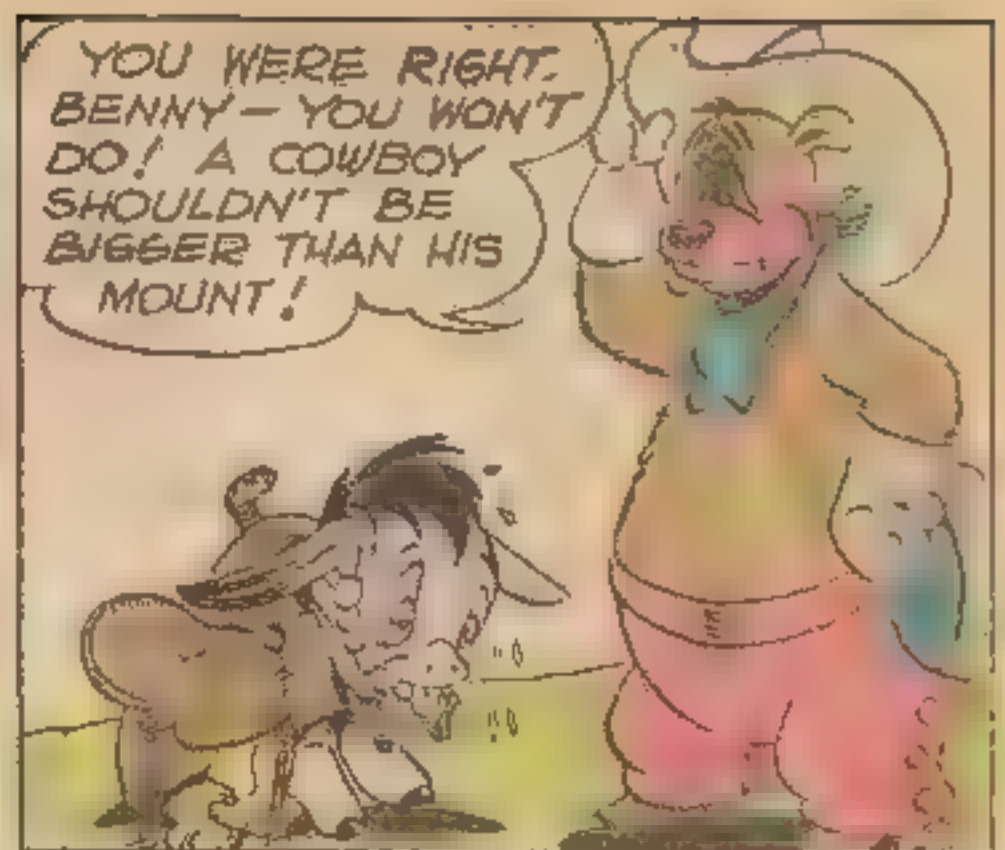
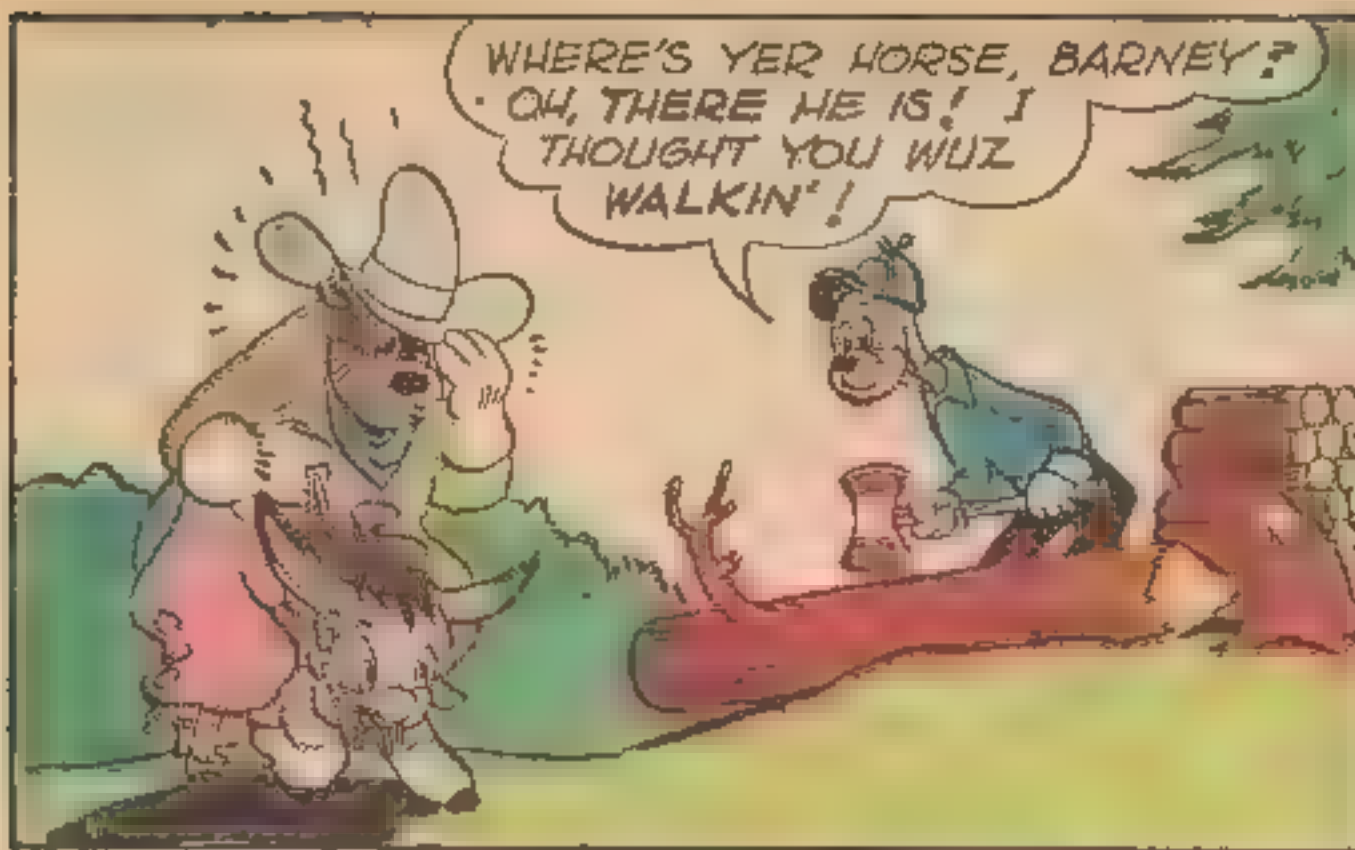


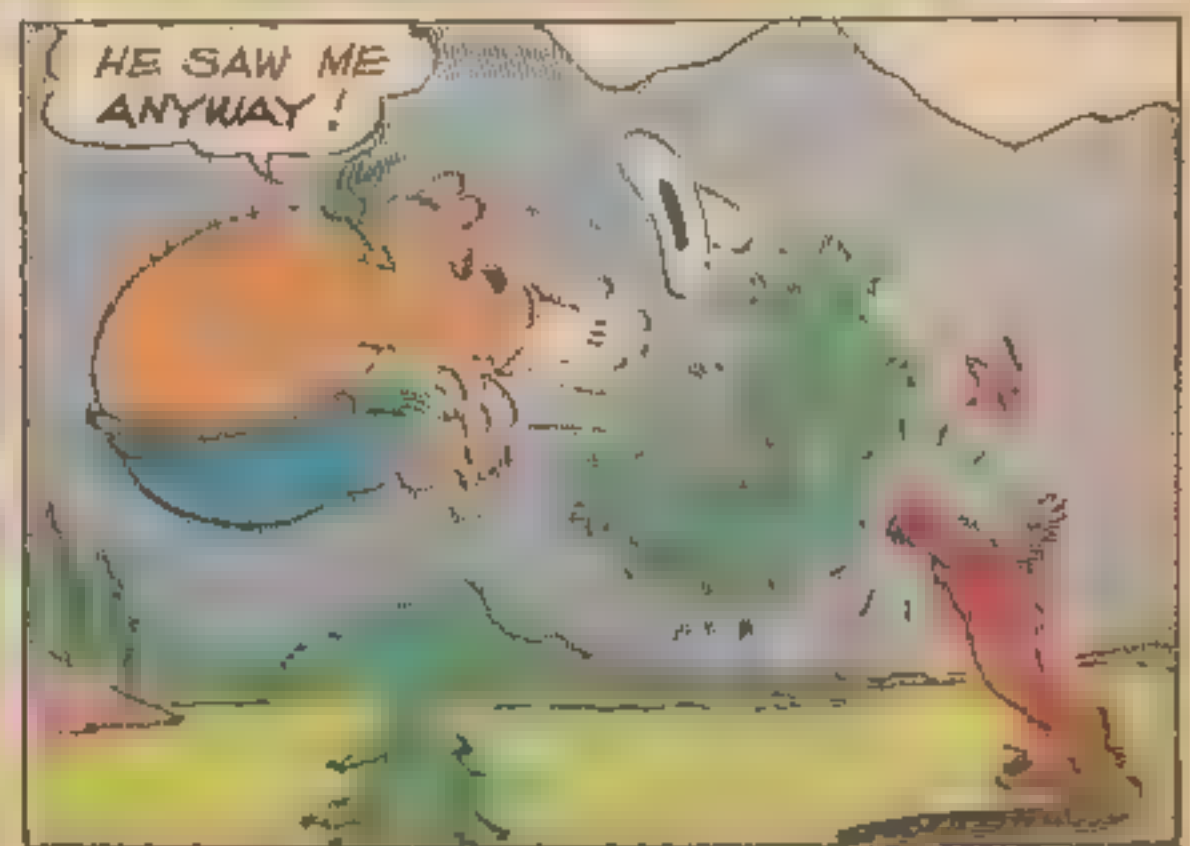
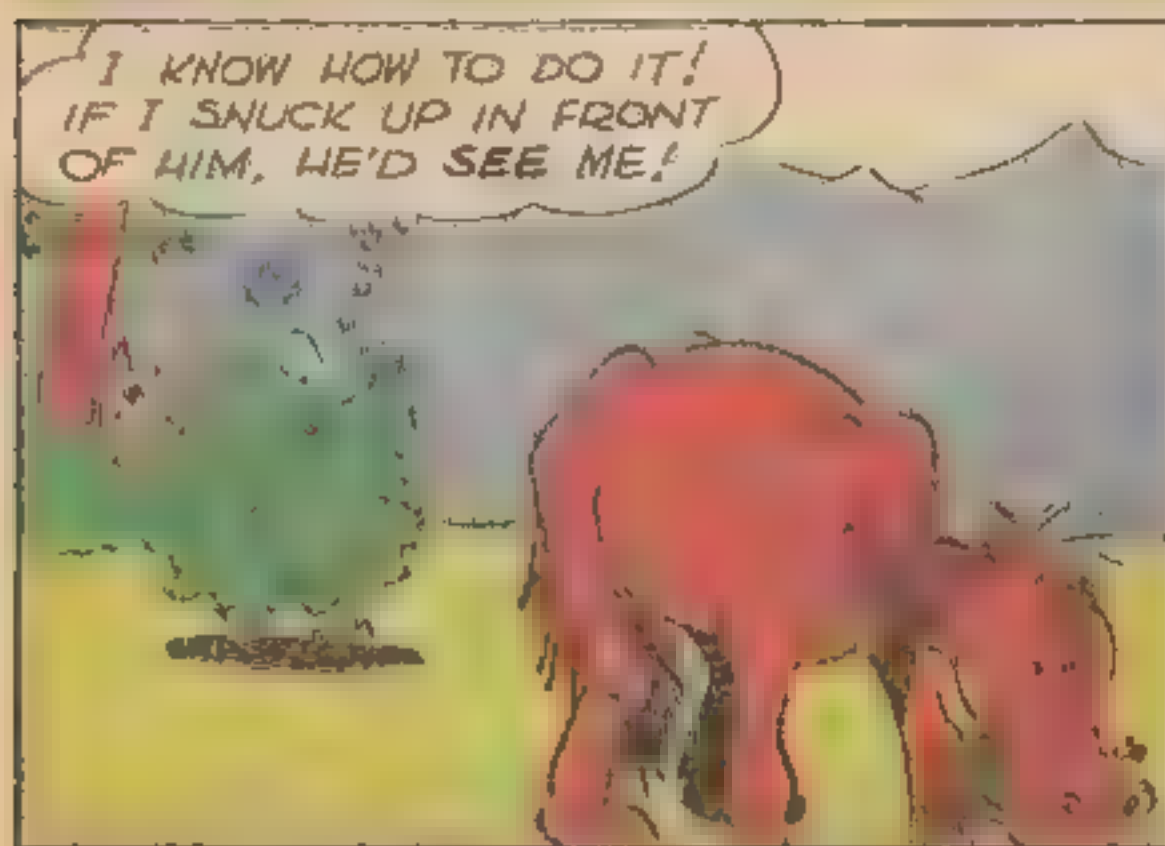
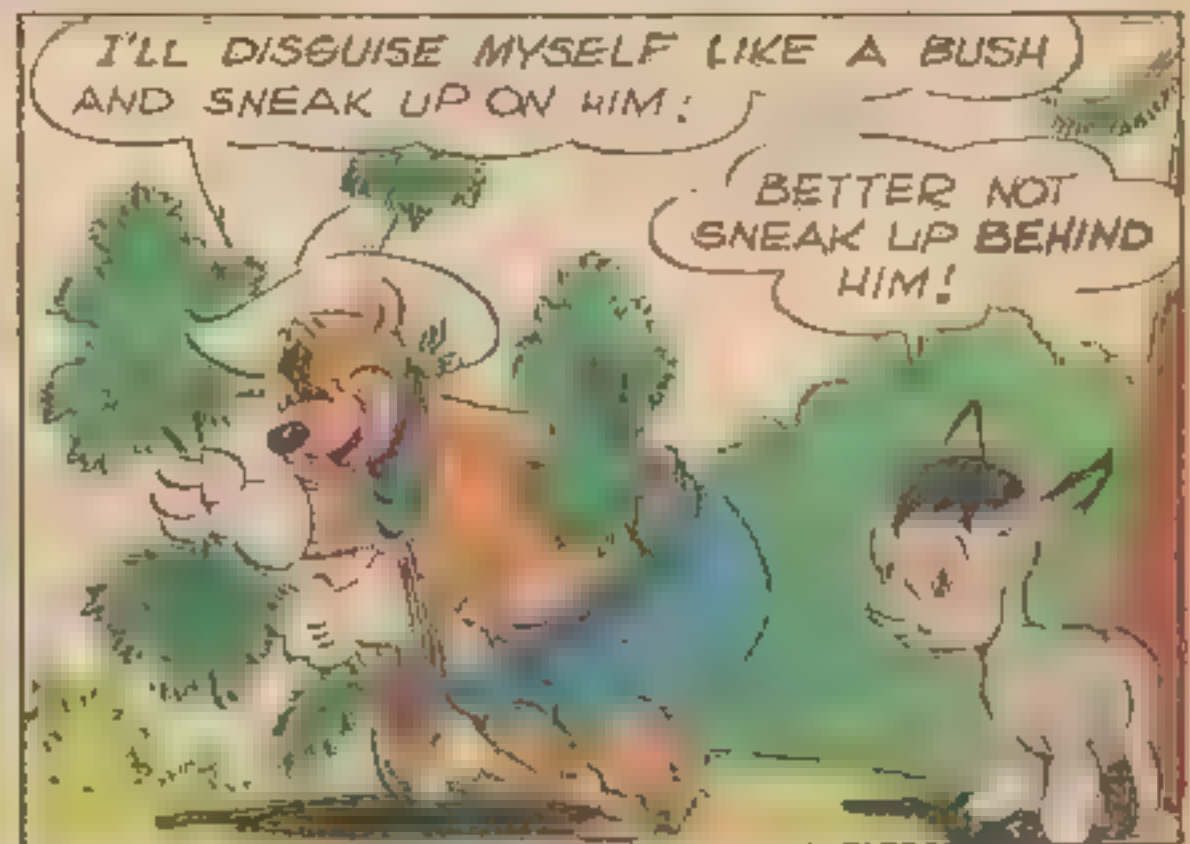
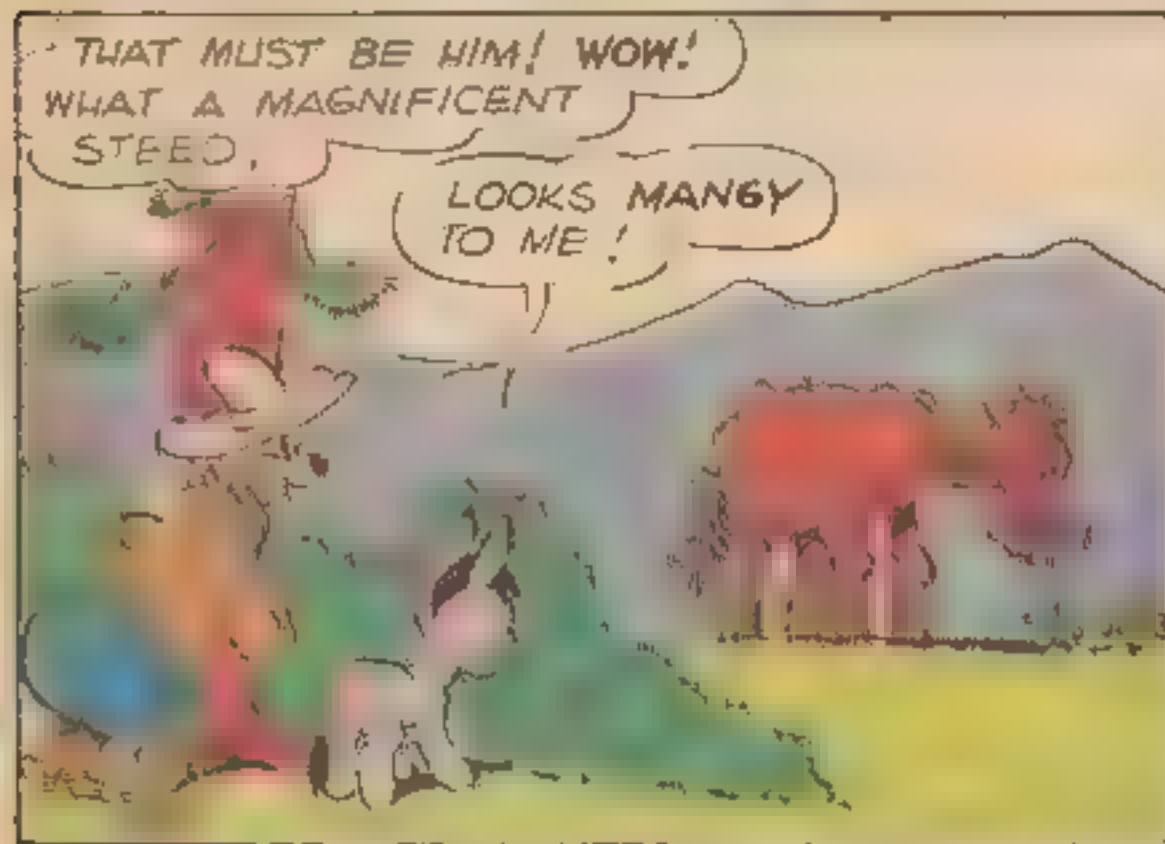
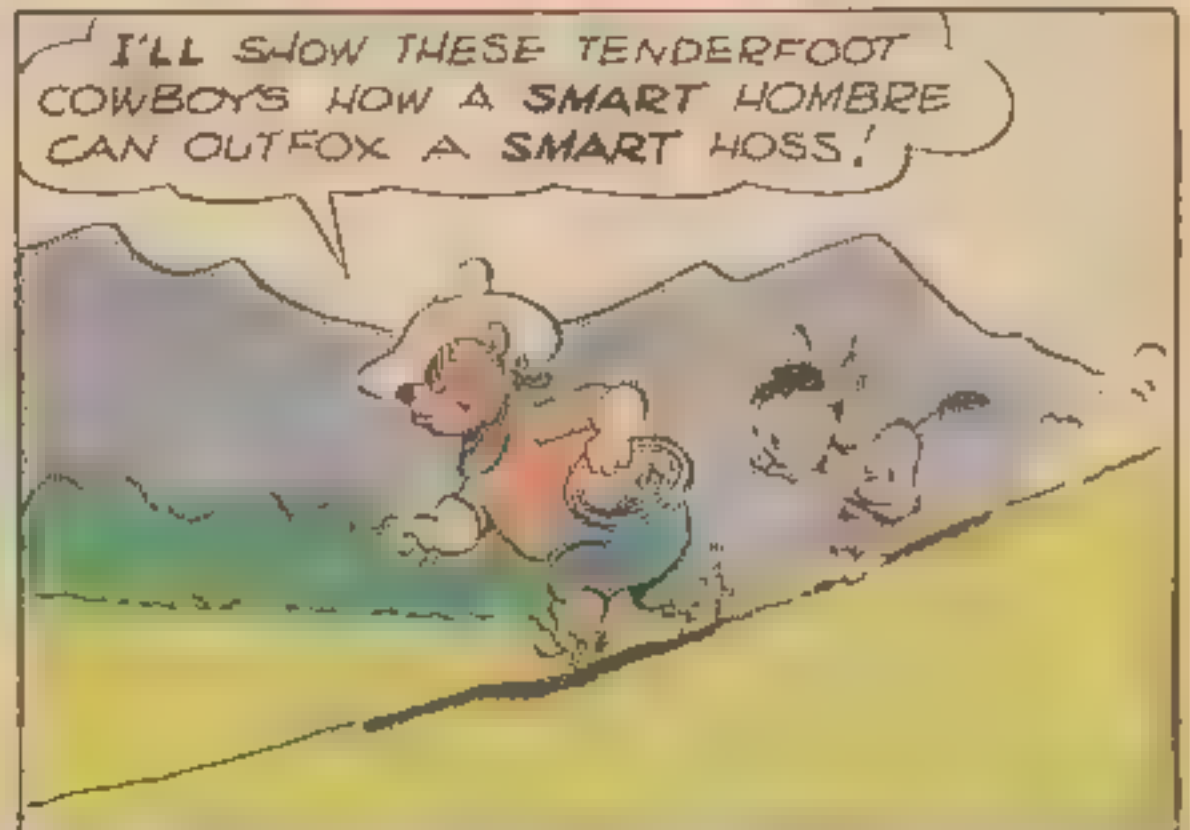


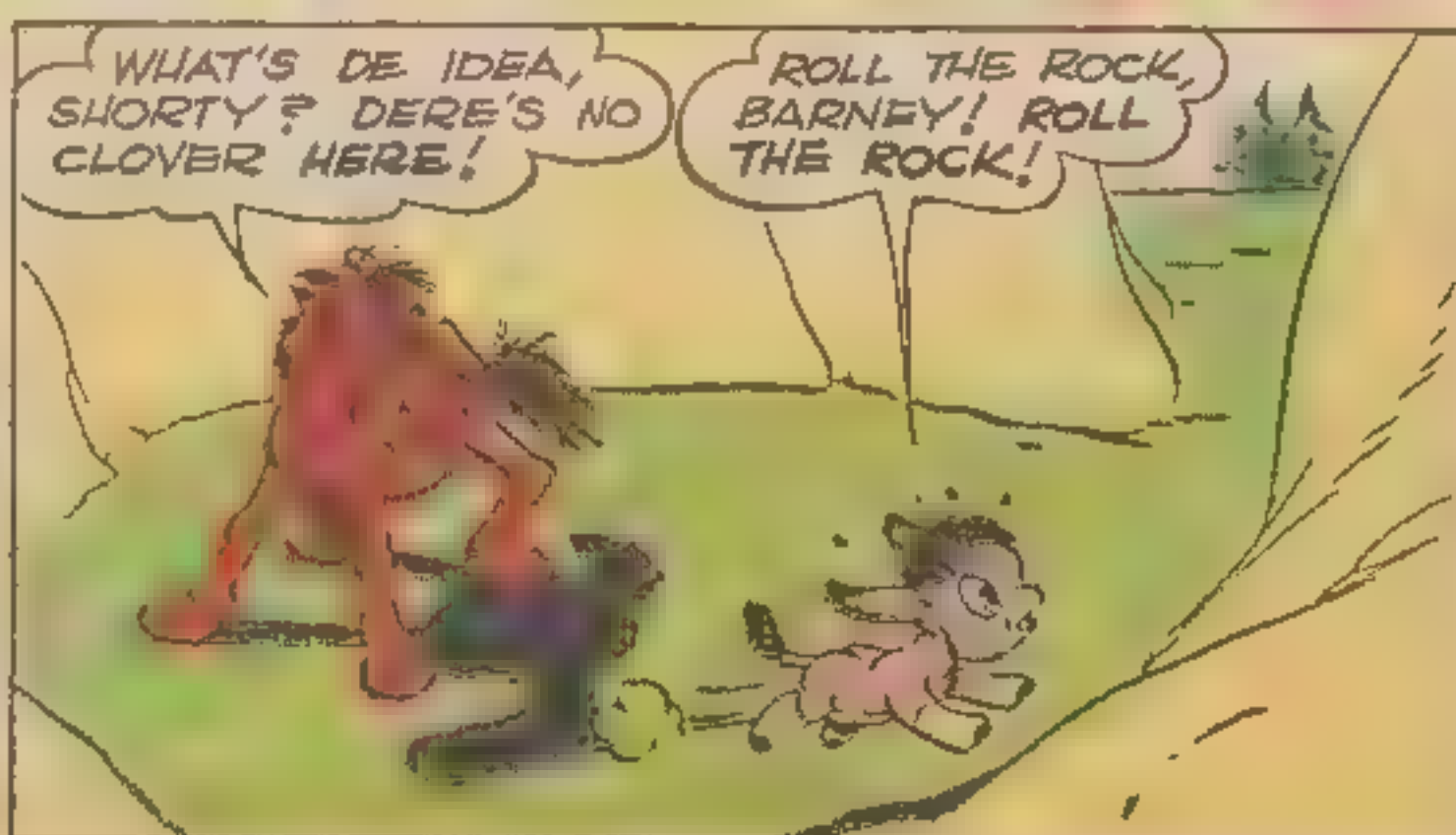
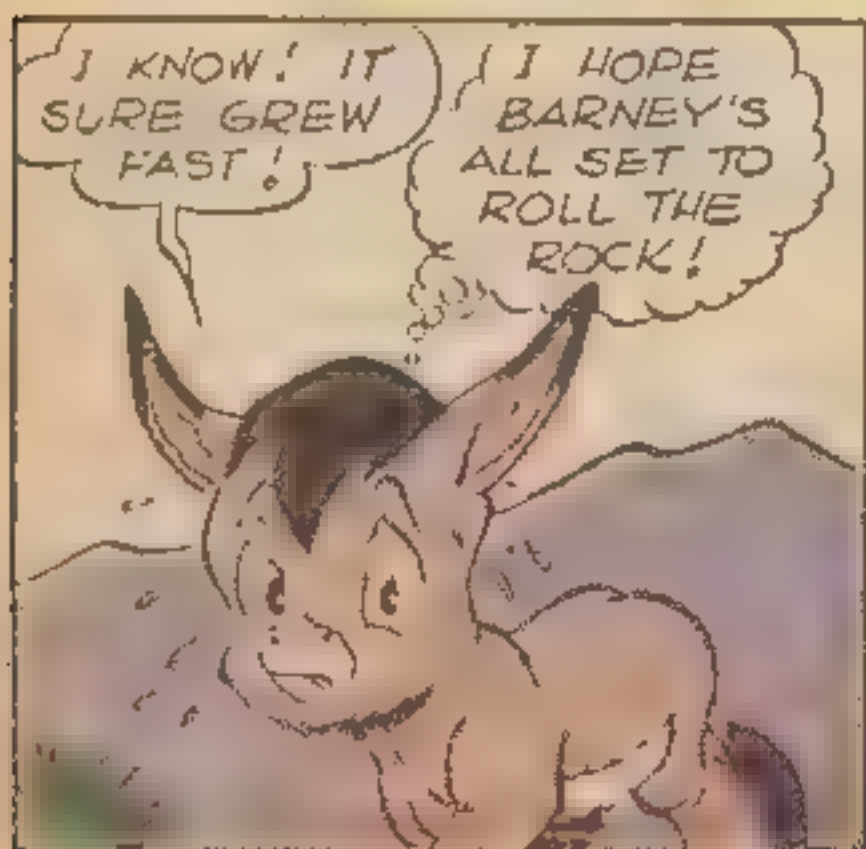
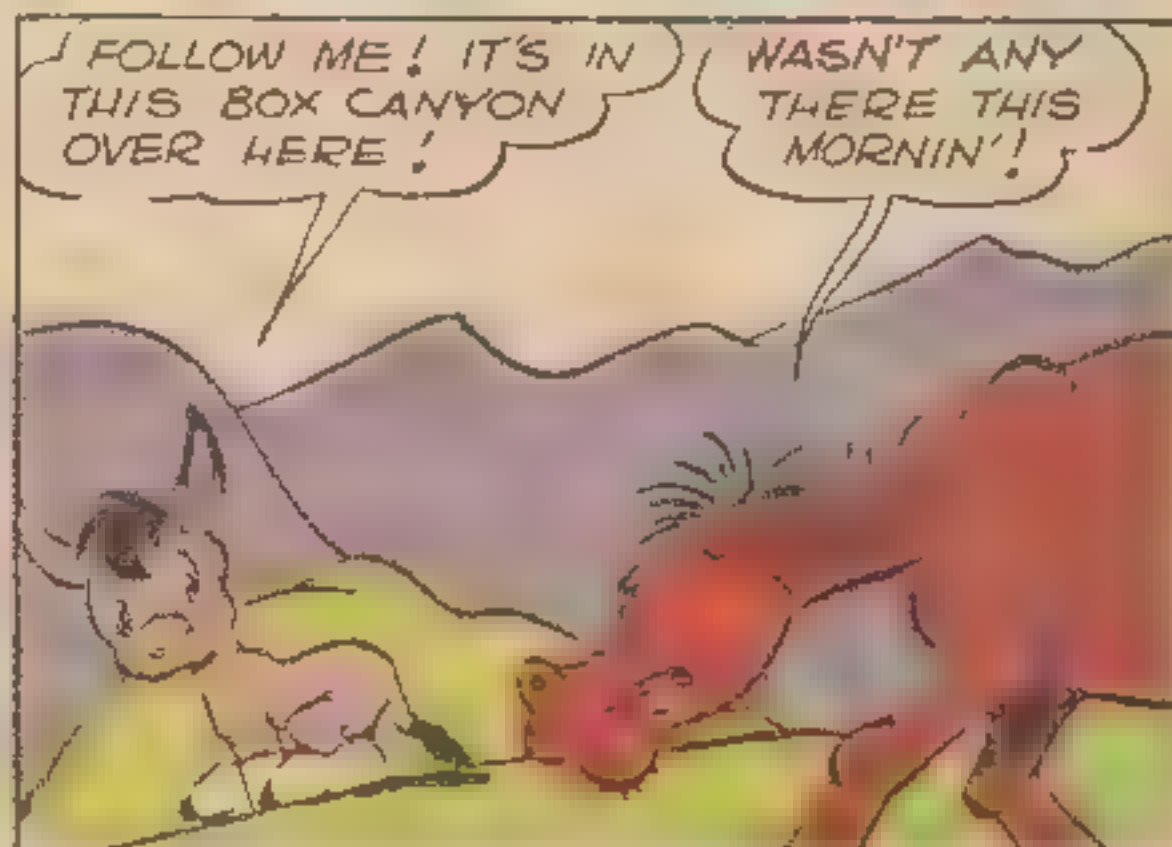
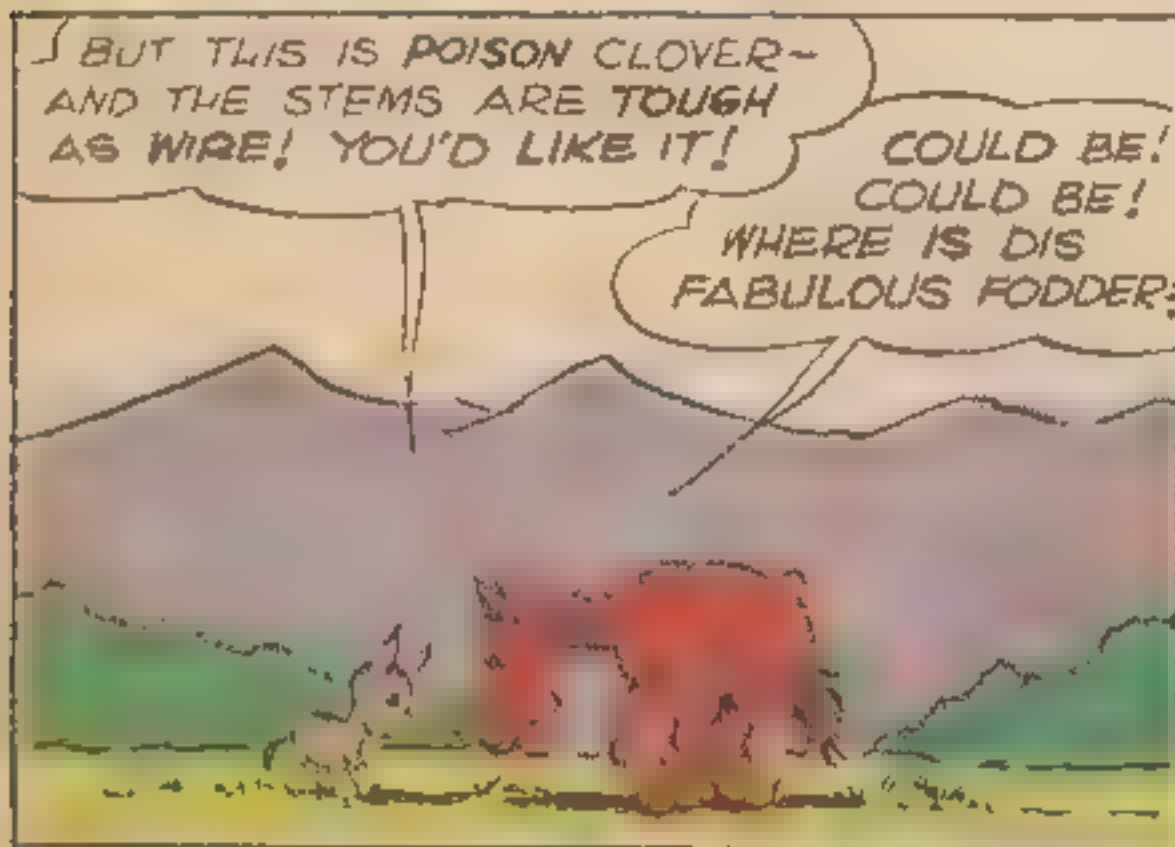
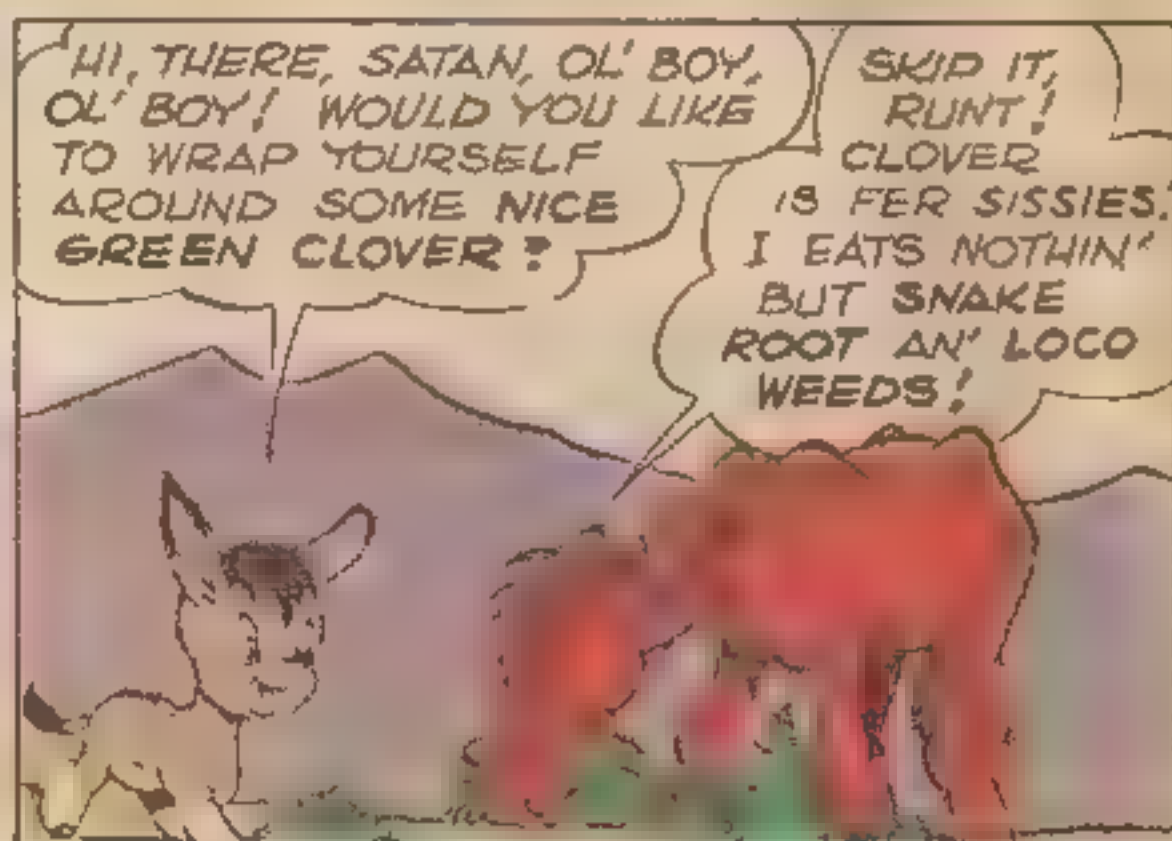
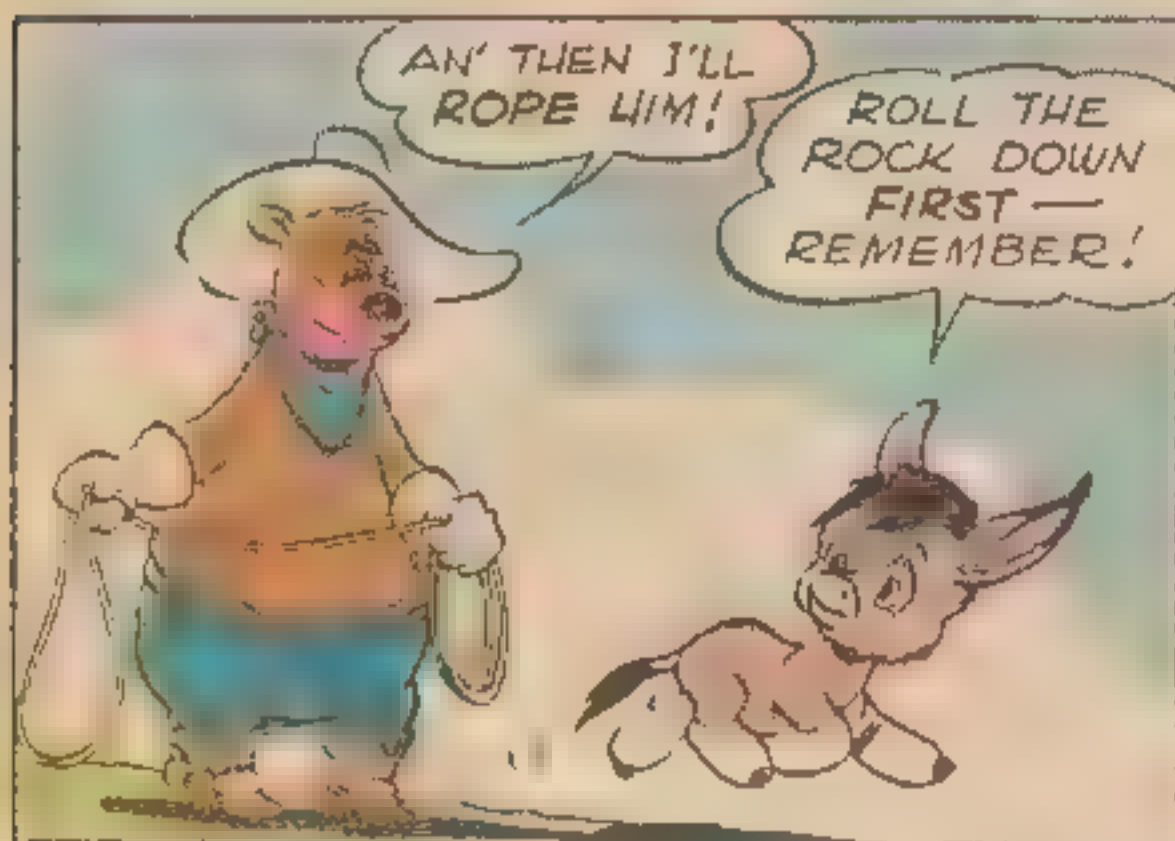
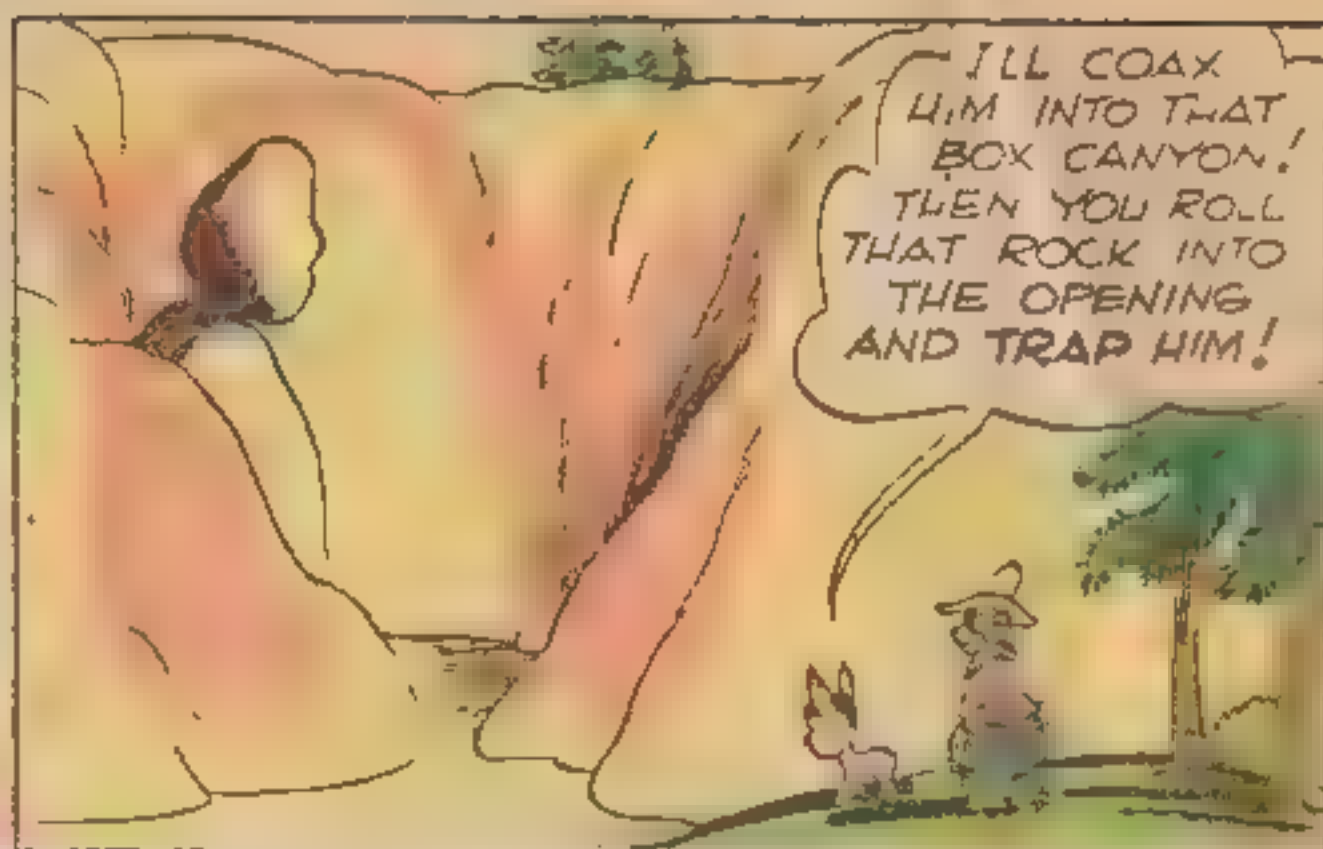
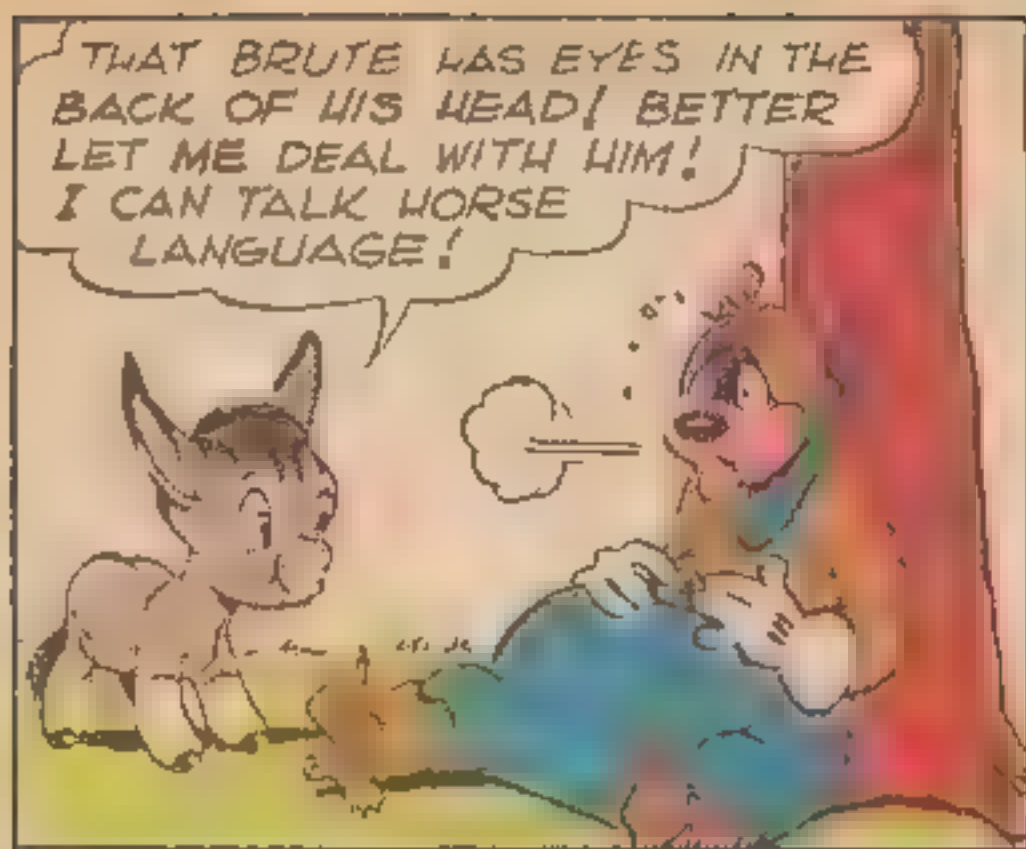


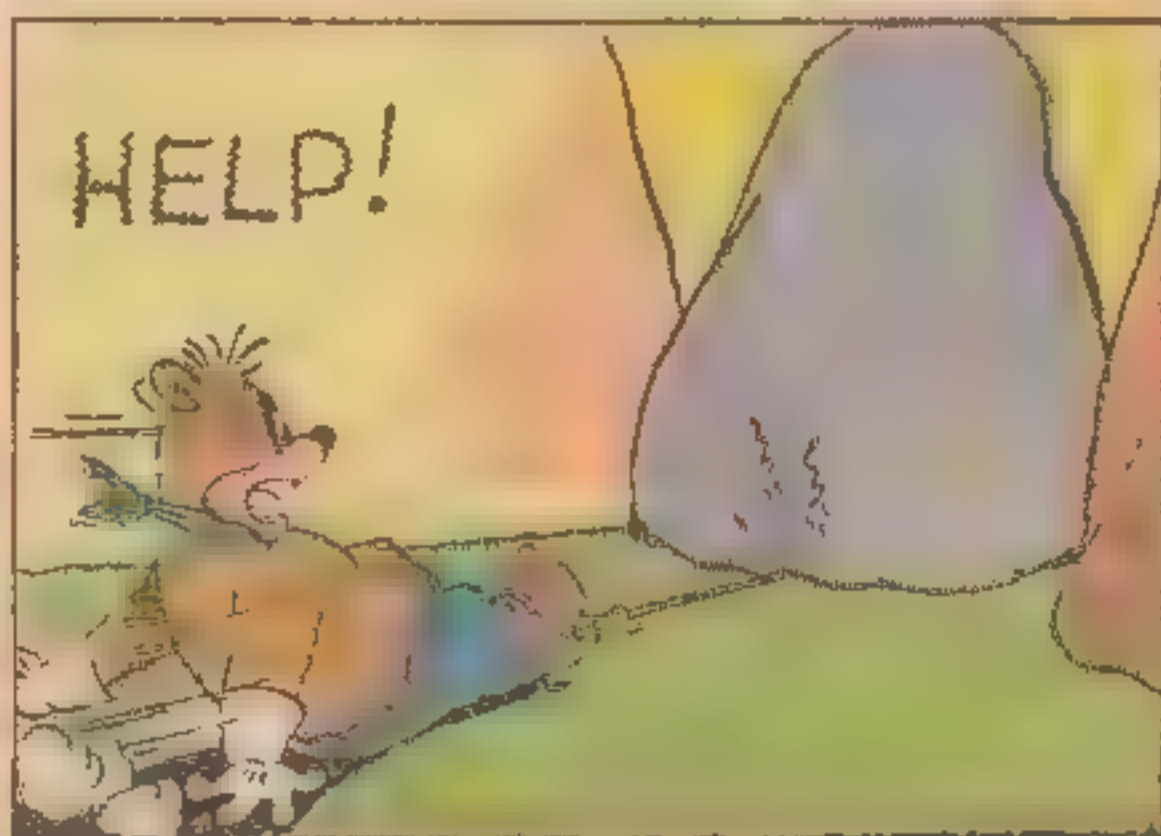
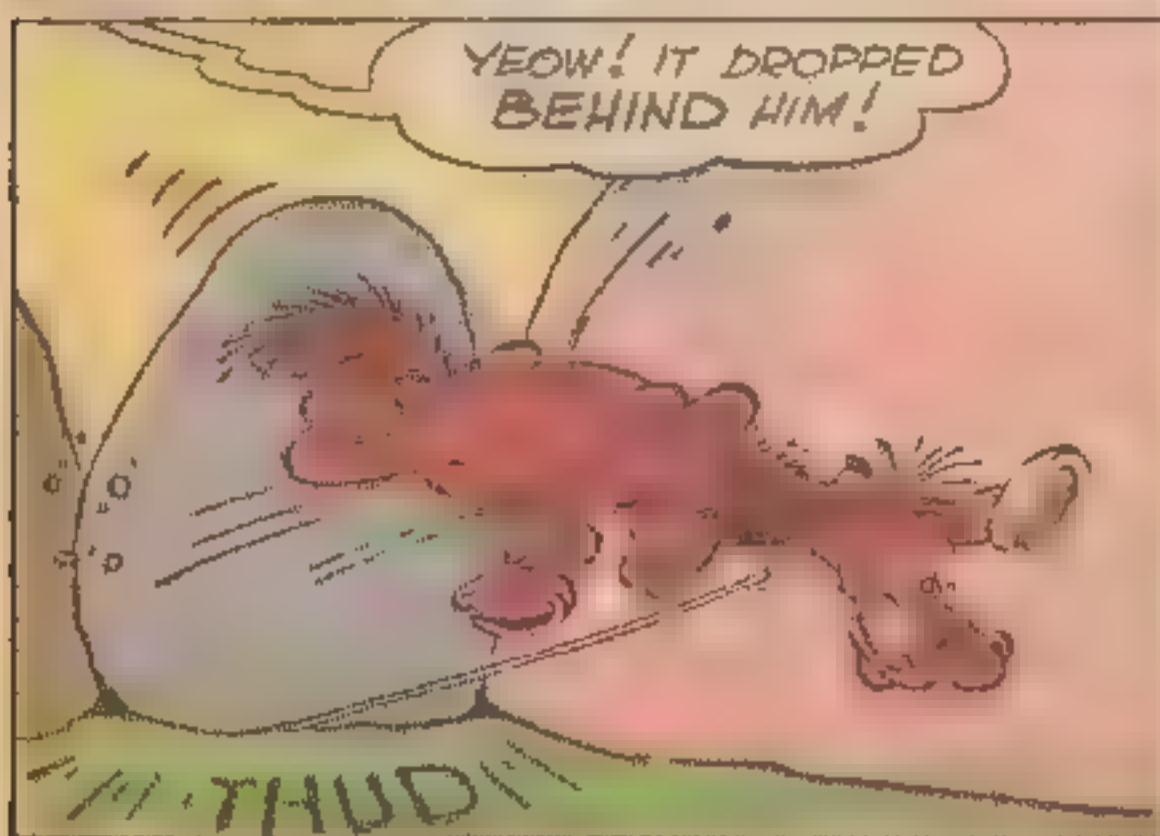
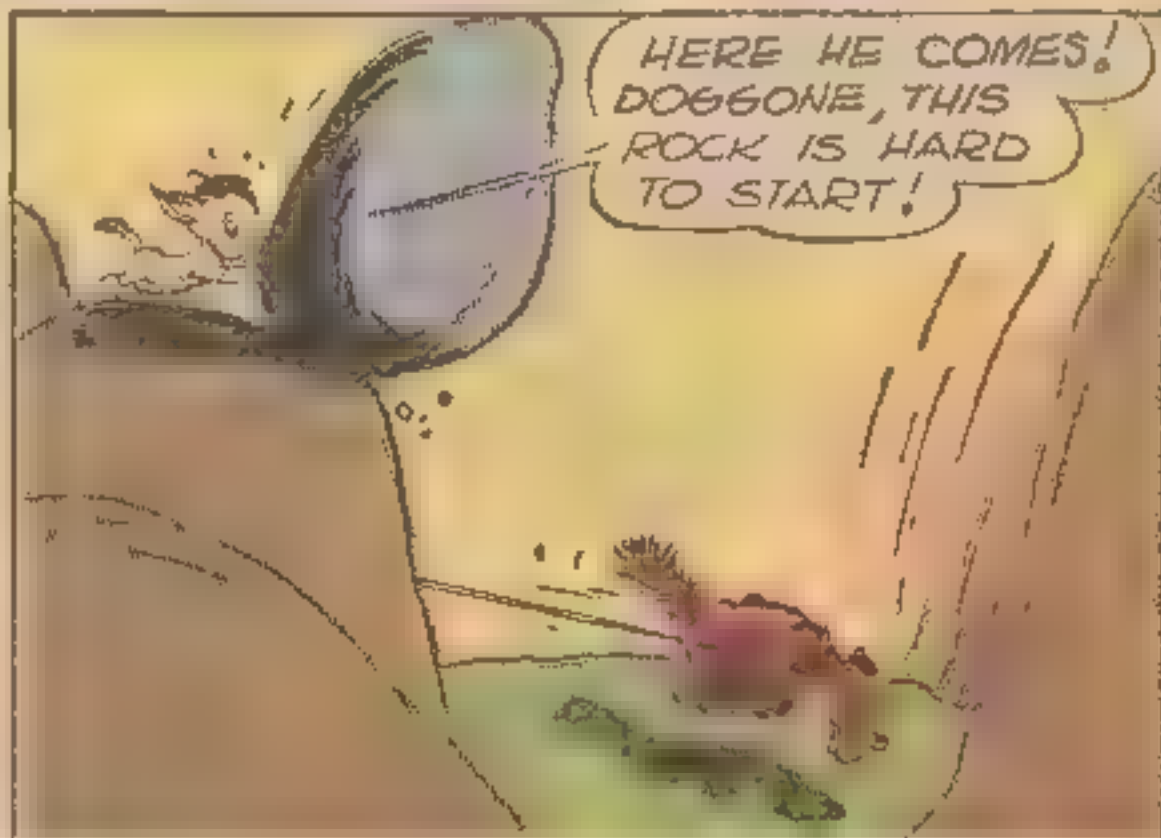
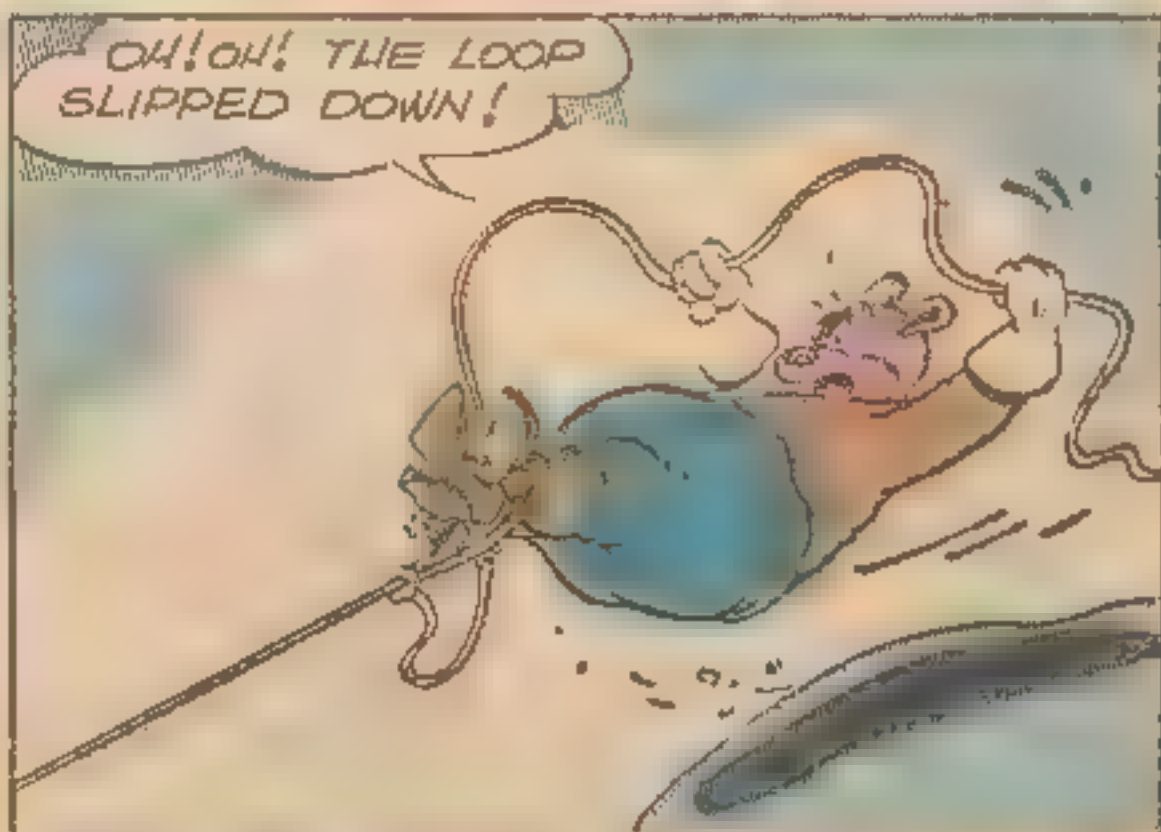
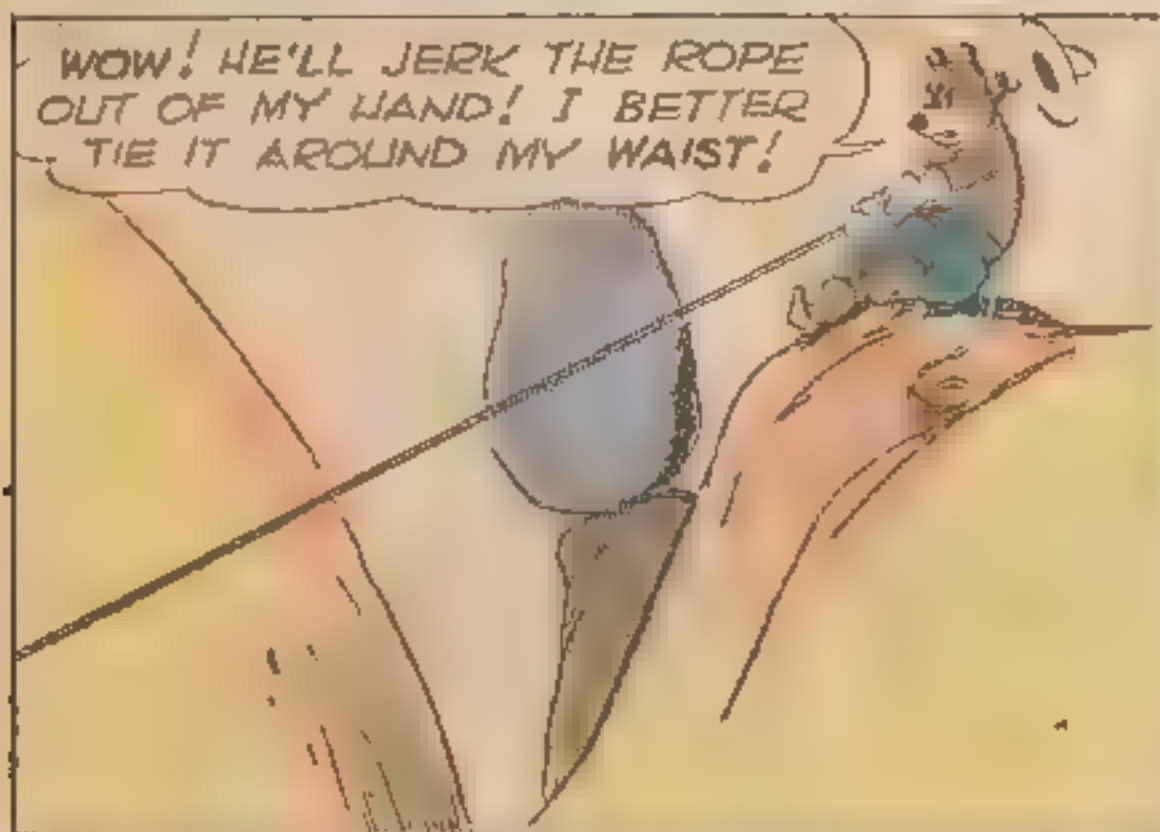
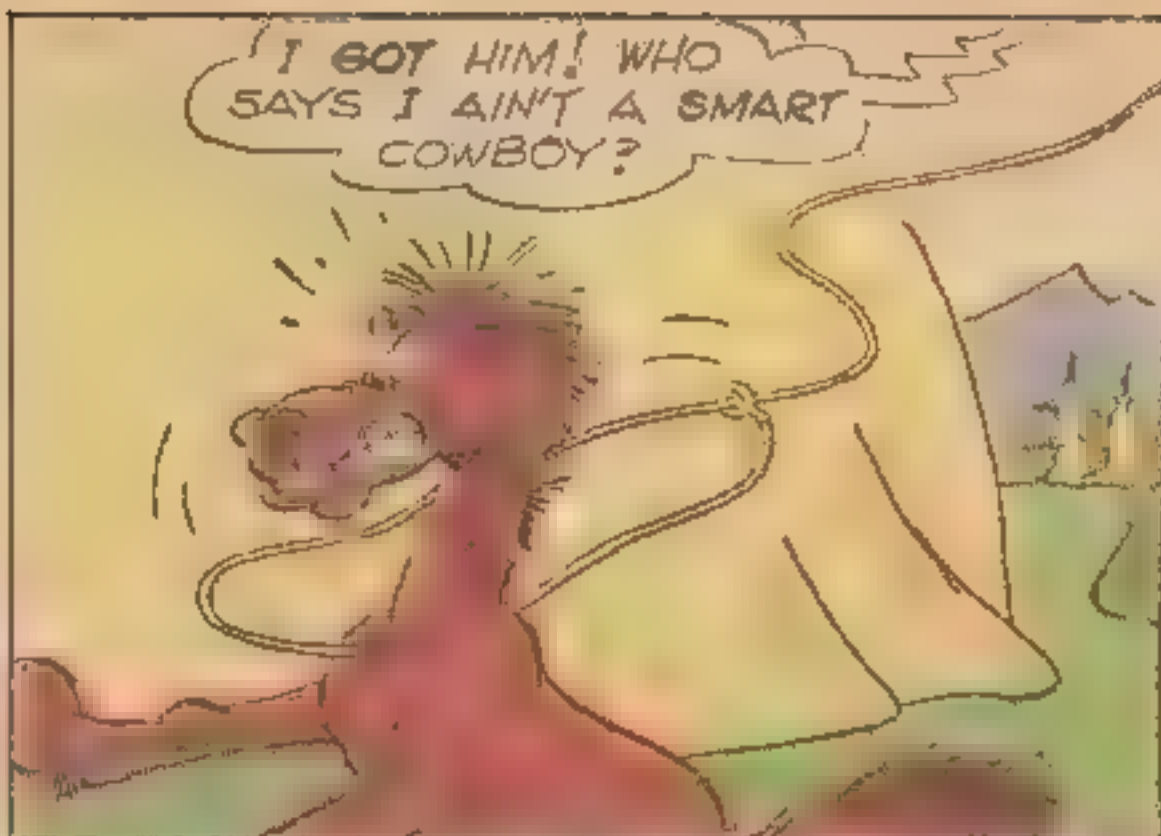
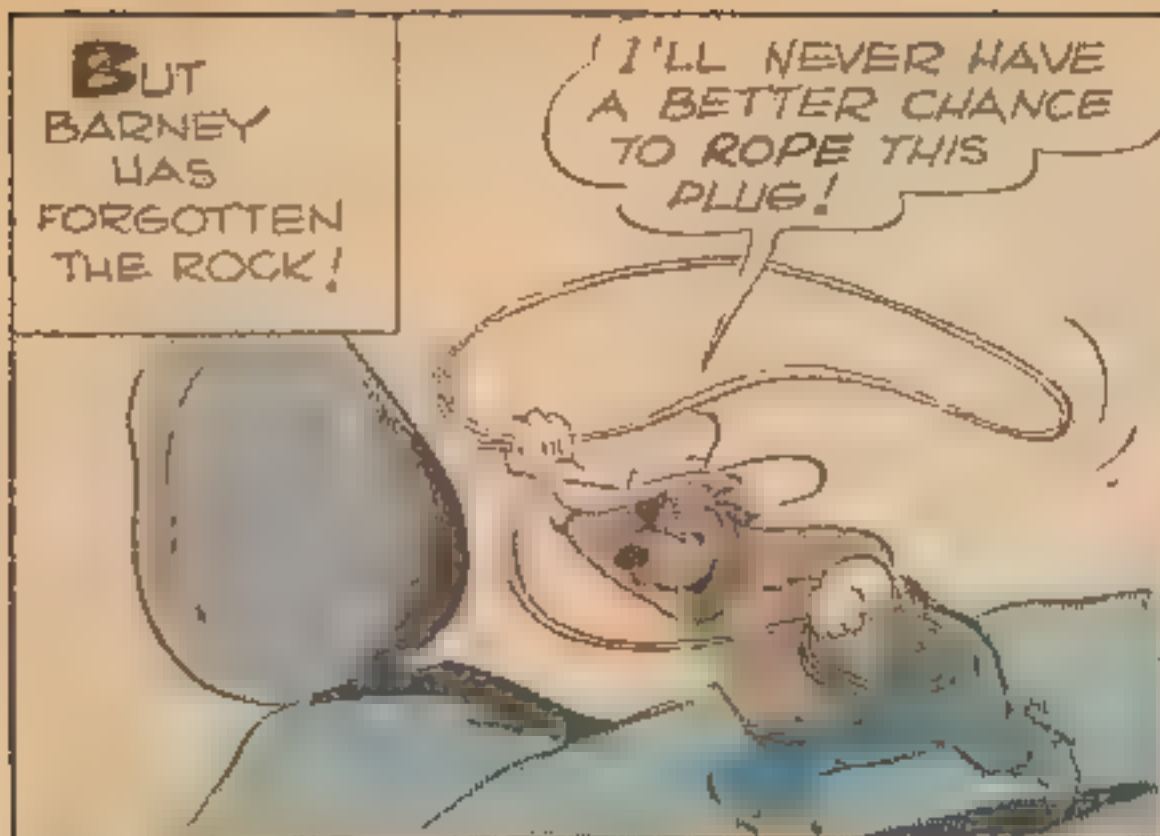


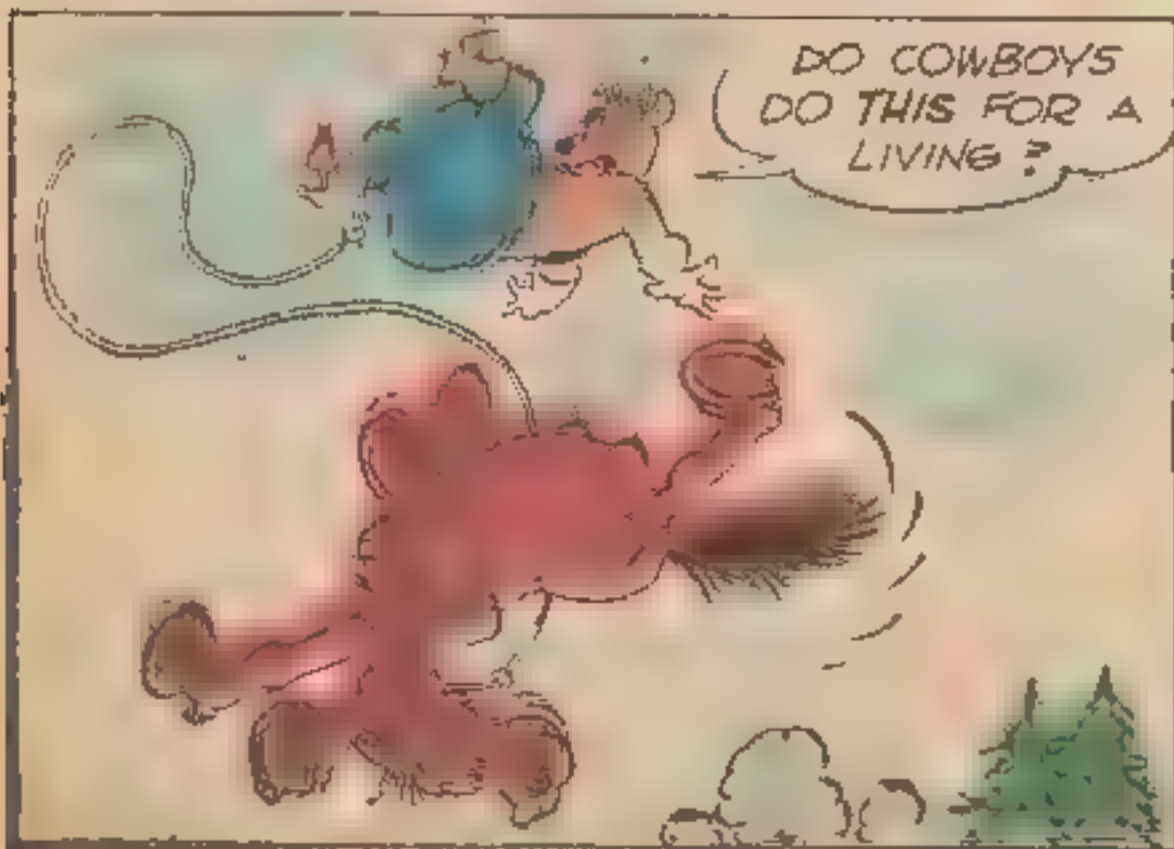
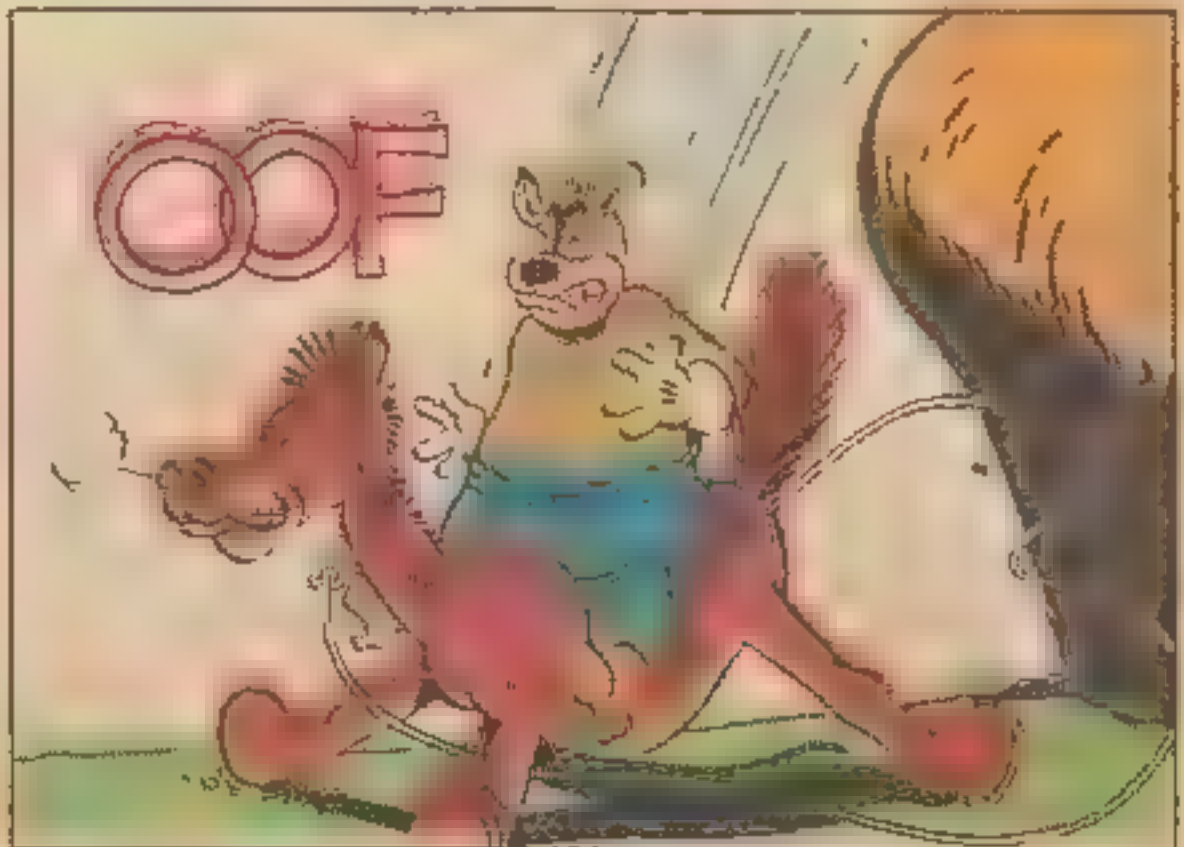
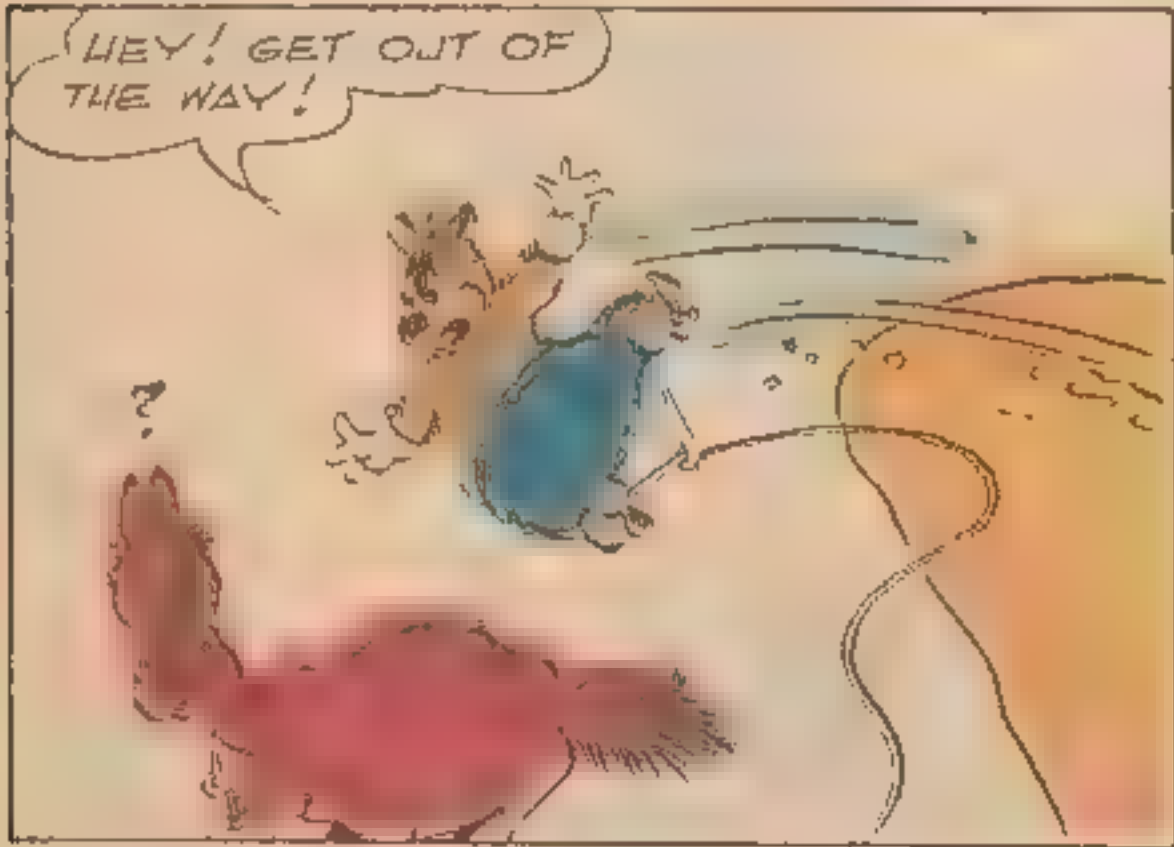
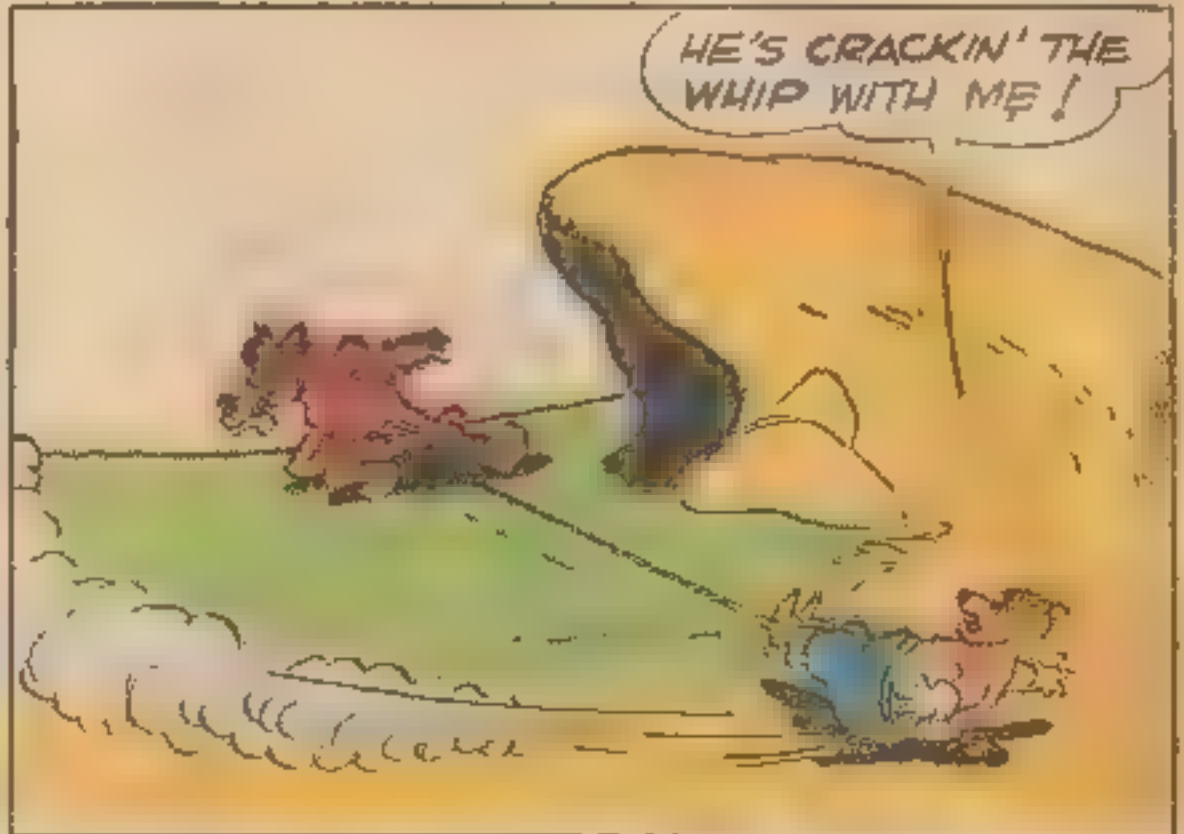
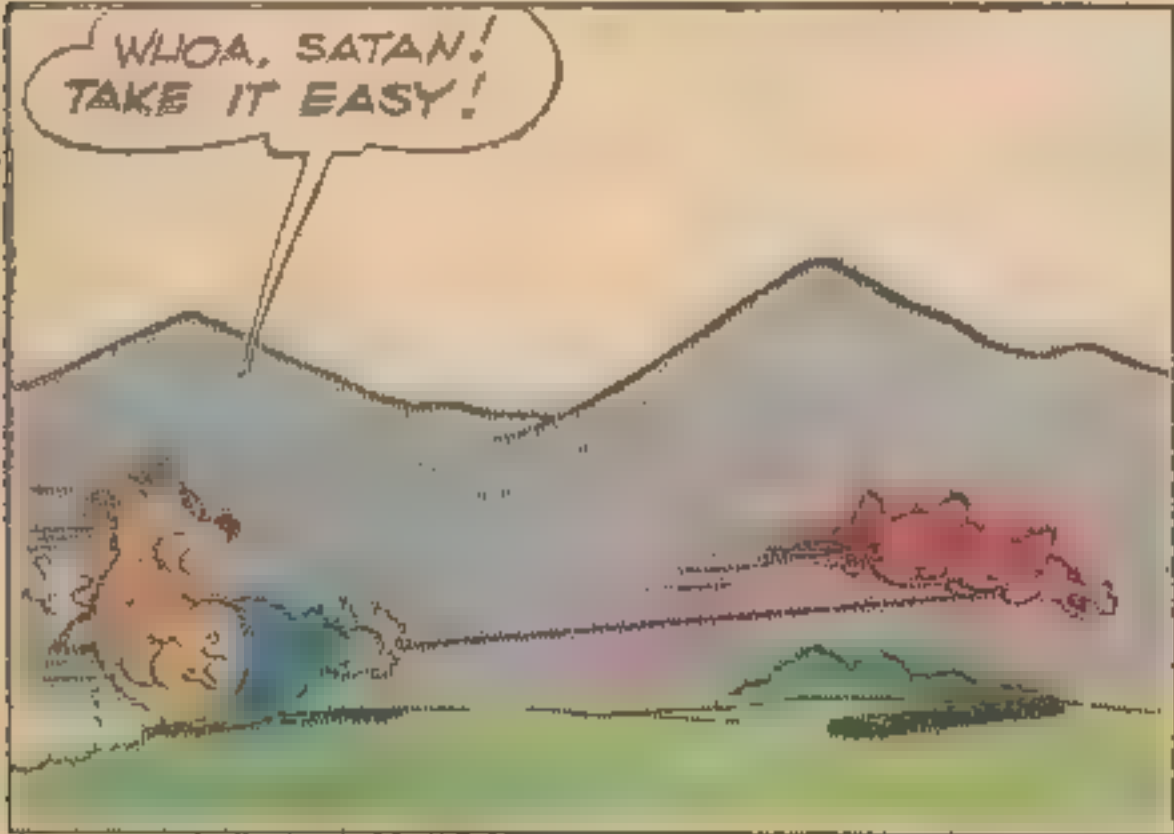
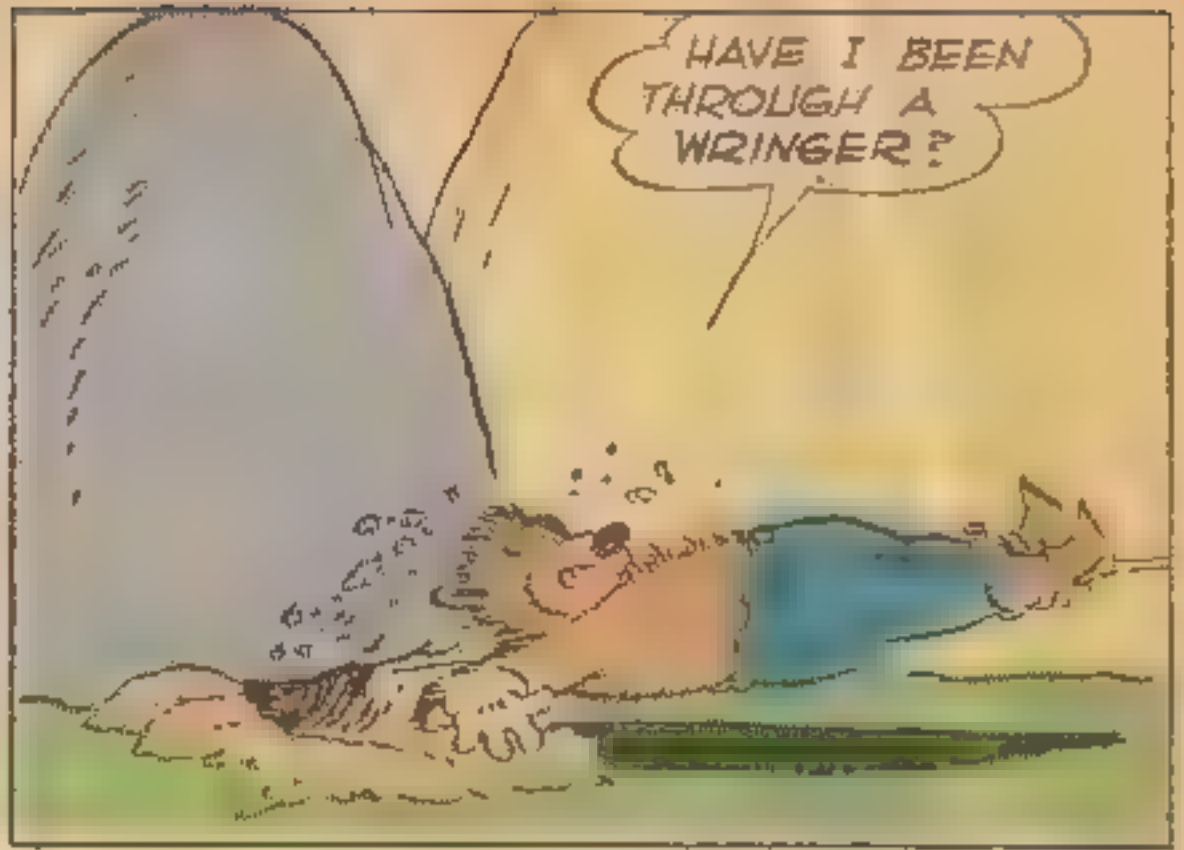
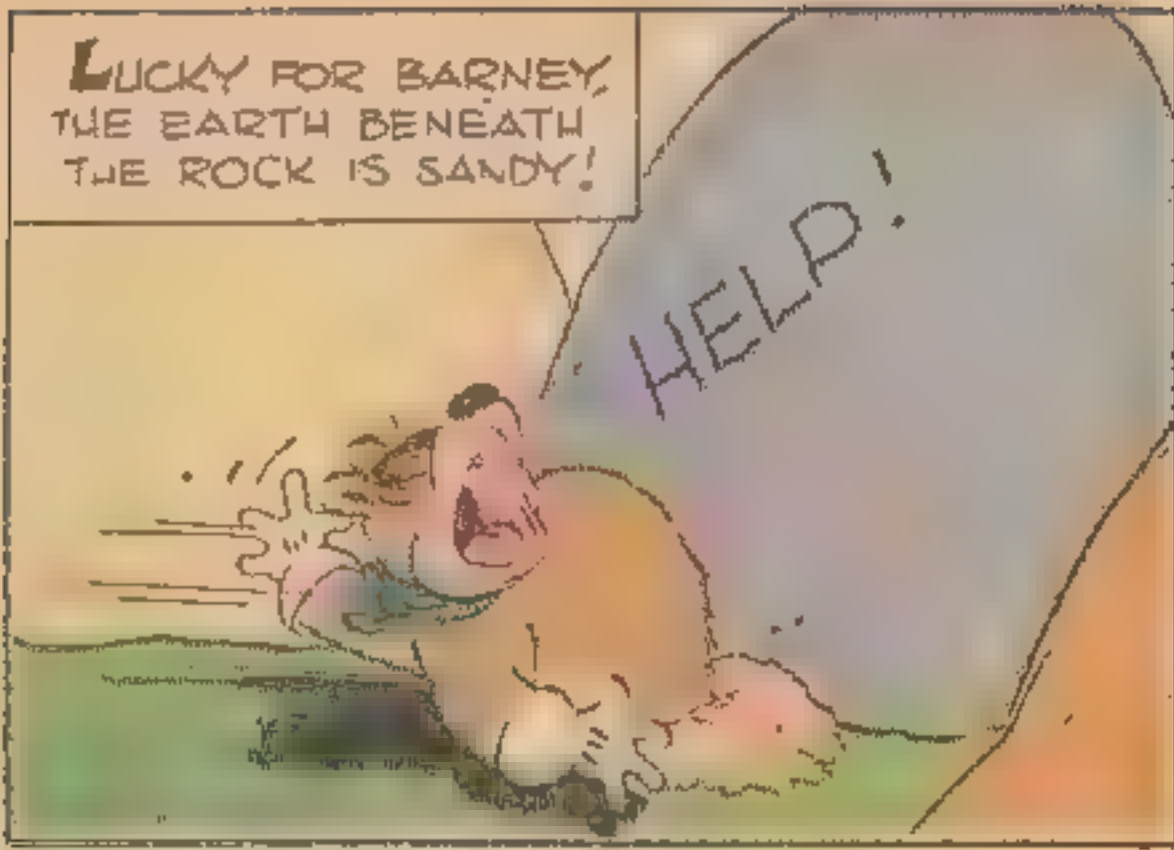


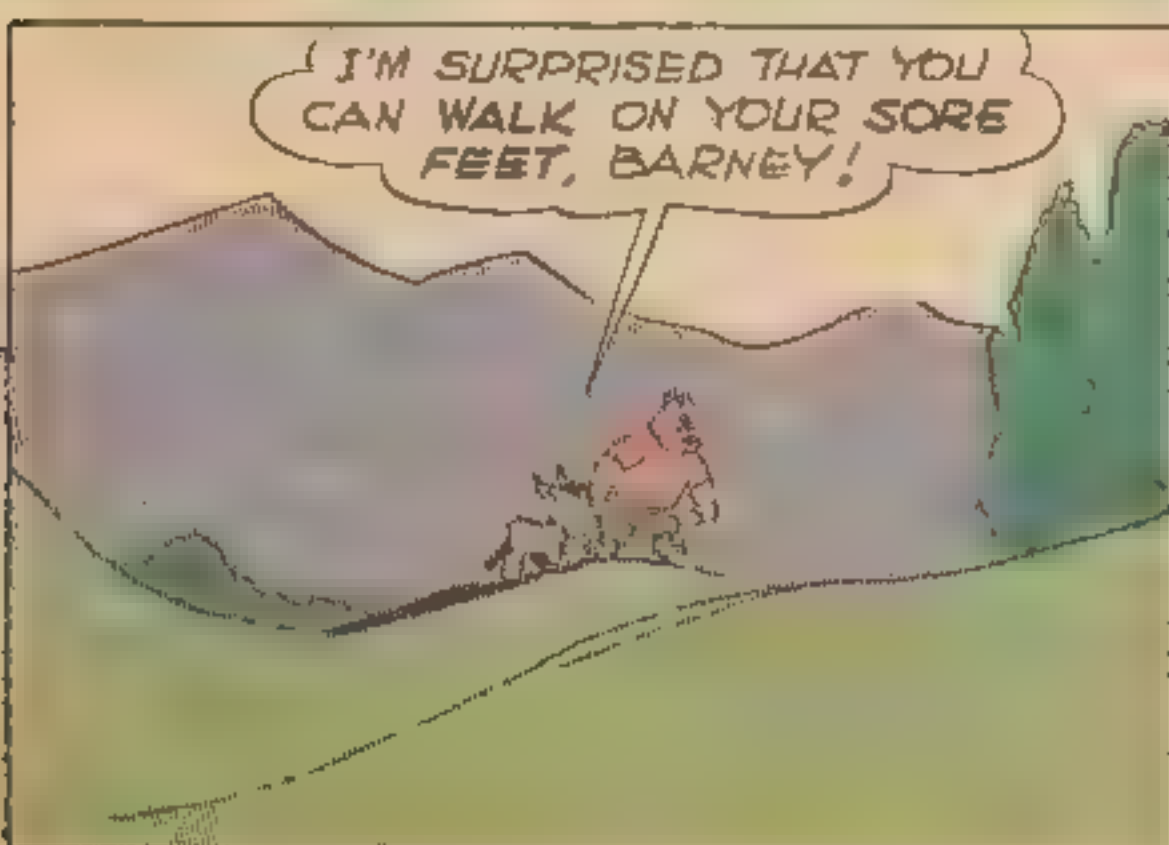
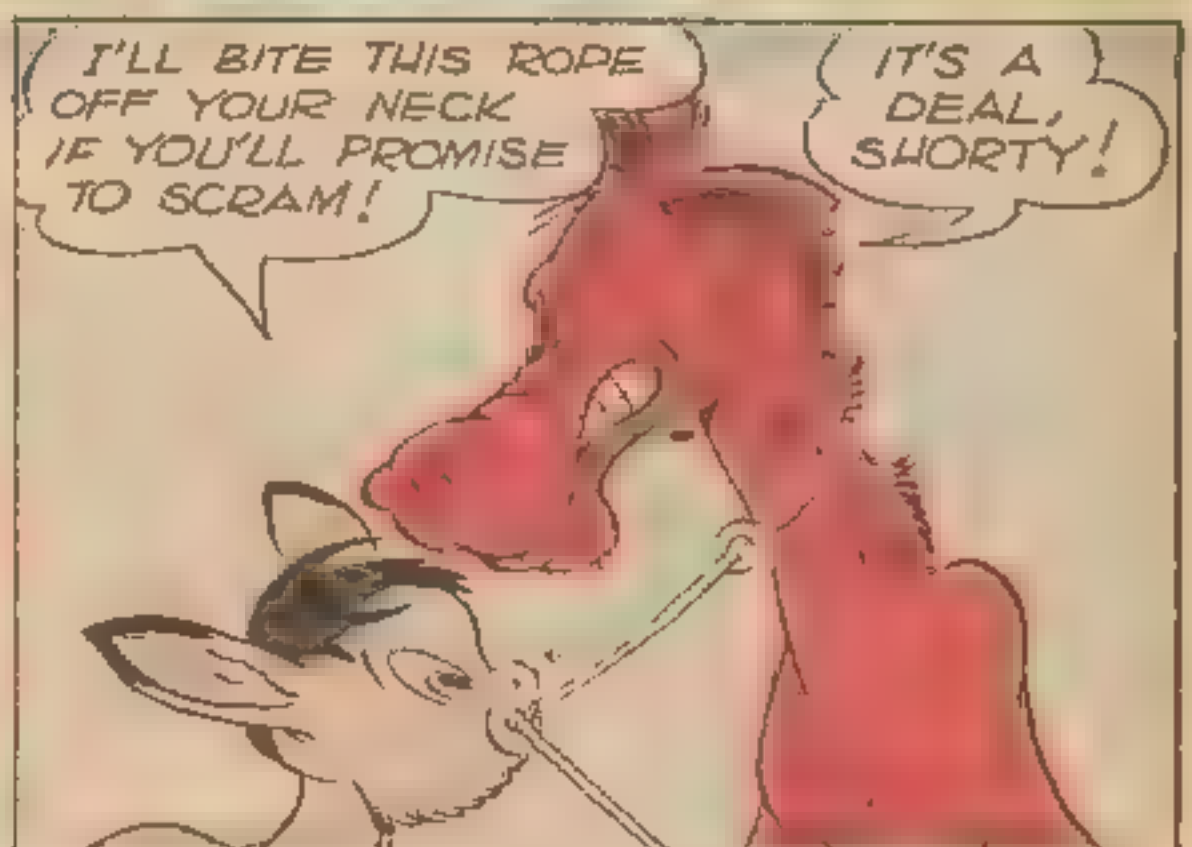
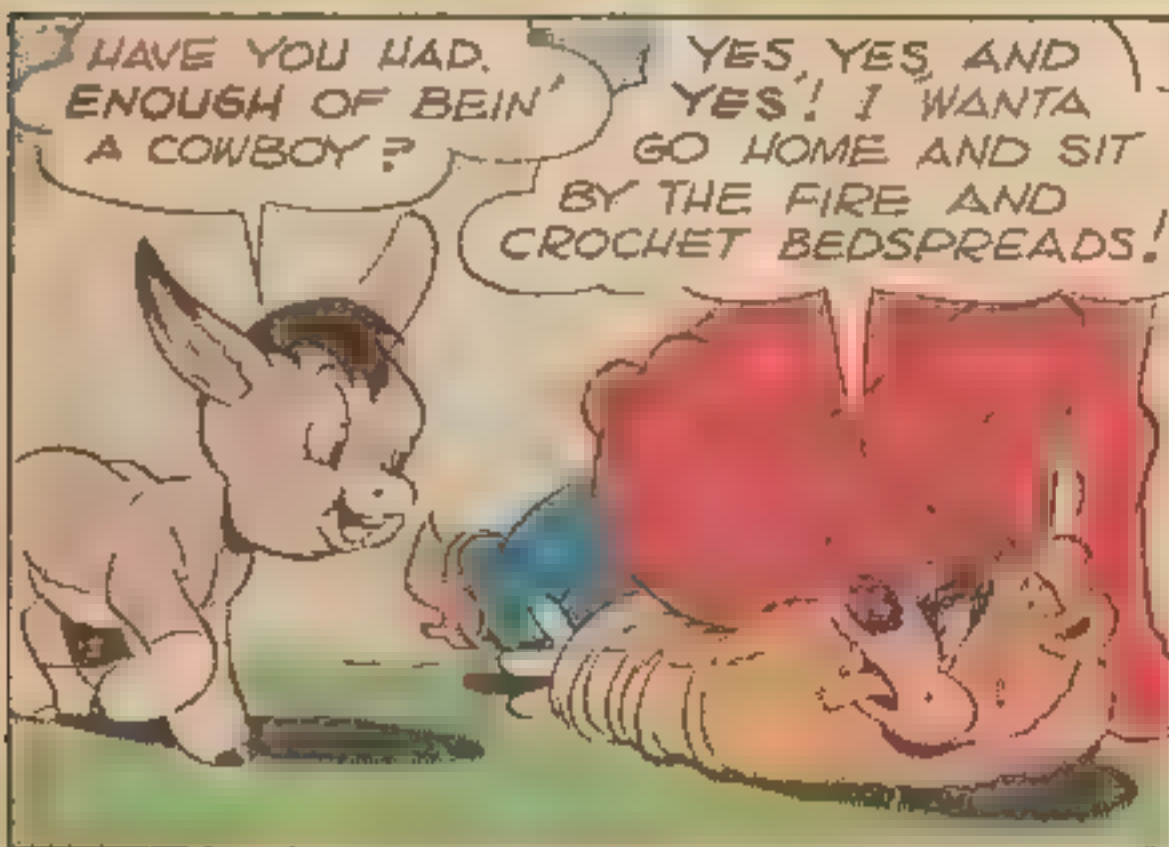
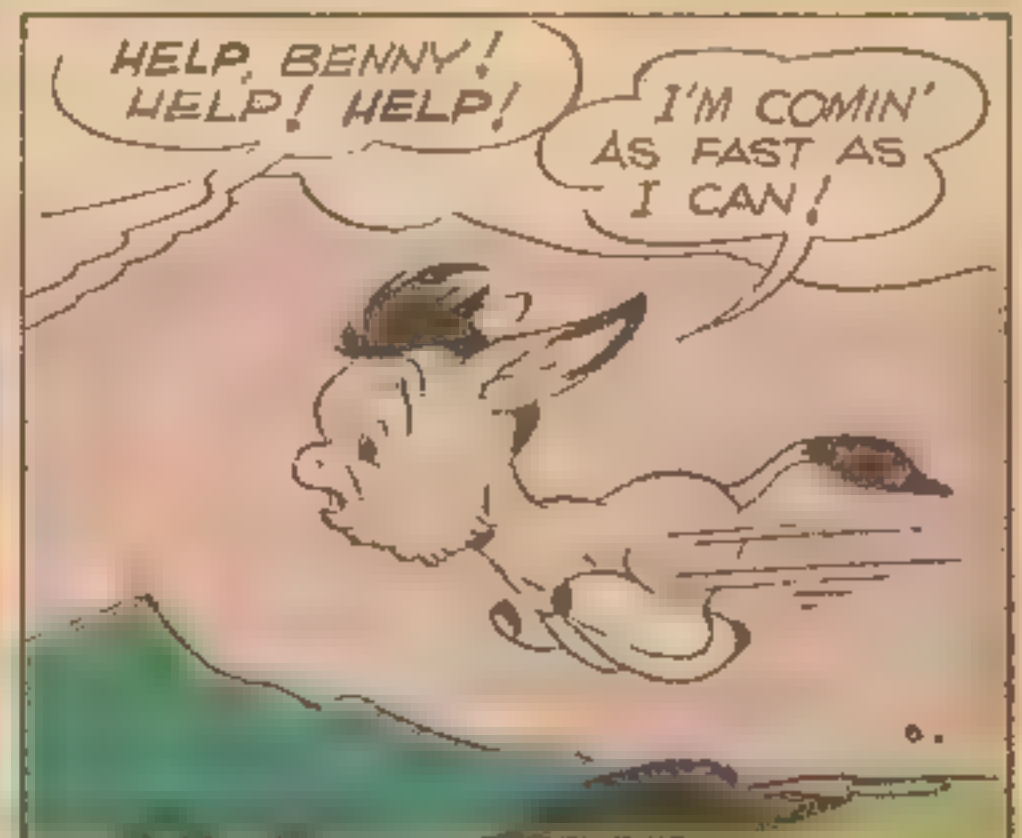
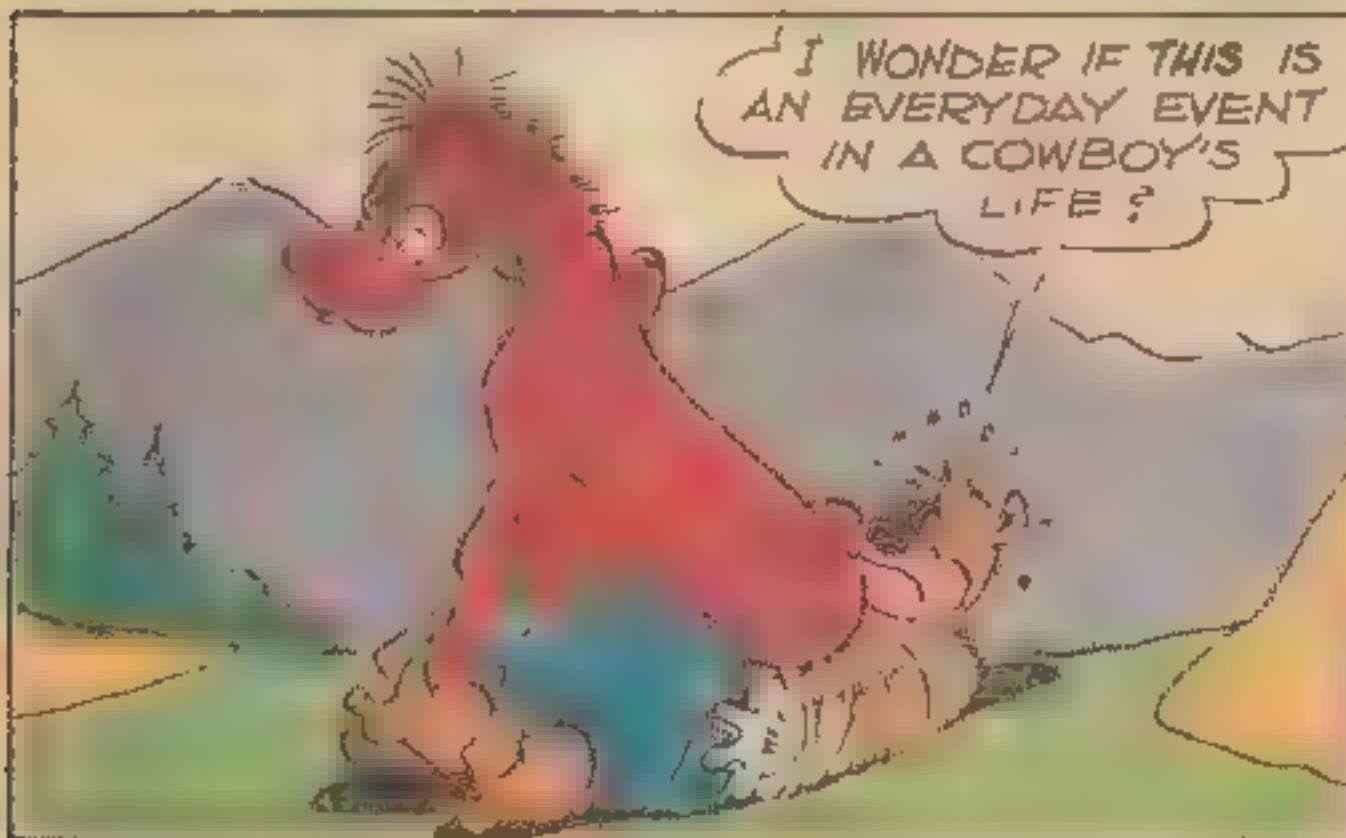
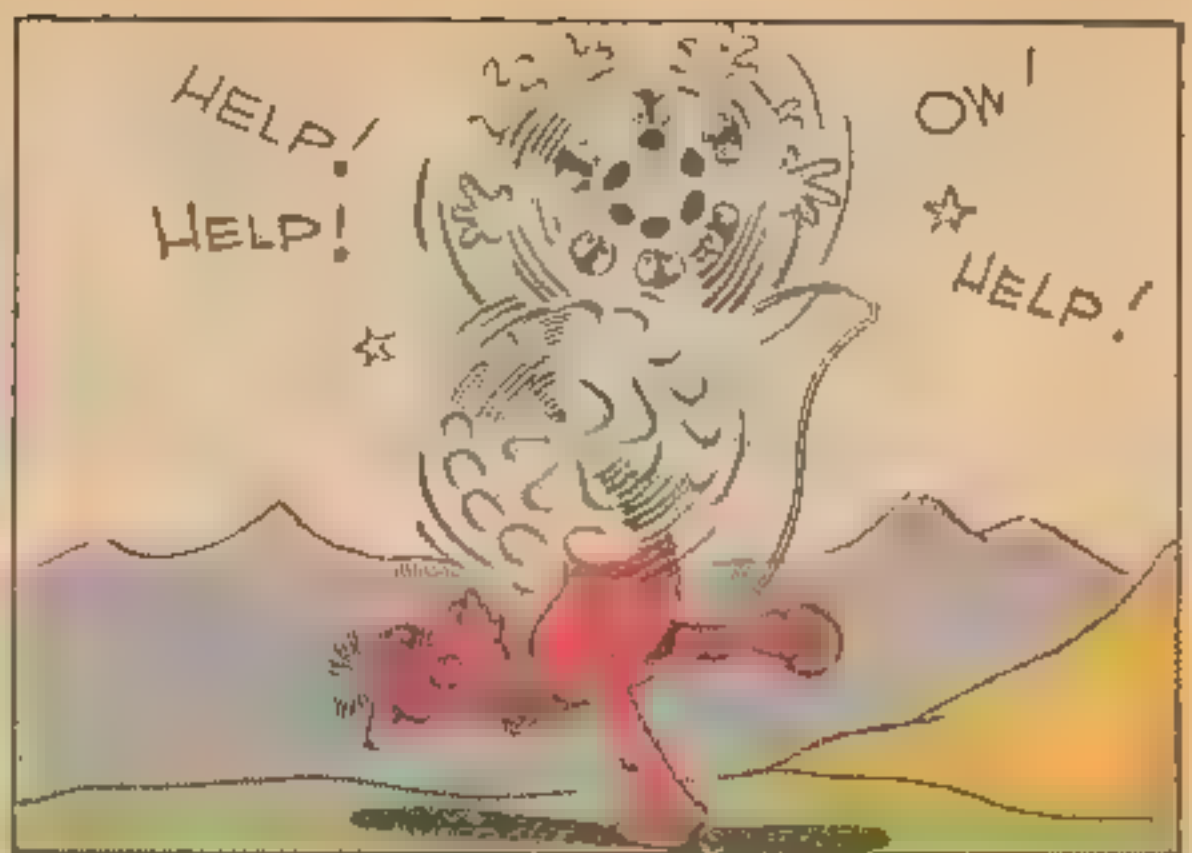
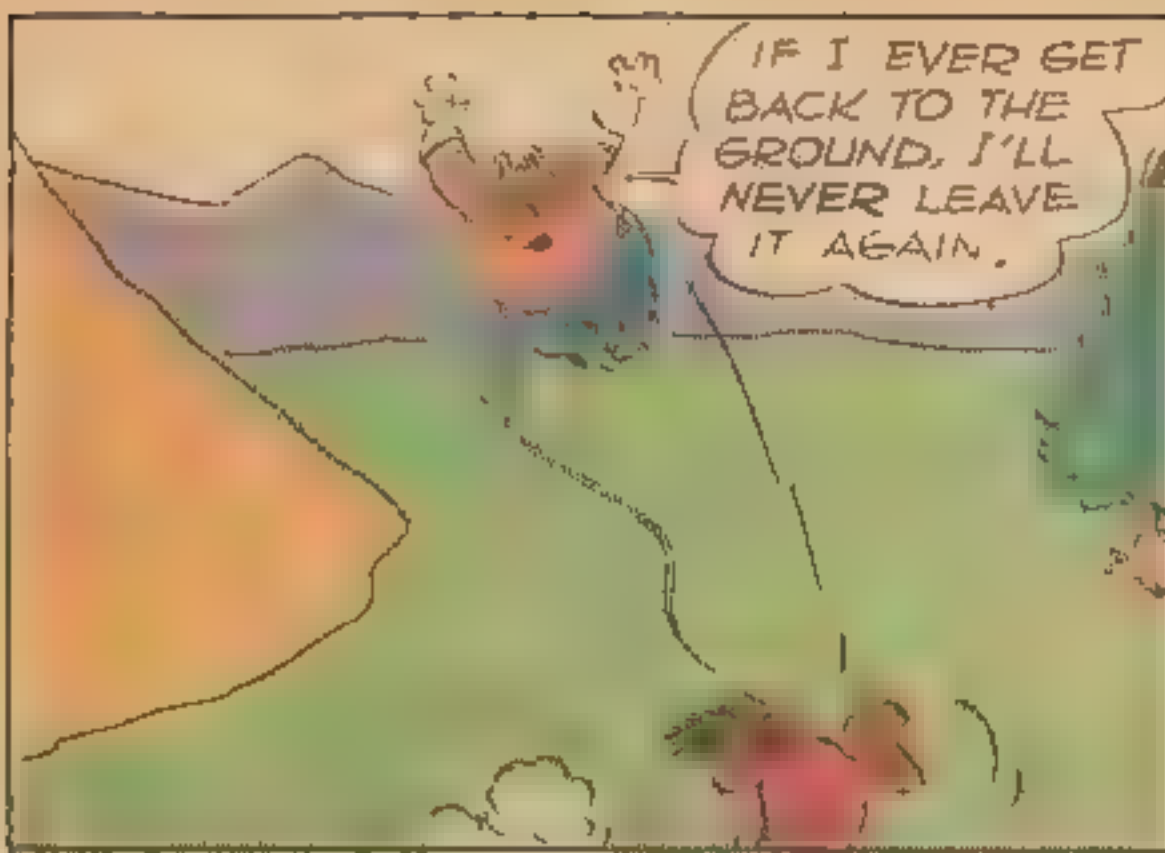






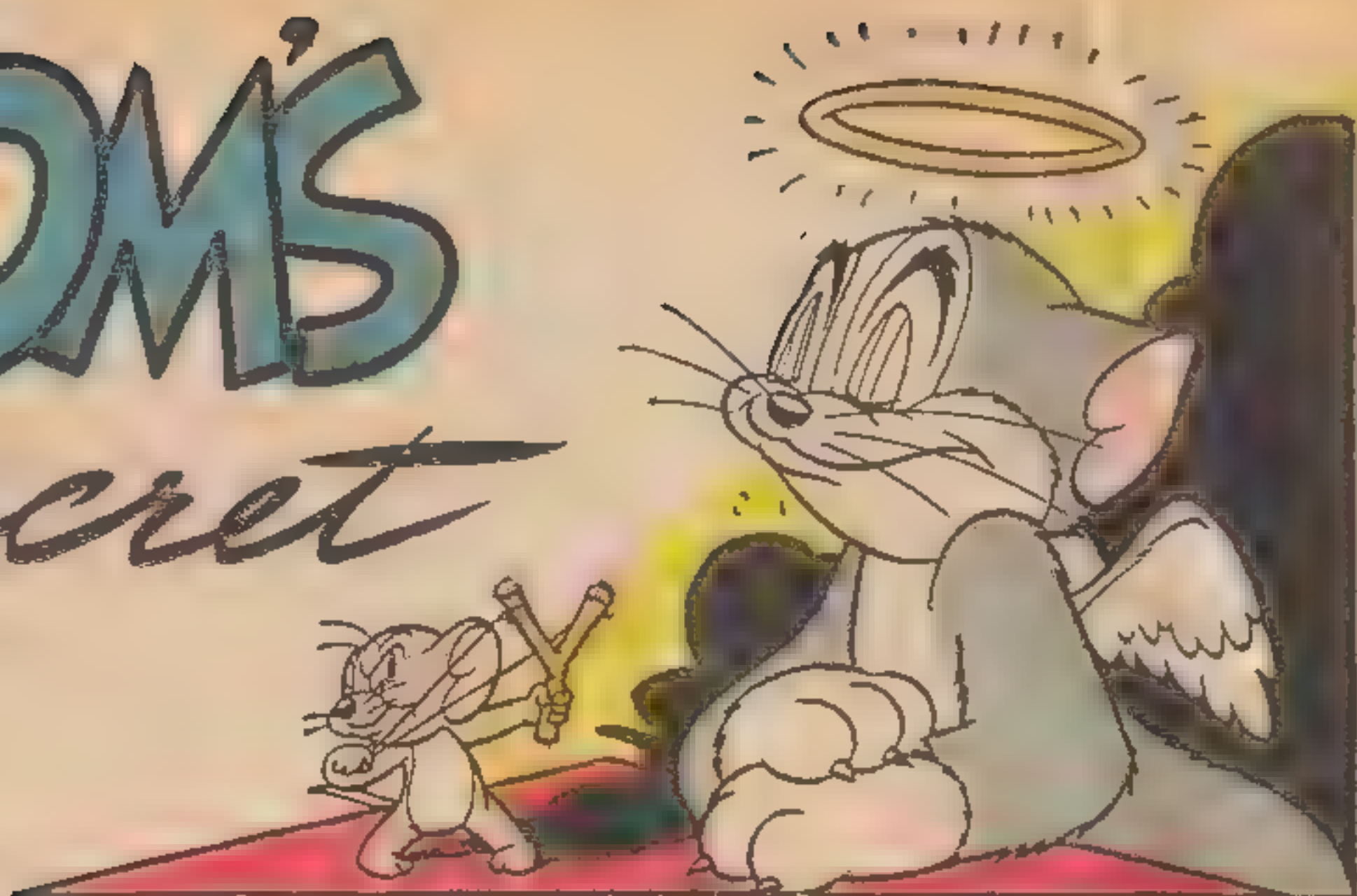






BARNEY BEAR and BENNY BURRO appearing in M-G-M pictures

TOM'S *Secret*



Tom was a changed cat. He looked the same—sleek and black and green-eyed—but he certainly did not act the same. Once he had been gay and mischievous and full of pranks. Now he was sedate and quiet and very, very good.

Little Jerry was puzzled. He could not understand what had happened to Tom. They had always battled. Jerry had teased Tom and Tom had chased Jerry with low, menacing growls or with loud, shrill yelps. But they had been friends, in spite of the battles and the teasing and the chases.

Jerry tried to coax Tom back to his old self. He teased Tom. He pulled Tom's whiskers. He yanked Tom's tail. But Tom refused to get angry. He brushed little Jerry aside and paid no attention to him.

As the days passed and Tom continued to be so good, Jerry grew really worried. Tom answered when he was called. Tom drank all his milk and ate all his food, without spilling a drop or a bite. Tom stayed in the yard and didn't even try to run away. Tom cleaned his feet carefully before going into the house. And, when Tom refused to jump on the kitchen table to grab an unguarded piece of tempting fish, Jerry knew that something terrible had happened to his old playmate.

"What's the matter with you, Tom?" Jerry asked anxiously. He was sitting on one of Tom's front paws and Tom

wasn't even bothering to brush him off.

"Nothin's the matter with me," Tom said calmly.

"But you don't act like yourself!" Jerry persisted. "Are you sick? Don't you feel well?"

"I feel fine," Tom told him cheerfully. "I've got a secret, that's all!"

"A secret!" Little Jerry's bright, beady eyes gleamed. "What is it?"

"If I told you, it wouldn't be a secret any more," Tom grinned. "Now run away and play. I haven't time to bother with a silly little mouse!"

Jerry was mad. A silly little mouse, indeed! He'd fix that smug, goody-good cat!

Jerry waited and watched, and the next day his big opportunity came. Cook put a freshly baked lemon pie, topped with frothy, white meringue, on the edge of the sink. Then she stepped out of the kitchen.

Jerry climbed up on the sink and stood beside the pie. He called Tom in a soft, coaxing voice. Tom sauntered into the kitchen. When he was close to the sink, Jerry gave the pie a mighty shove. It toppled over the edge and smashed on the floor. CRASH! Lemon custard and white meringue flew in every direction.

Cook rushed into the kitchen. Jerry scurried out of sight. Poor Tom was too surprised to move fast. Cook pounced on him.

From his hiding place the jubilant Jerry heard Cook's irate voice, scolding Tom. He heard the door slam as she swept Tom out of the kitchen and out of the house. He heard her tell Tom that he was the meanest, naughtiest cat she had ever known.

Quickly Jerry slid out of the house, looking for Tom. He was hoping that the pie catastrophe had shocked Tom back to his old self.

Tom was lying under a bush. Instead of being angry, he looked sick and sad. He merely stared at Jerry with accusing eyes. He didn't jump up and chase him. He didn't growl or snap at him.

"G'wan away from me!" Tom hissed. His voice was cold and unfriendly. "I'm through with you forever! You've spoiled everything!"

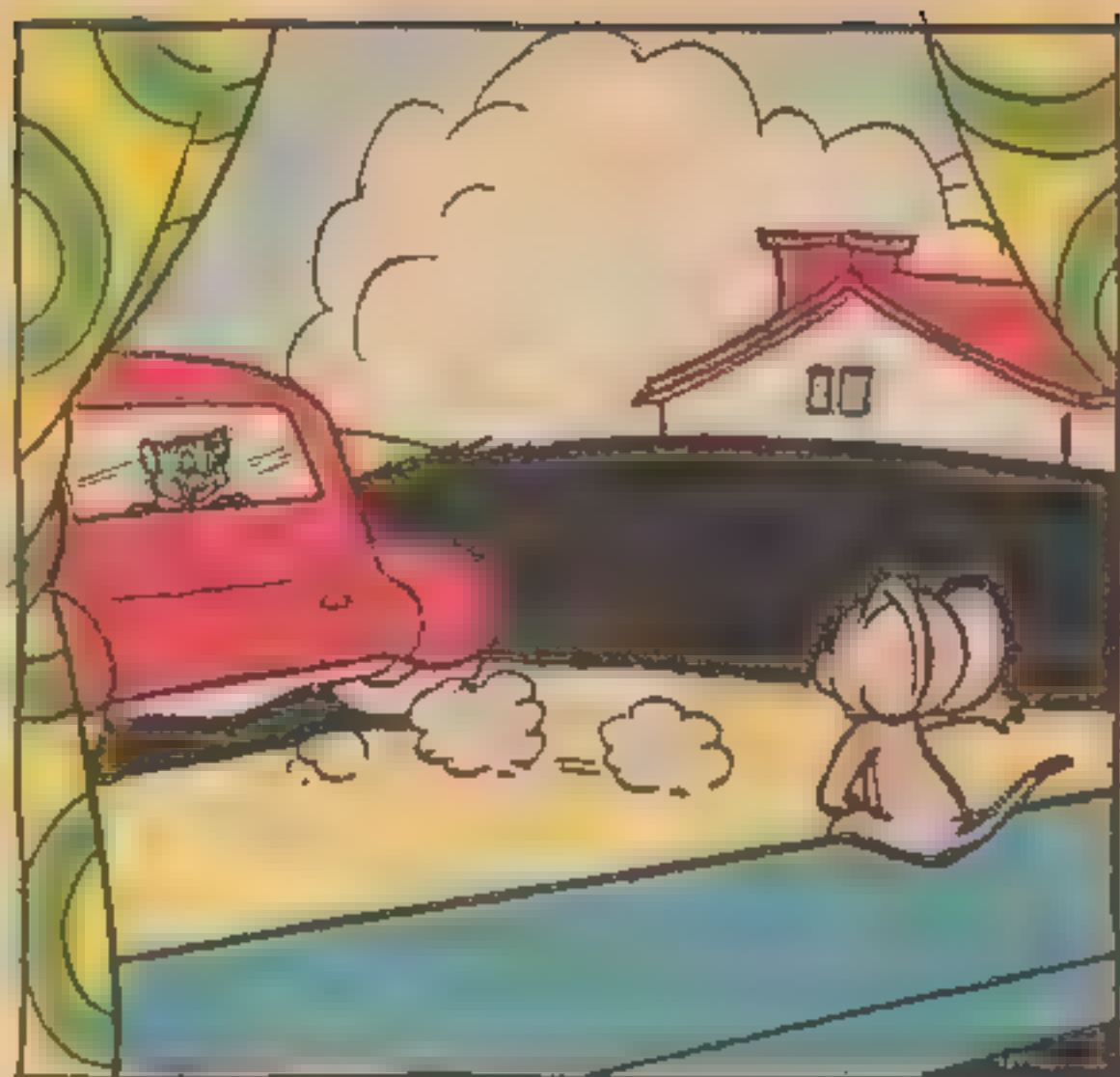
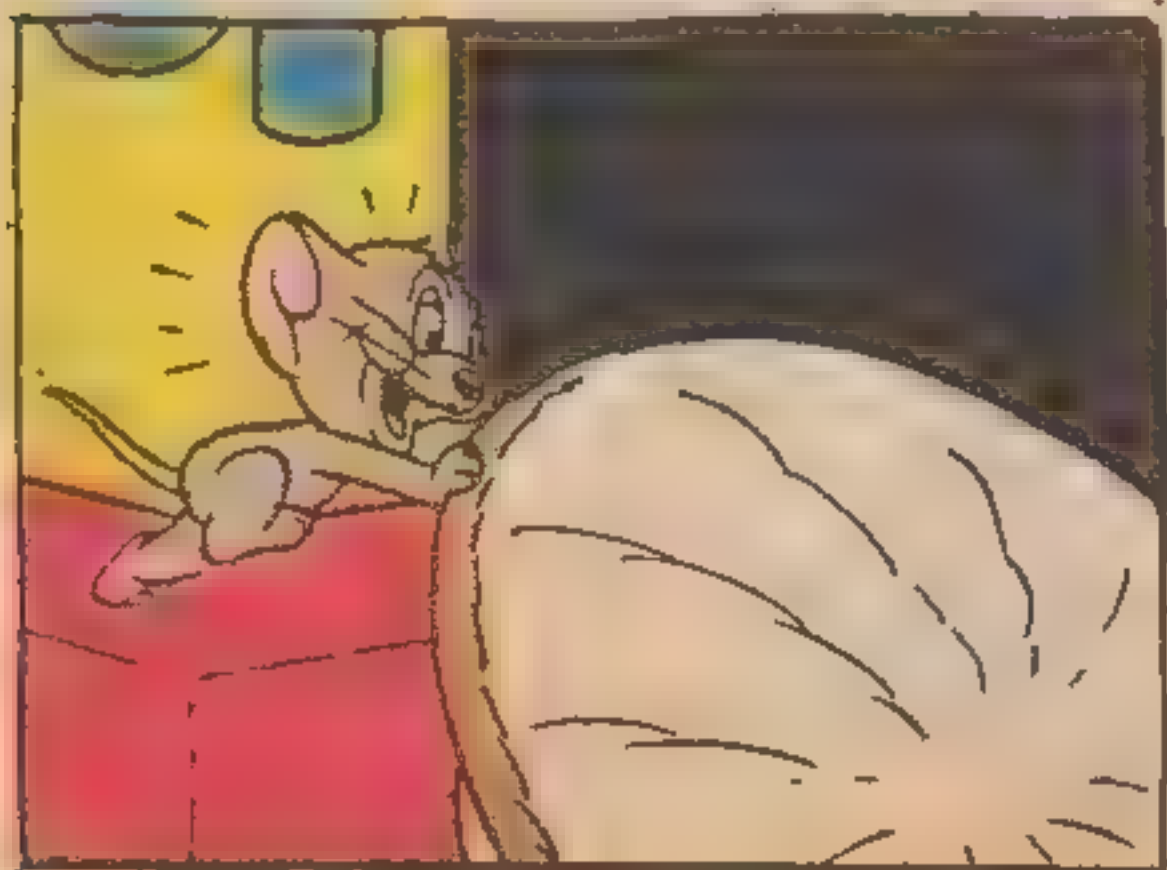
"What have I spoiled?" Jerry asked airily. "You've spilled pies before. Cook'll forget all about it tomorrow. She always does."

"Tomorrow'll be too late," Tom groaned. "They're going this afternoon!"

"Who's going where?" Jerry wanted to know.

"The Family," Tom told him. "That was my secret. The Family's going to the lake for a vacation. I heard 'em say that they'd take me, if I was good. I want to go. It's a swell place. So I've been good. But now they won't take me."

Jerry started to laugh. But he couldn't. He discovered that he didn't feel like laughing. He felt ashamed, instead. Tom had been his friend. And he had wrecked Tom's secret.



Jerry thought quickly. Maybe it wasn't too late. He scampered into the house and into the kitchen. Cook was on her knees, scrubbing the pie off the floor and muttering angry words about that dratted cat. Behind her was a big splotch of lemon custard and meringue.

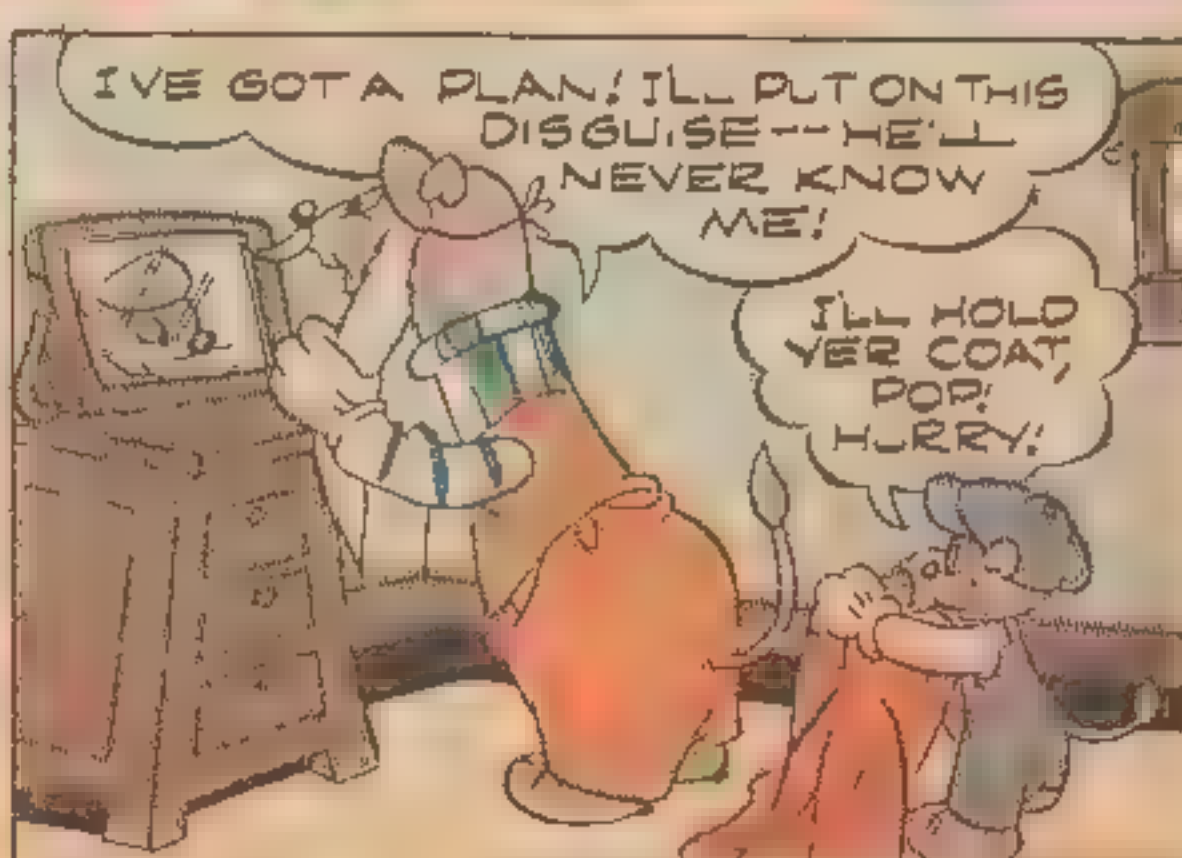
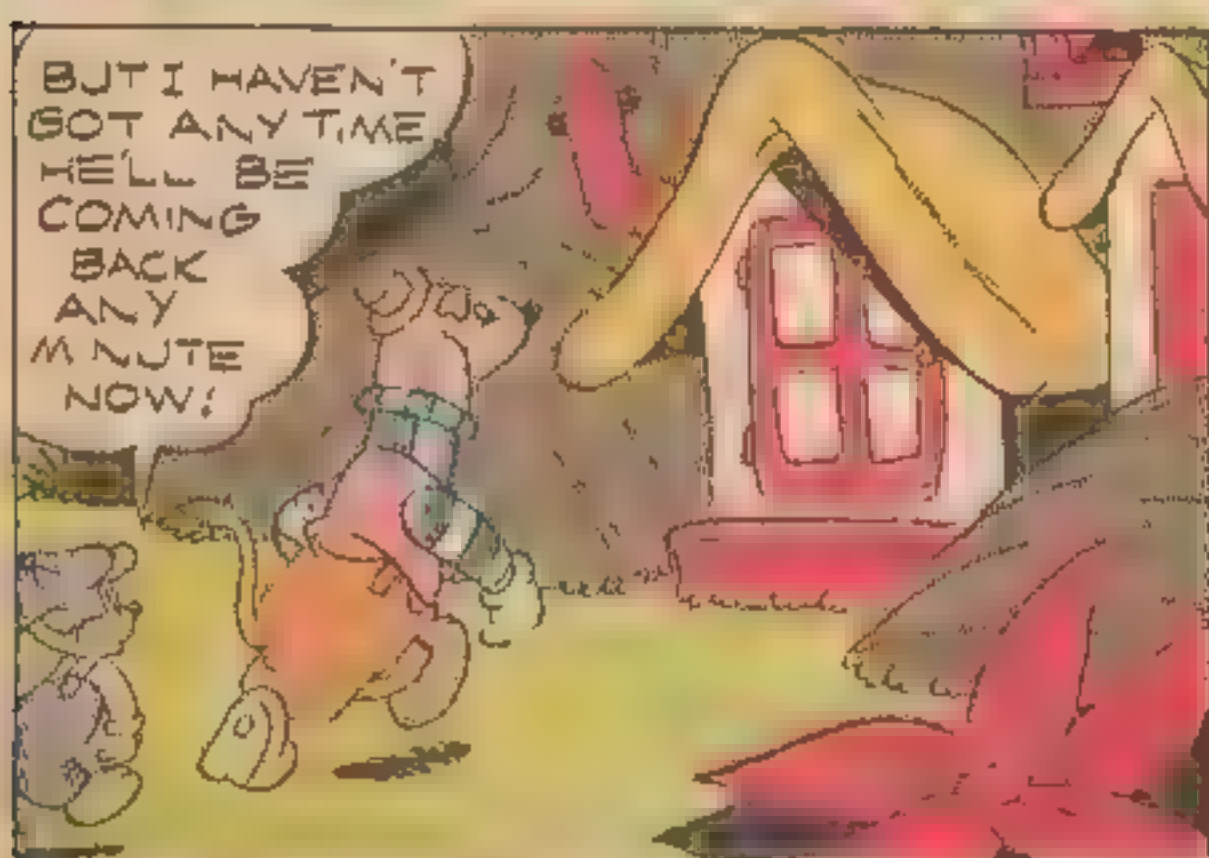
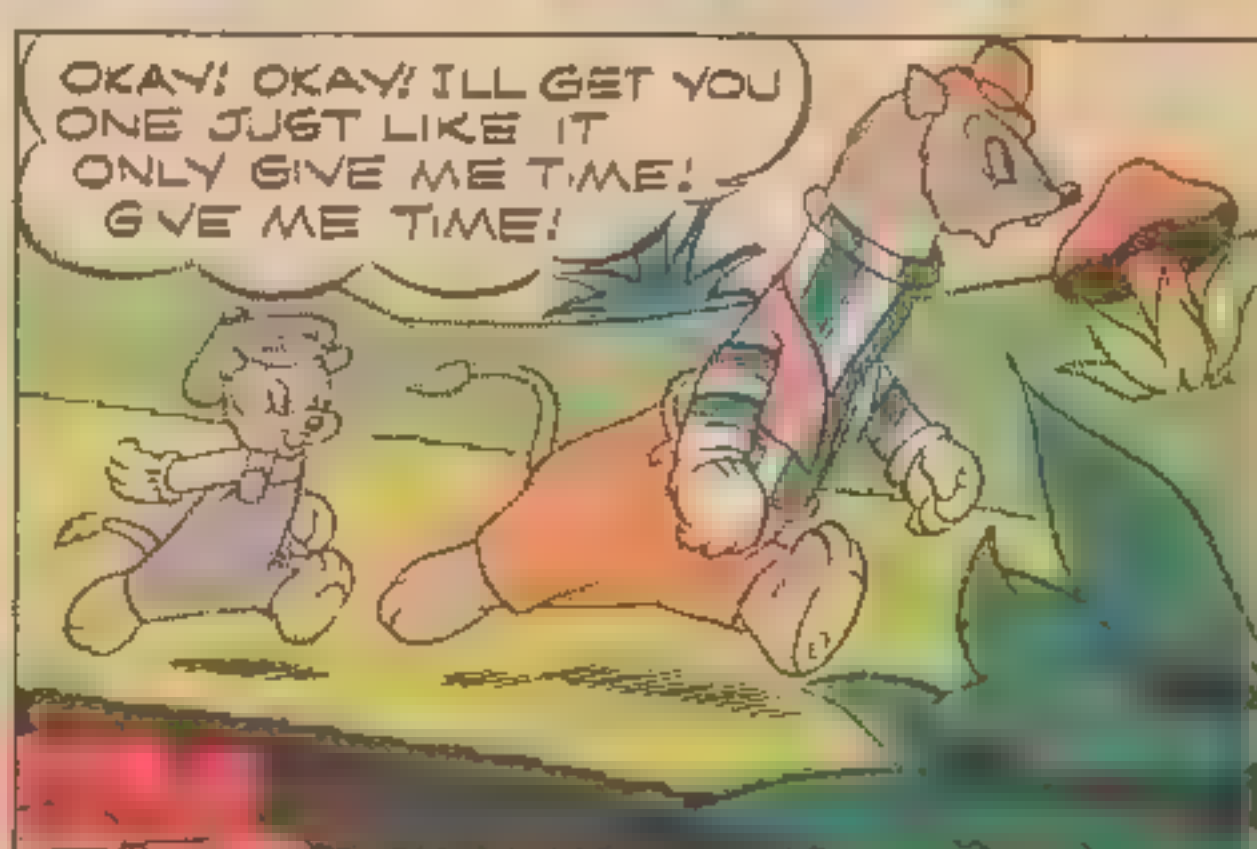
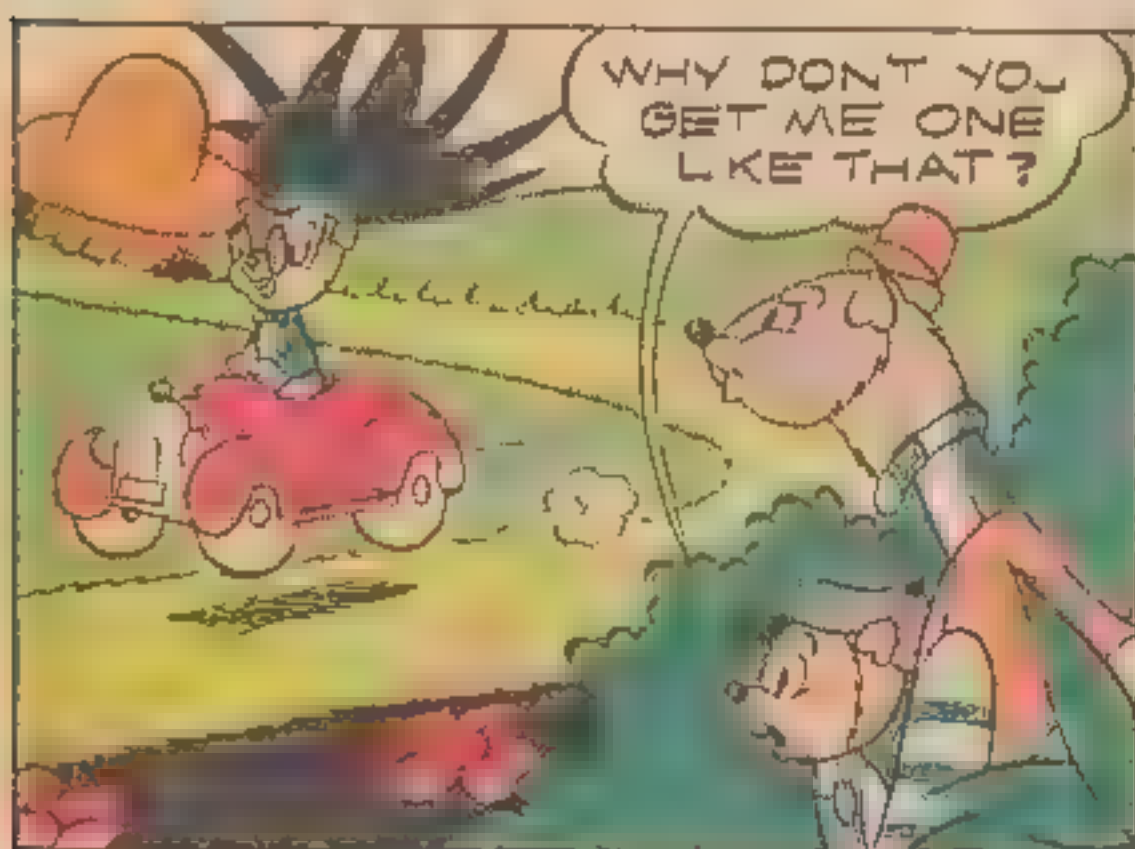
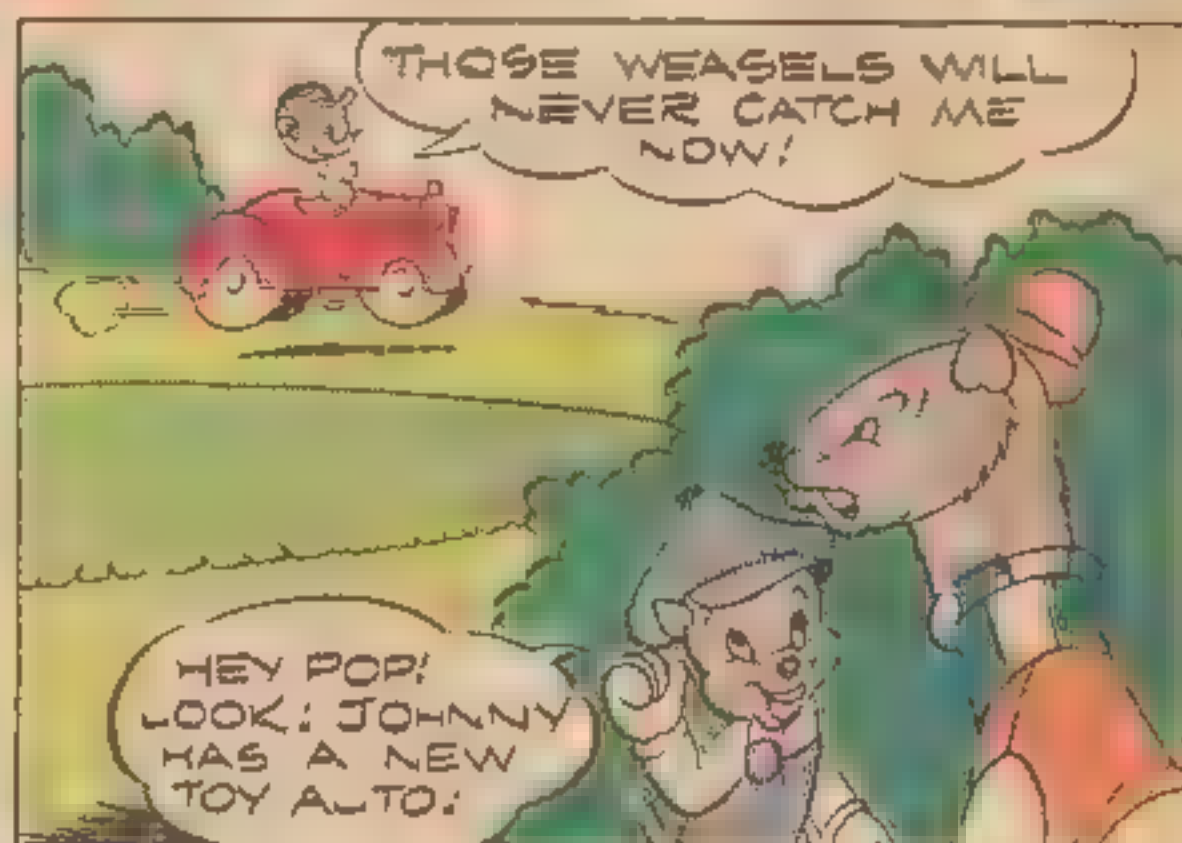
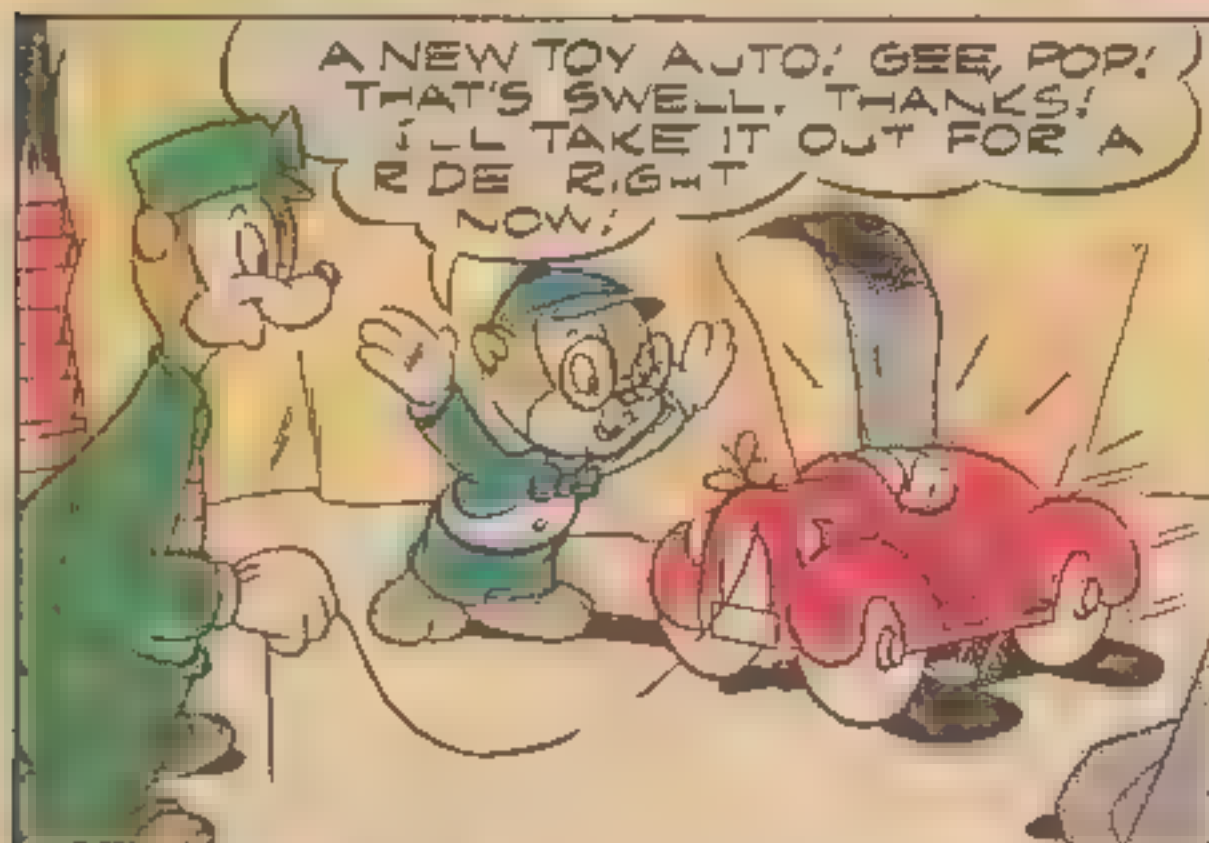
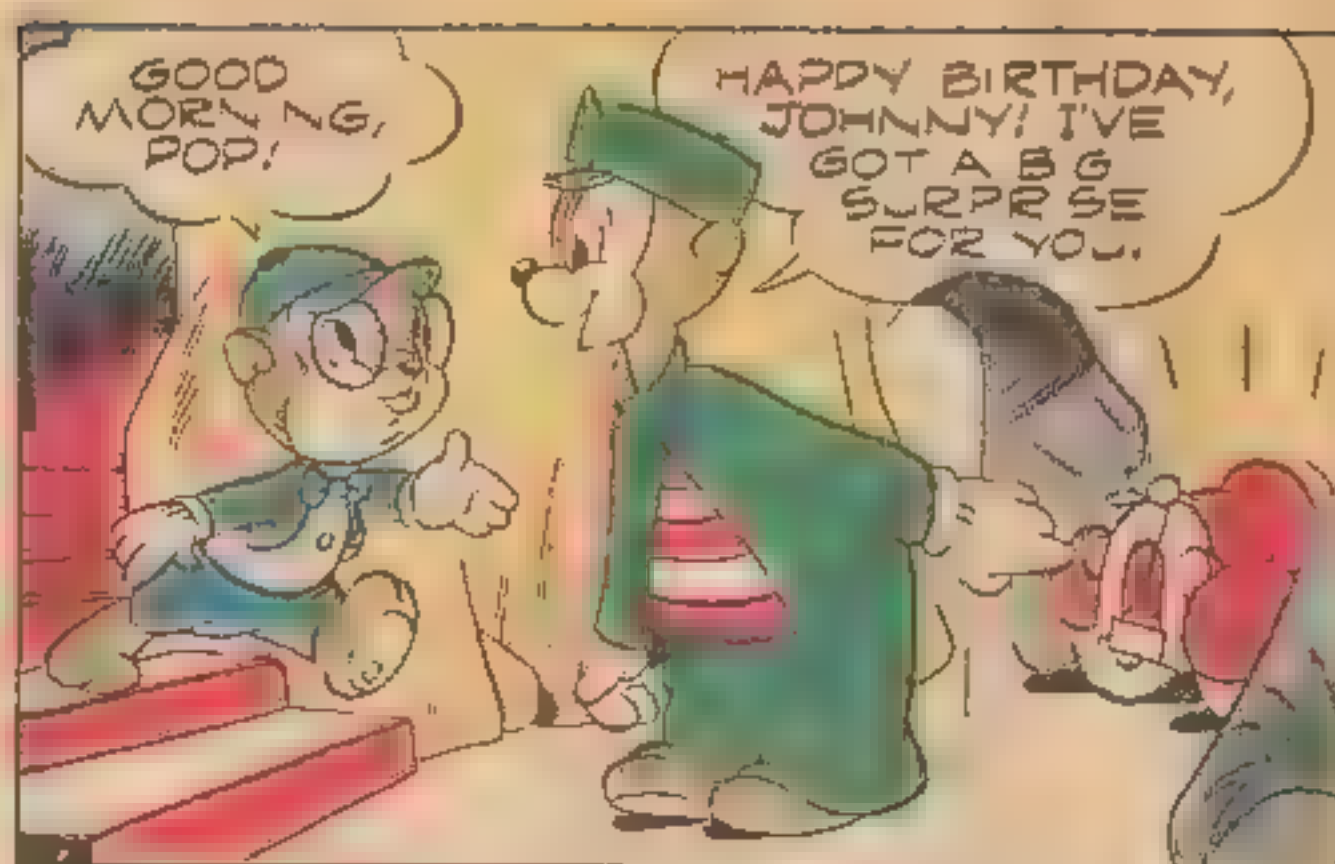
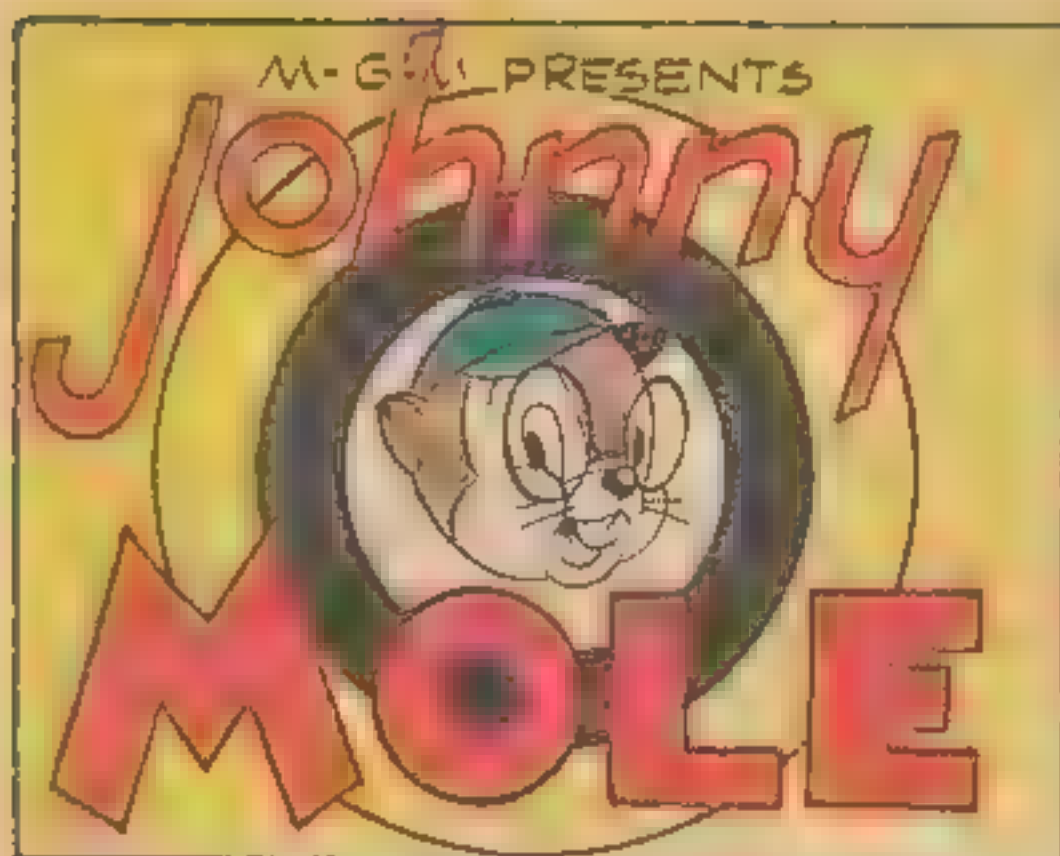
Jerry jumped into the splotch. Then he ran across the floor and climbed up on the sink, where the pie had been. He made a trail of tiny, lemon-and-meringue footprints on the white top of the sink. Then he squeaked.

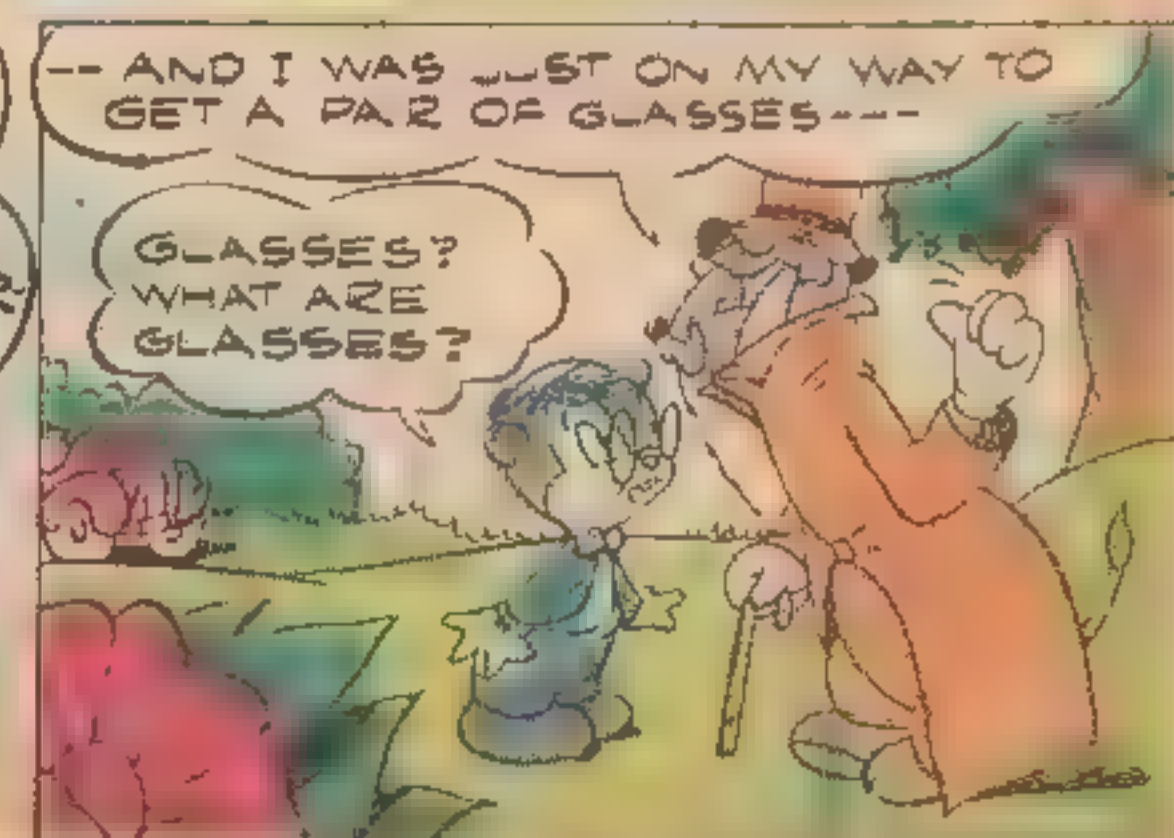
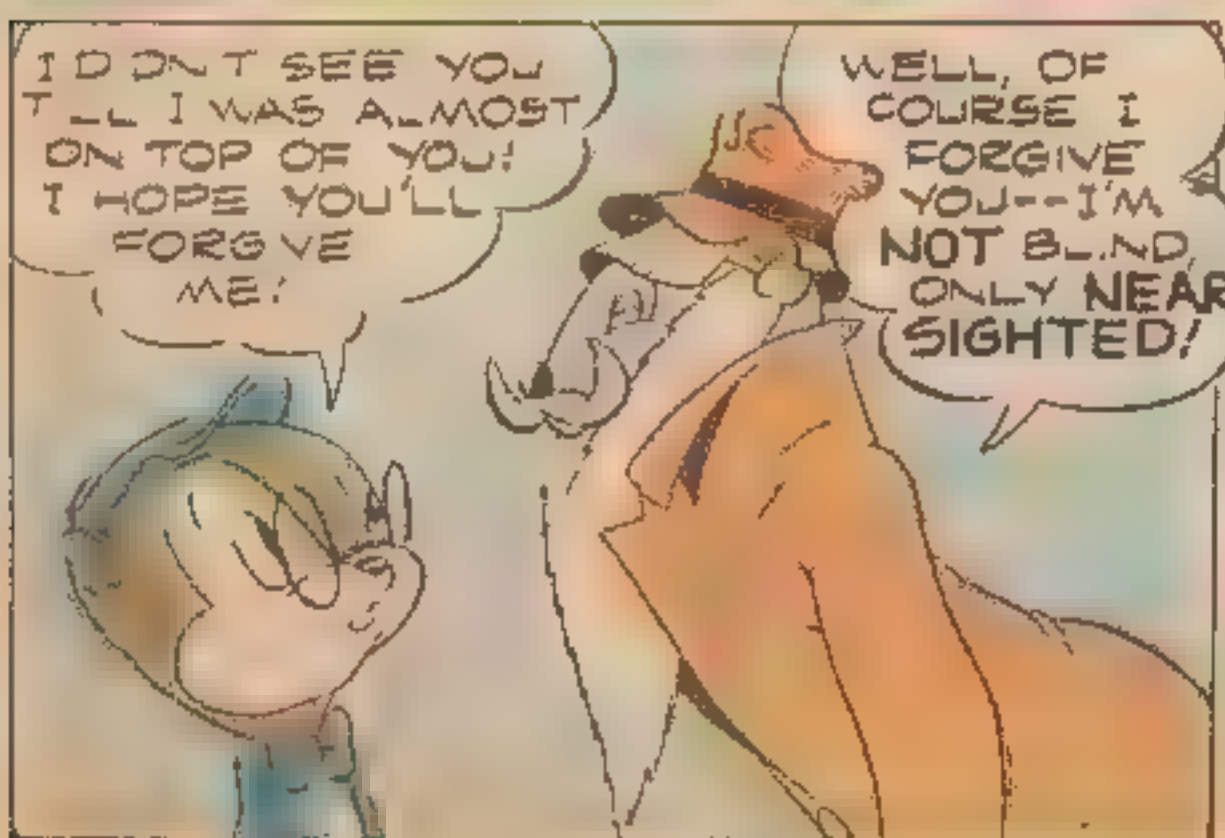
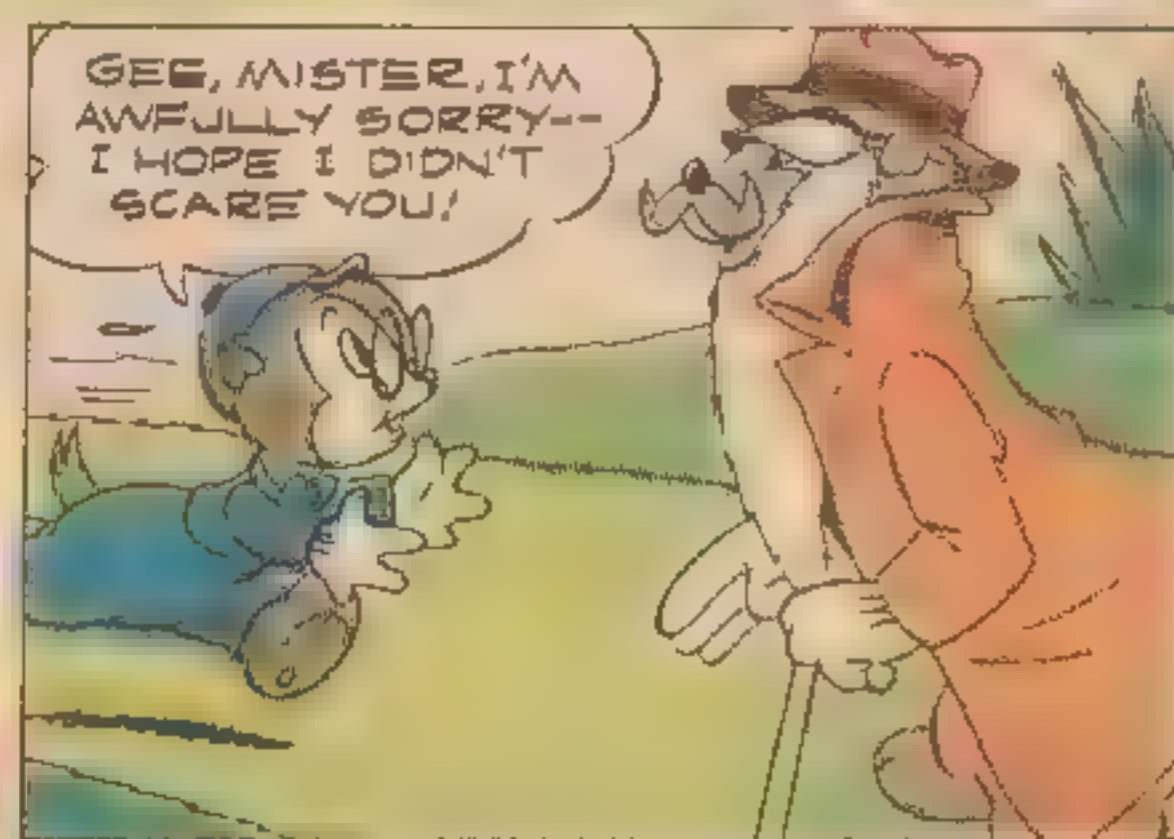
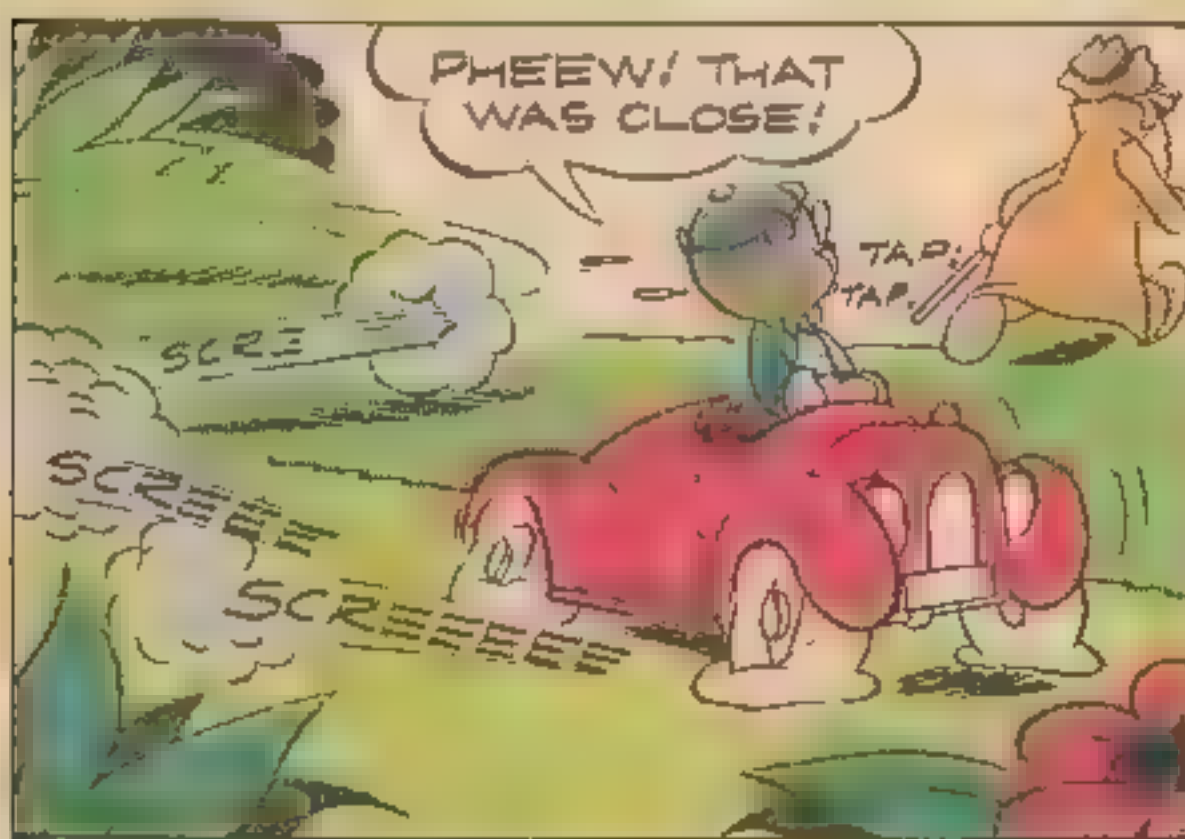
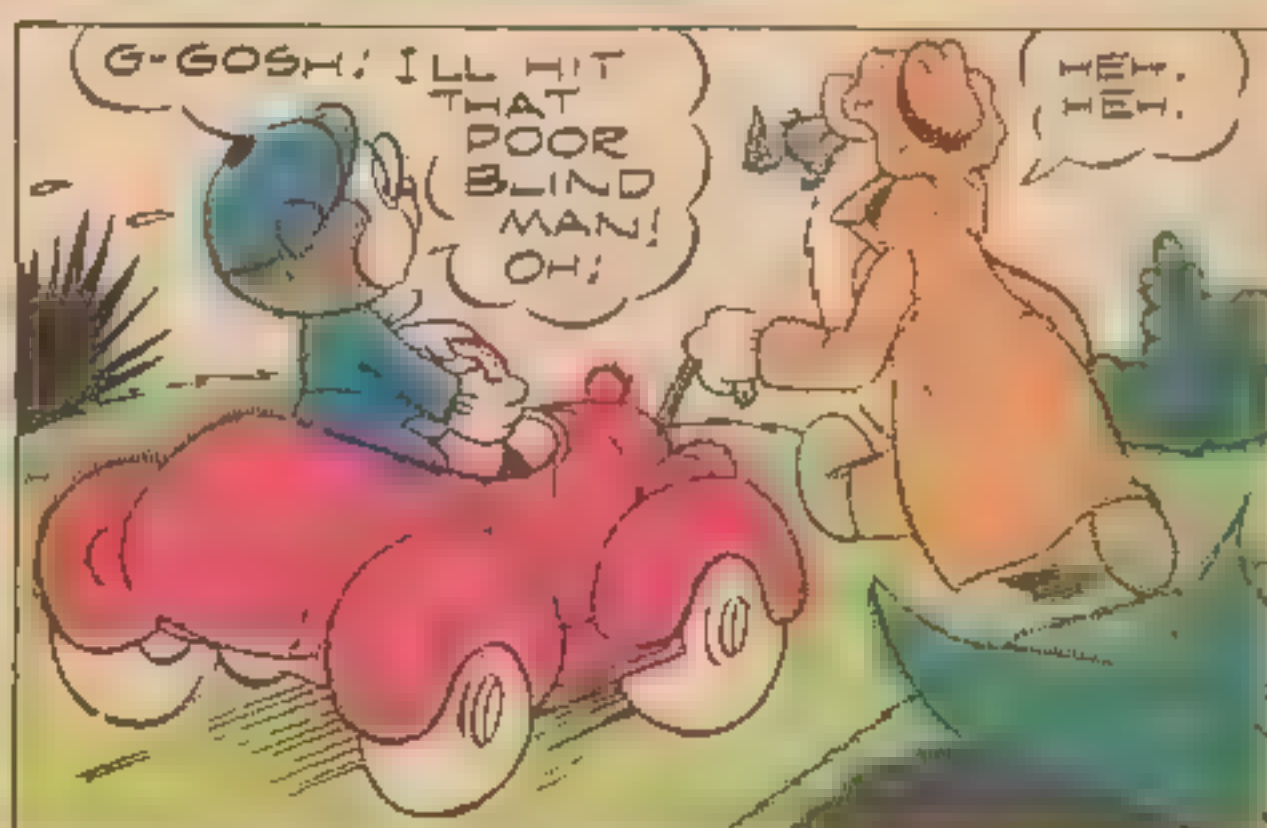
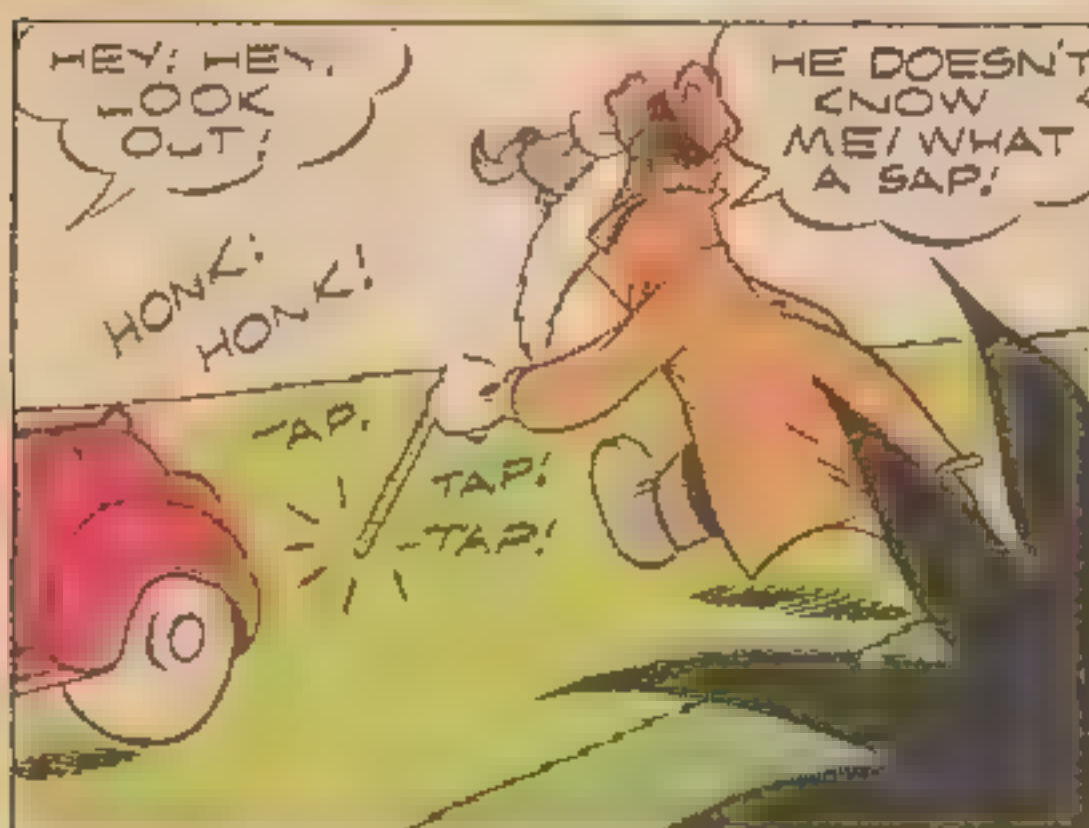
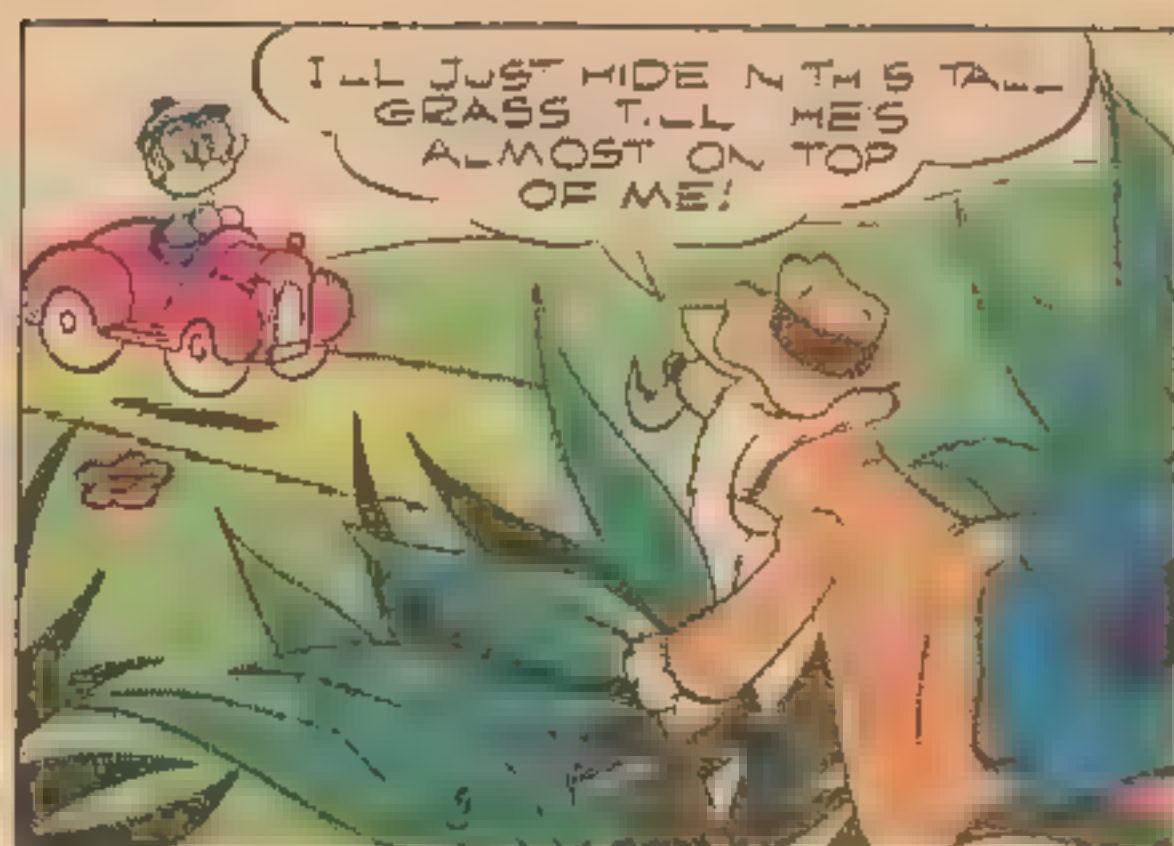
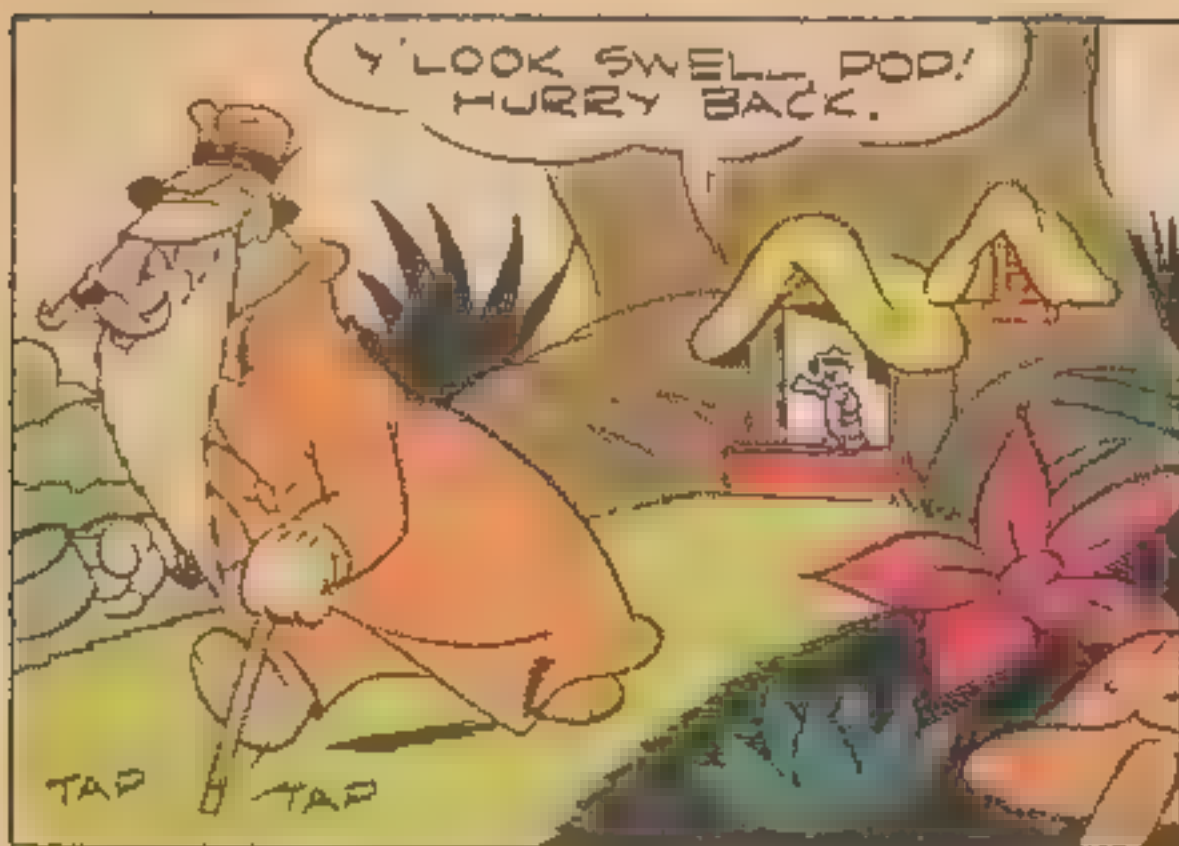
Cook jumped up. She saw Jerry and yelled. Jerry squeaked again and fled to safety. Cook looked at the sink. She saw the small tell-tale footprints.

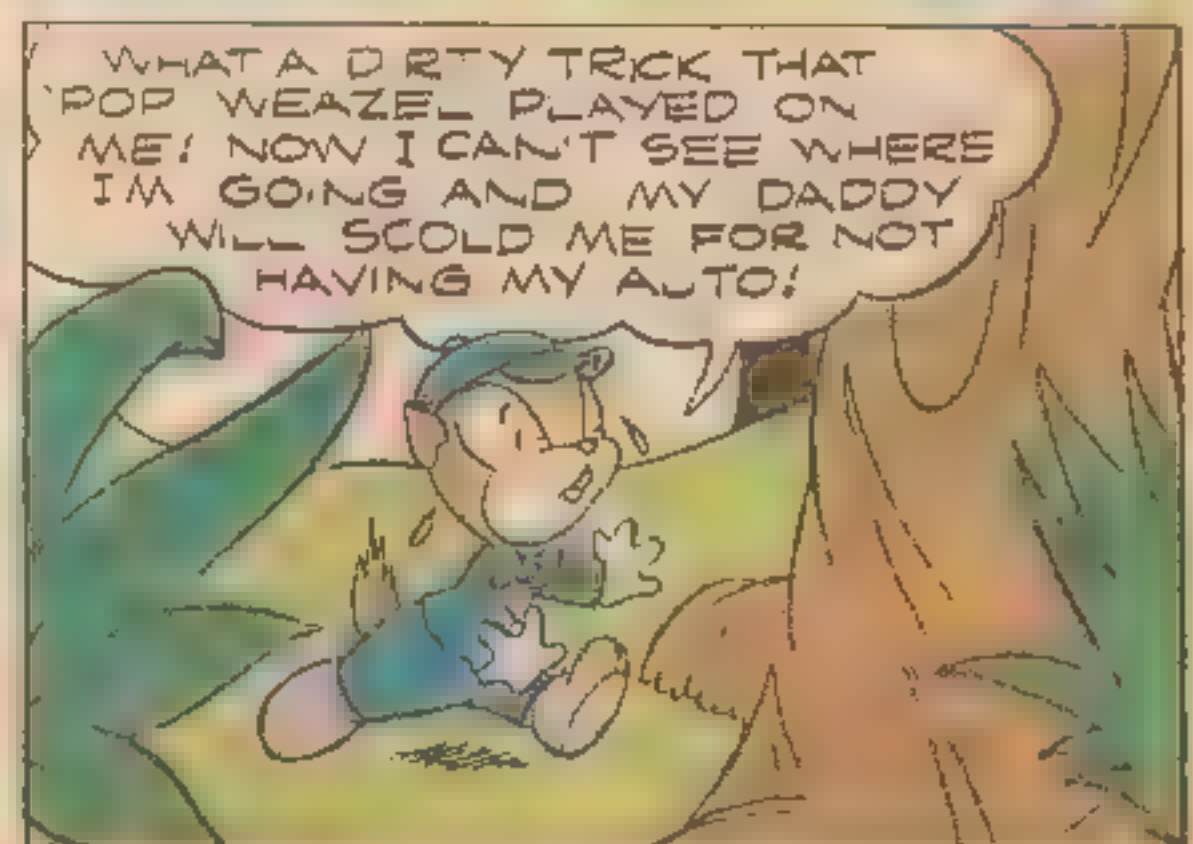
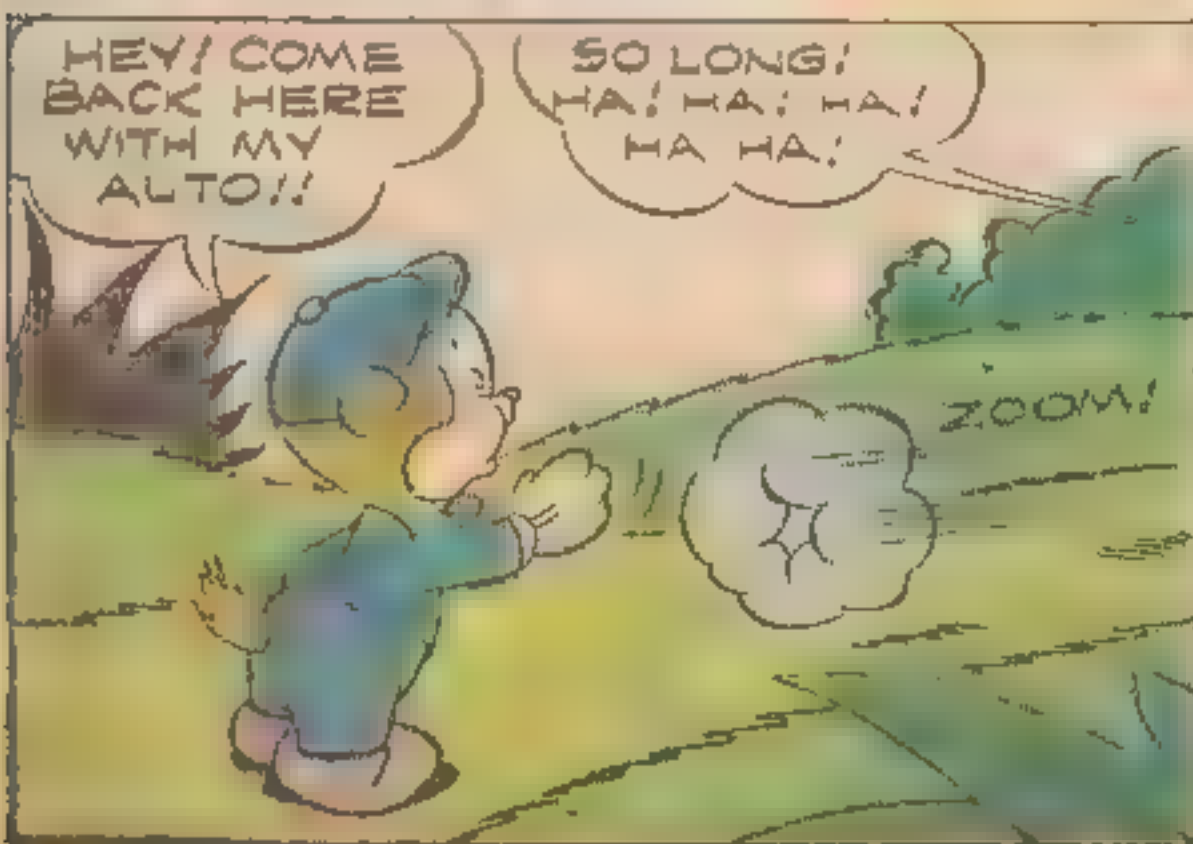
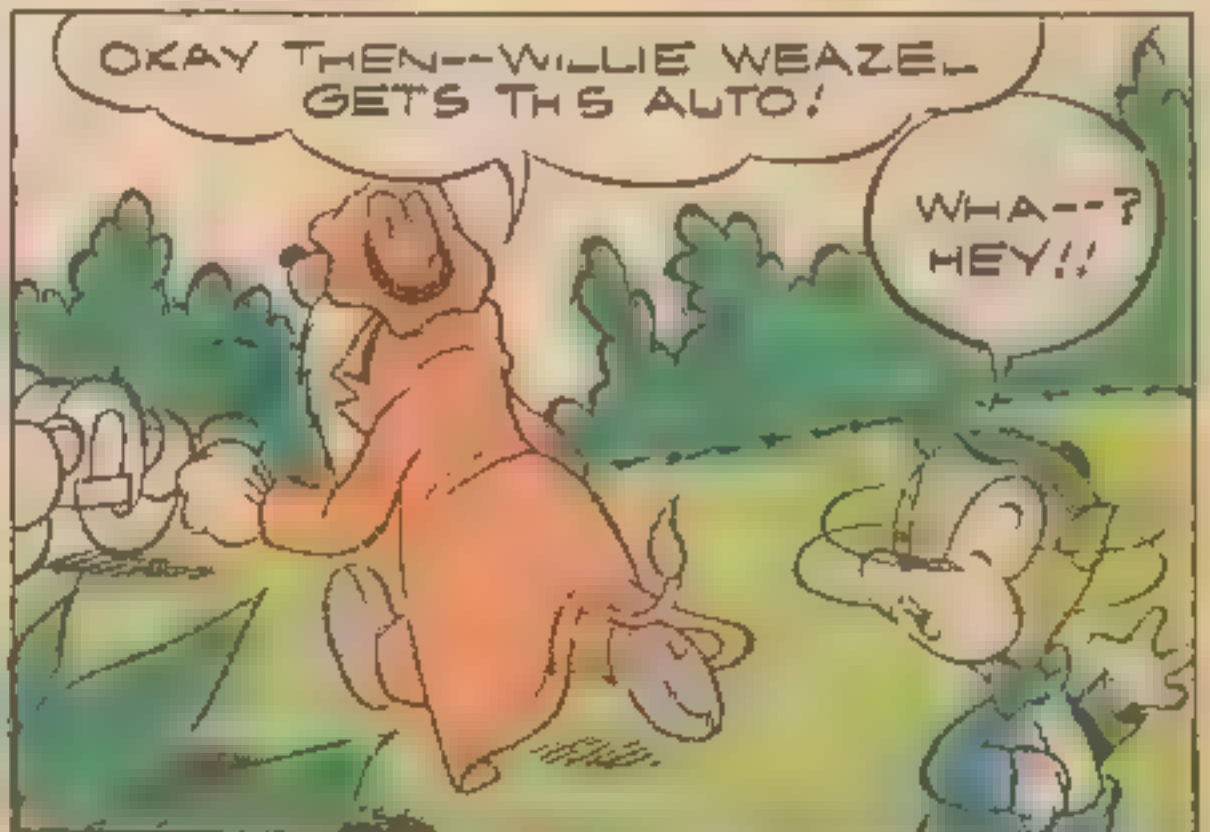
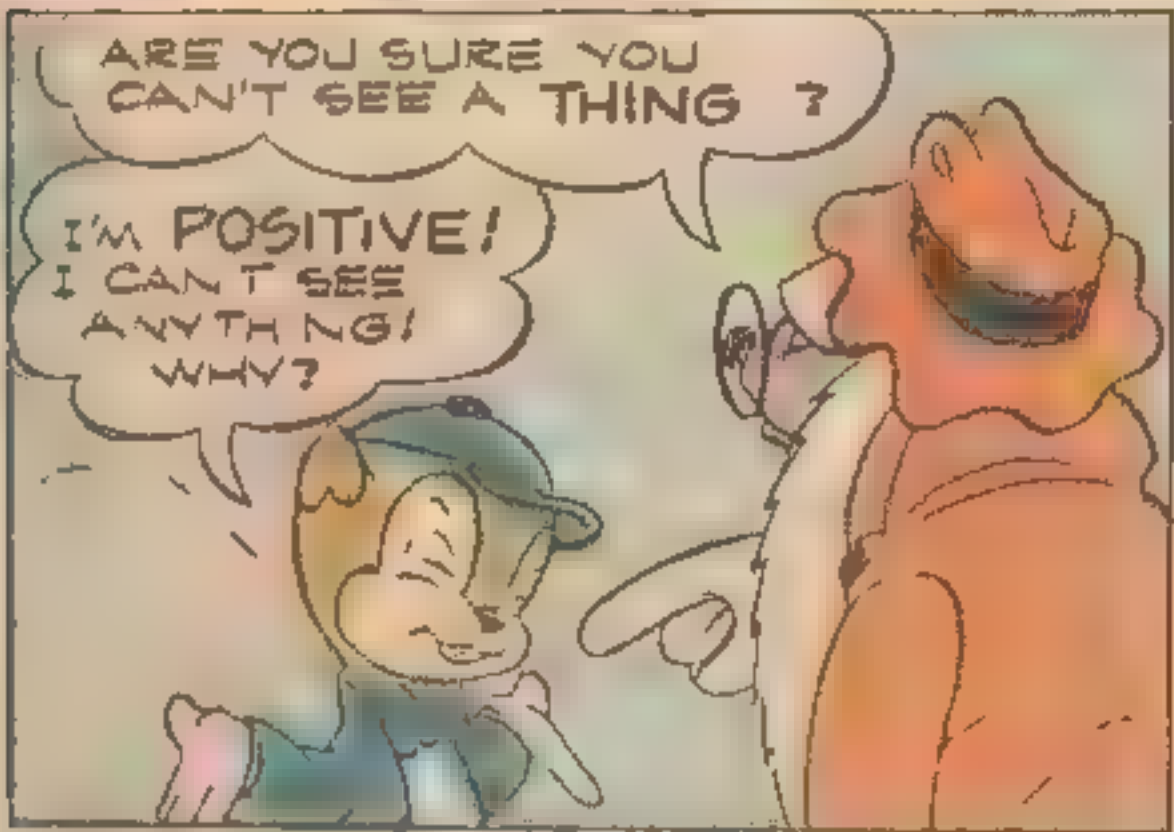
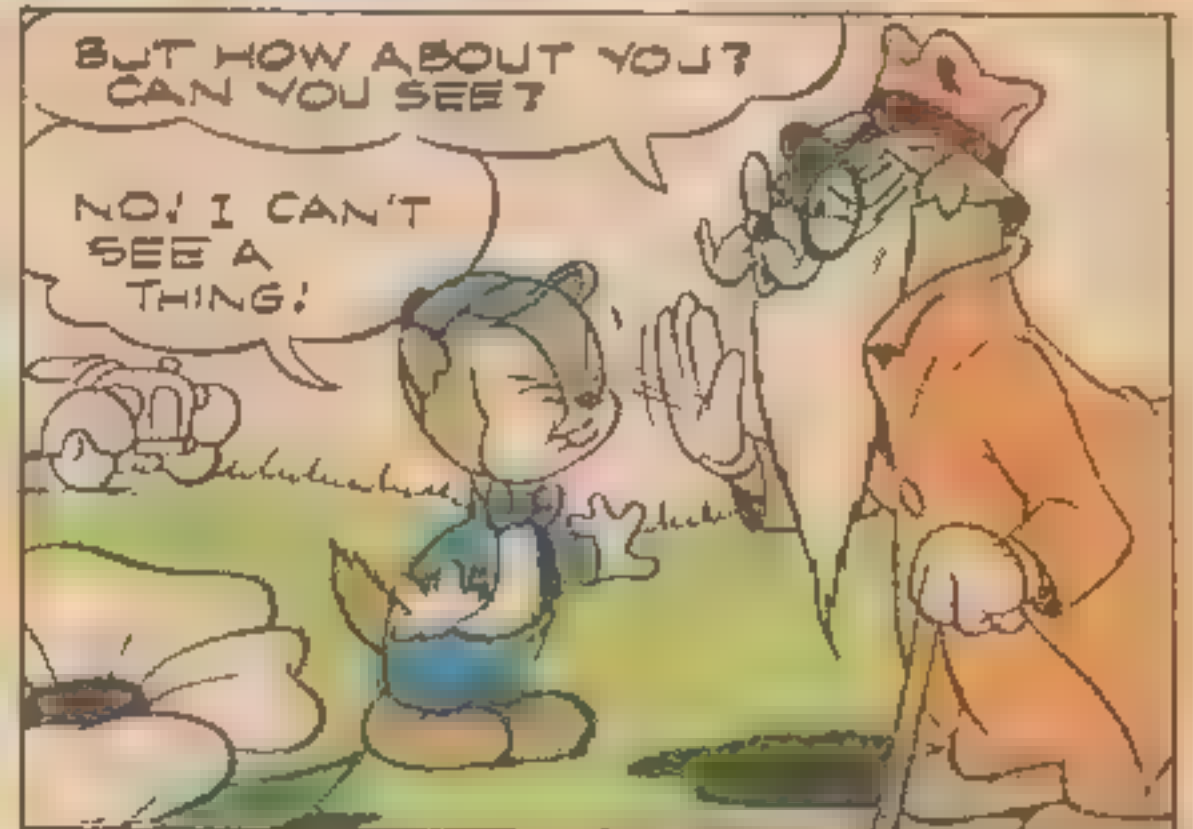
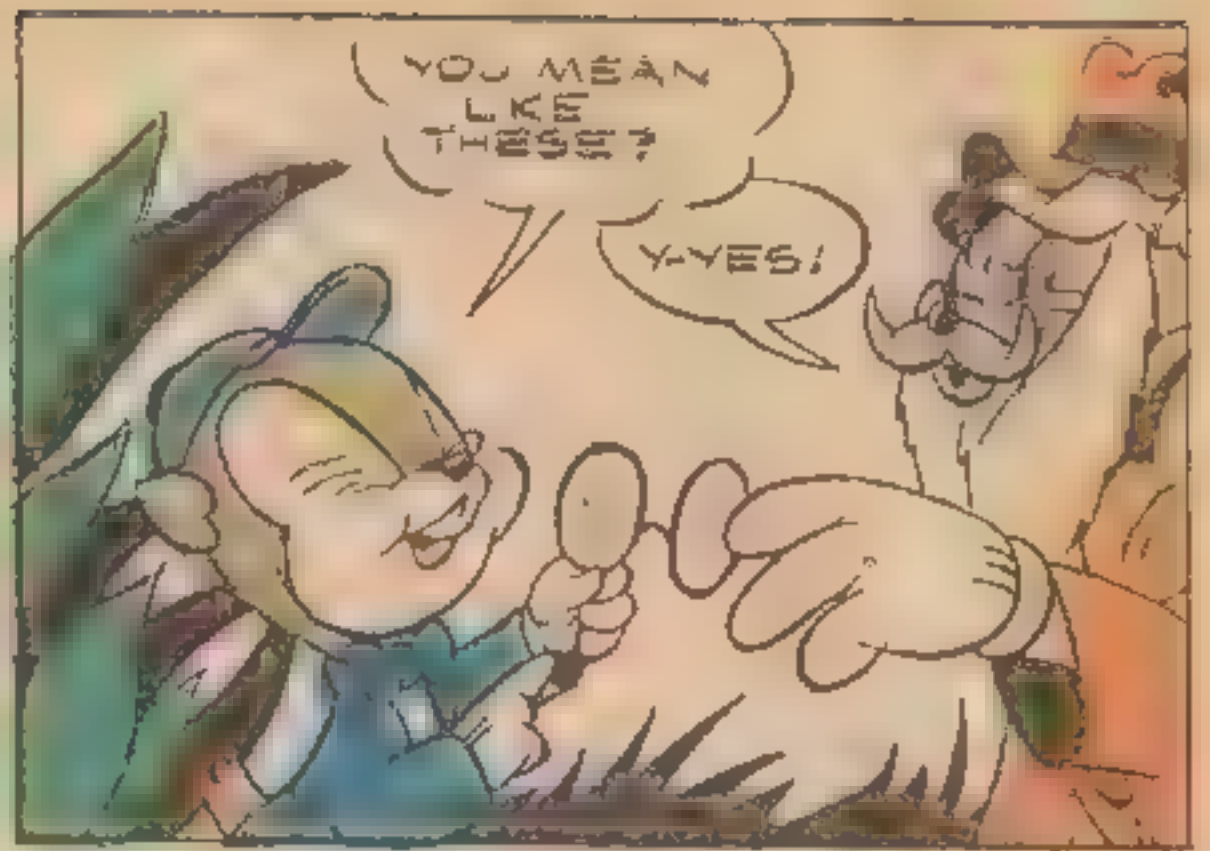
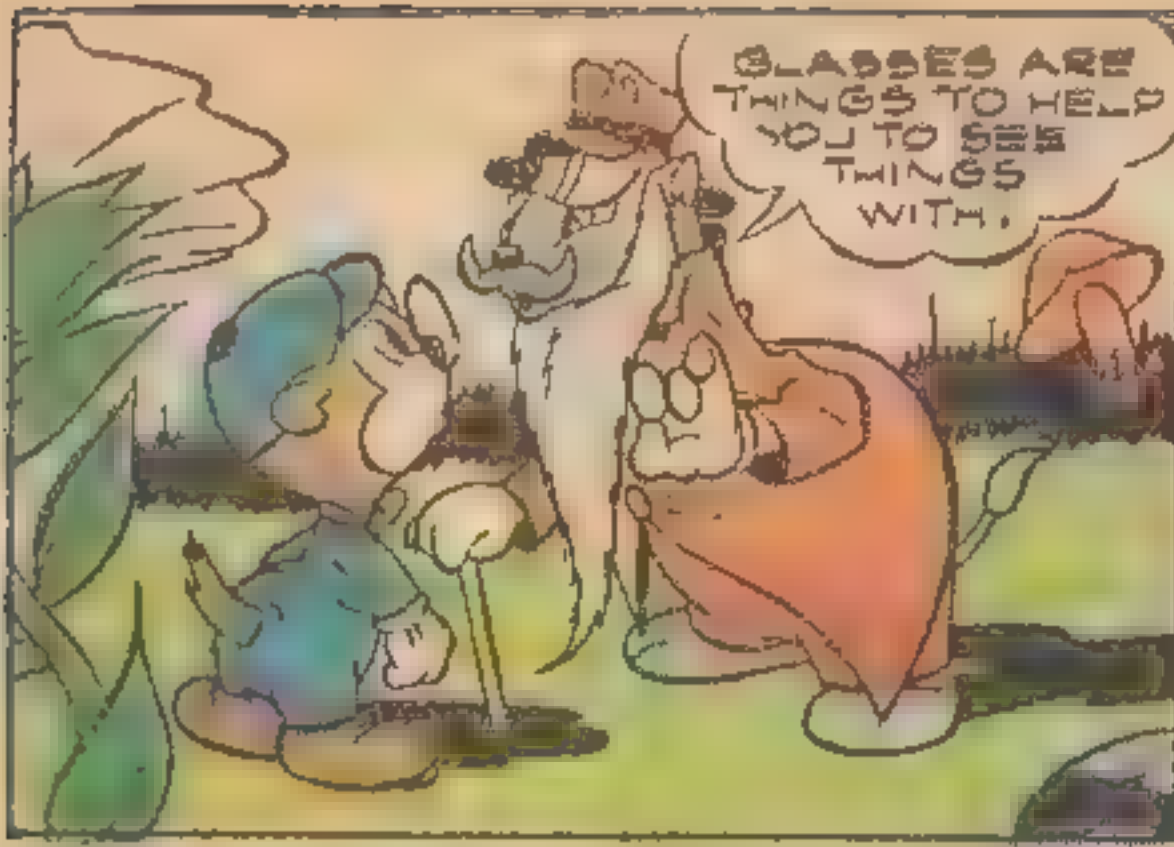
"So it was the mouse up on the sink, instead of the cat!" she exclaimed. "And I blamed poor old Tom for tippin' over the pie! I'll find him and give him an extra saucer of milk."

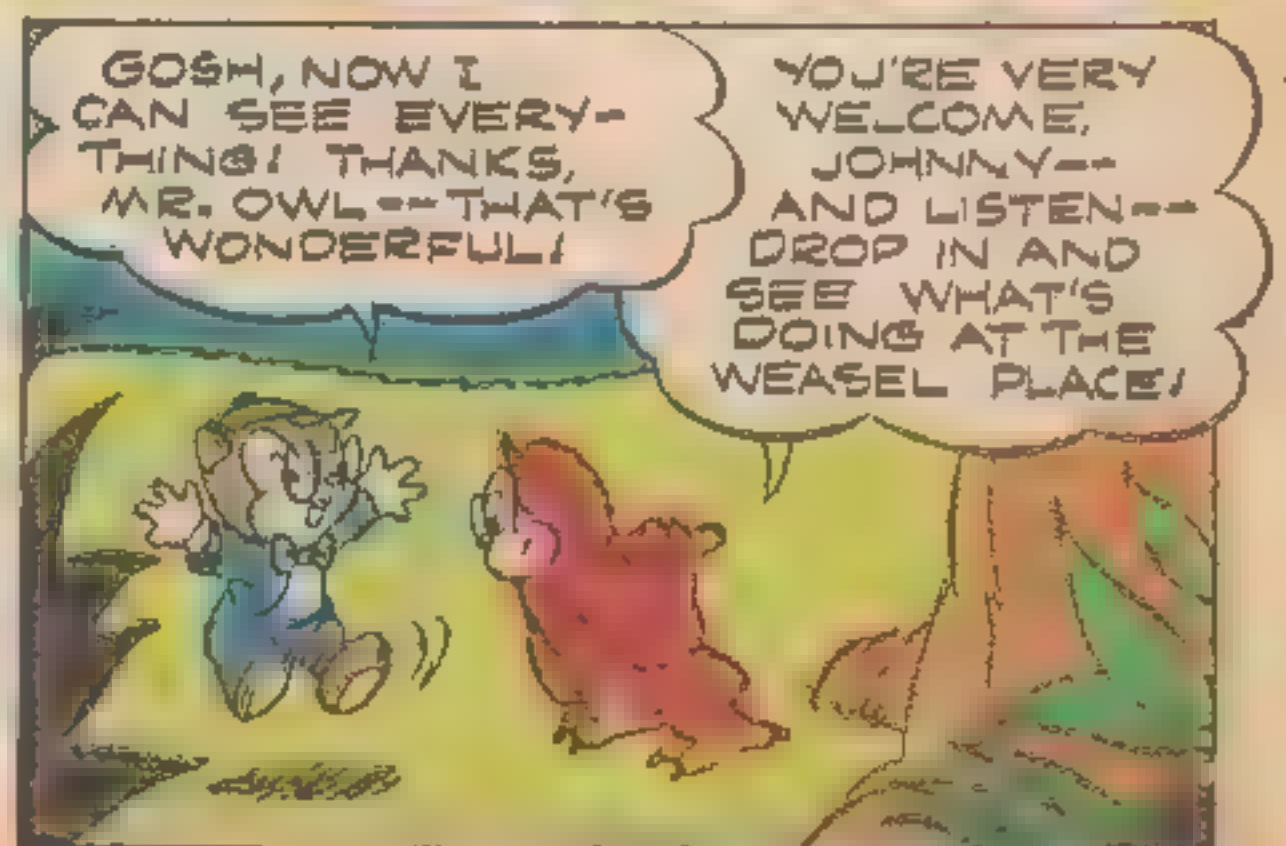
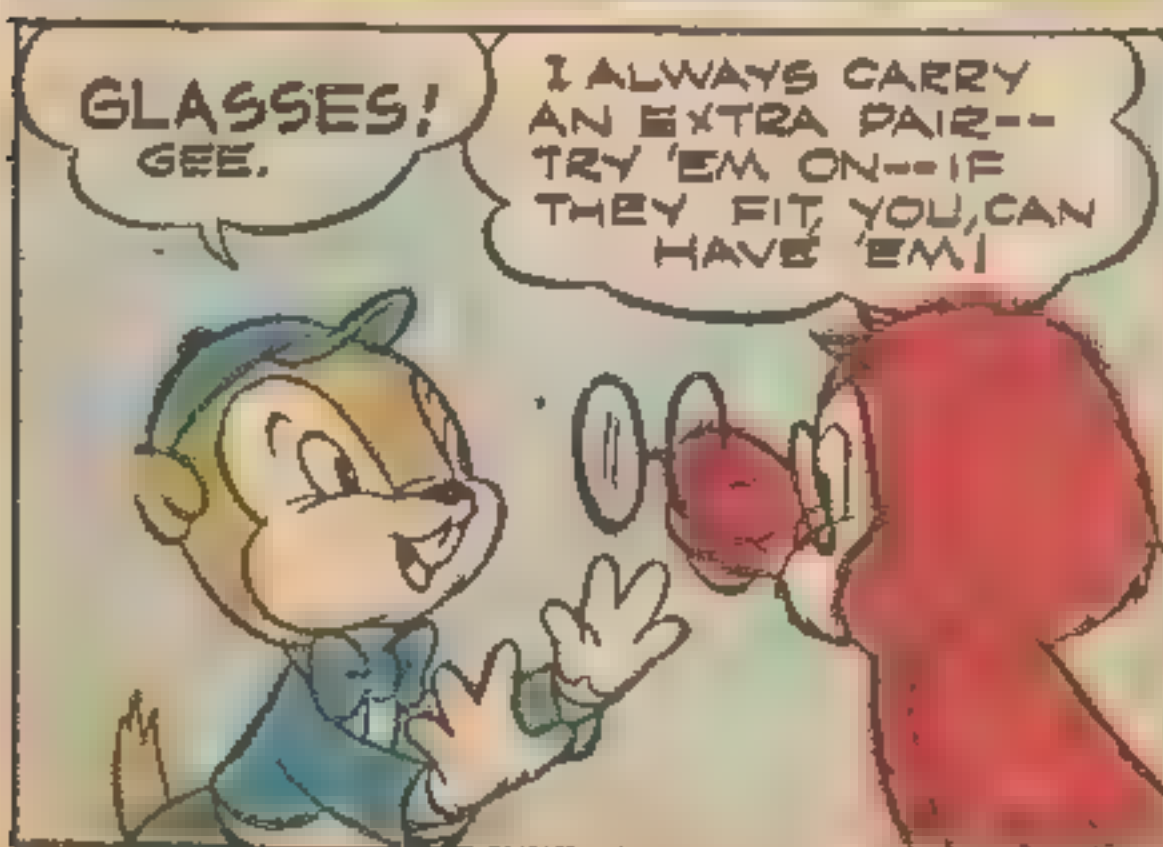
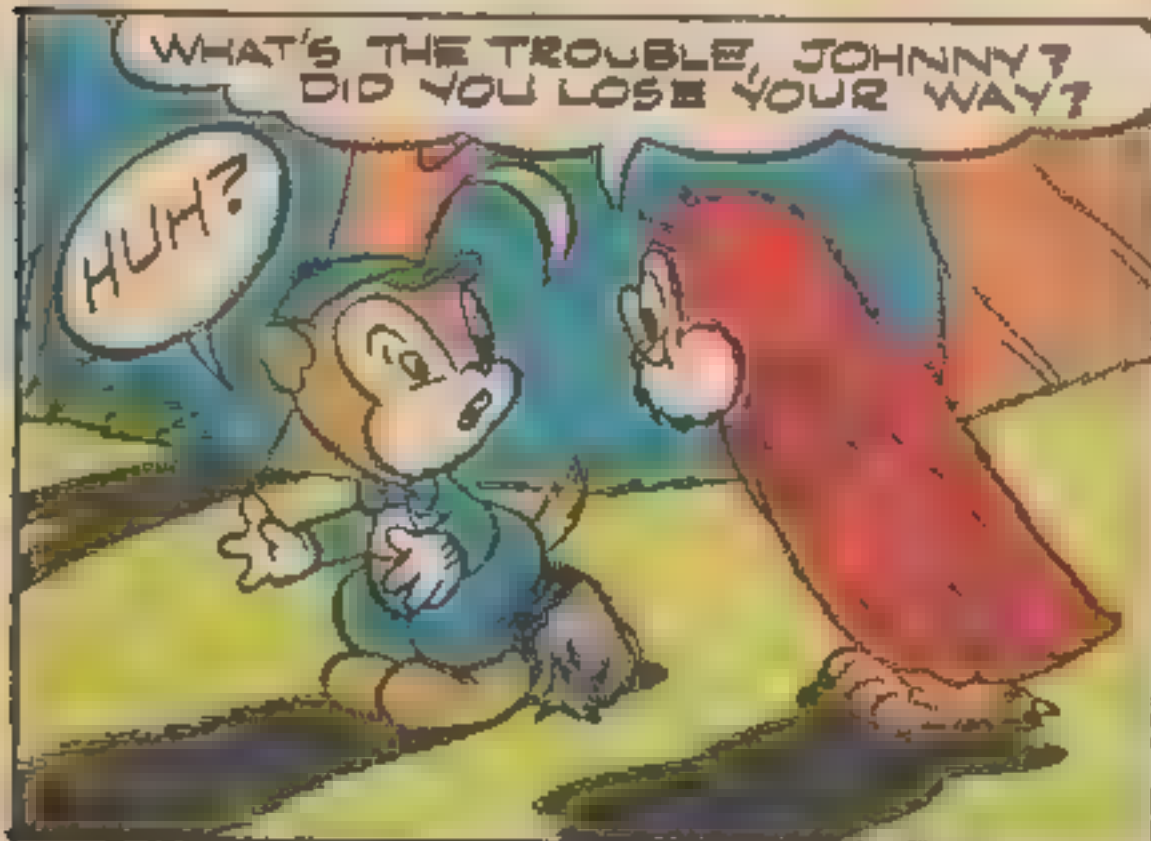
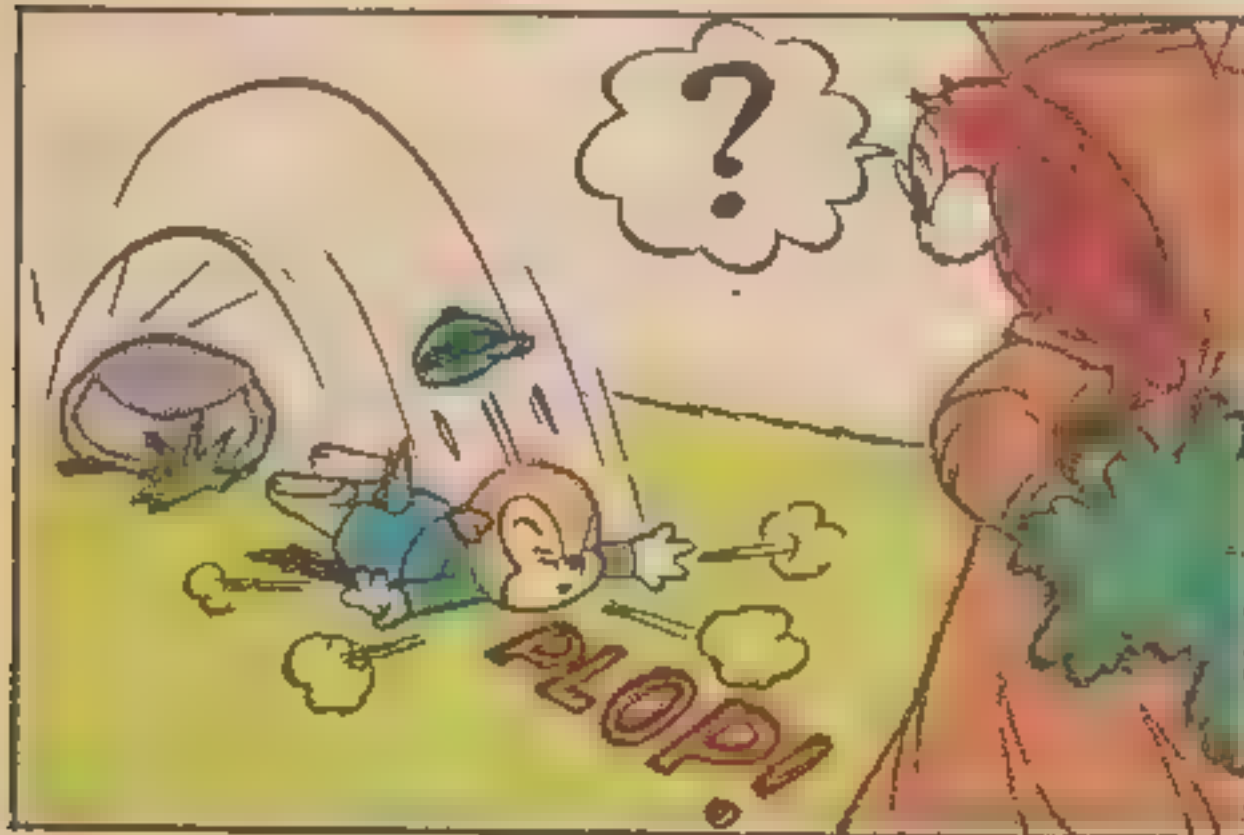
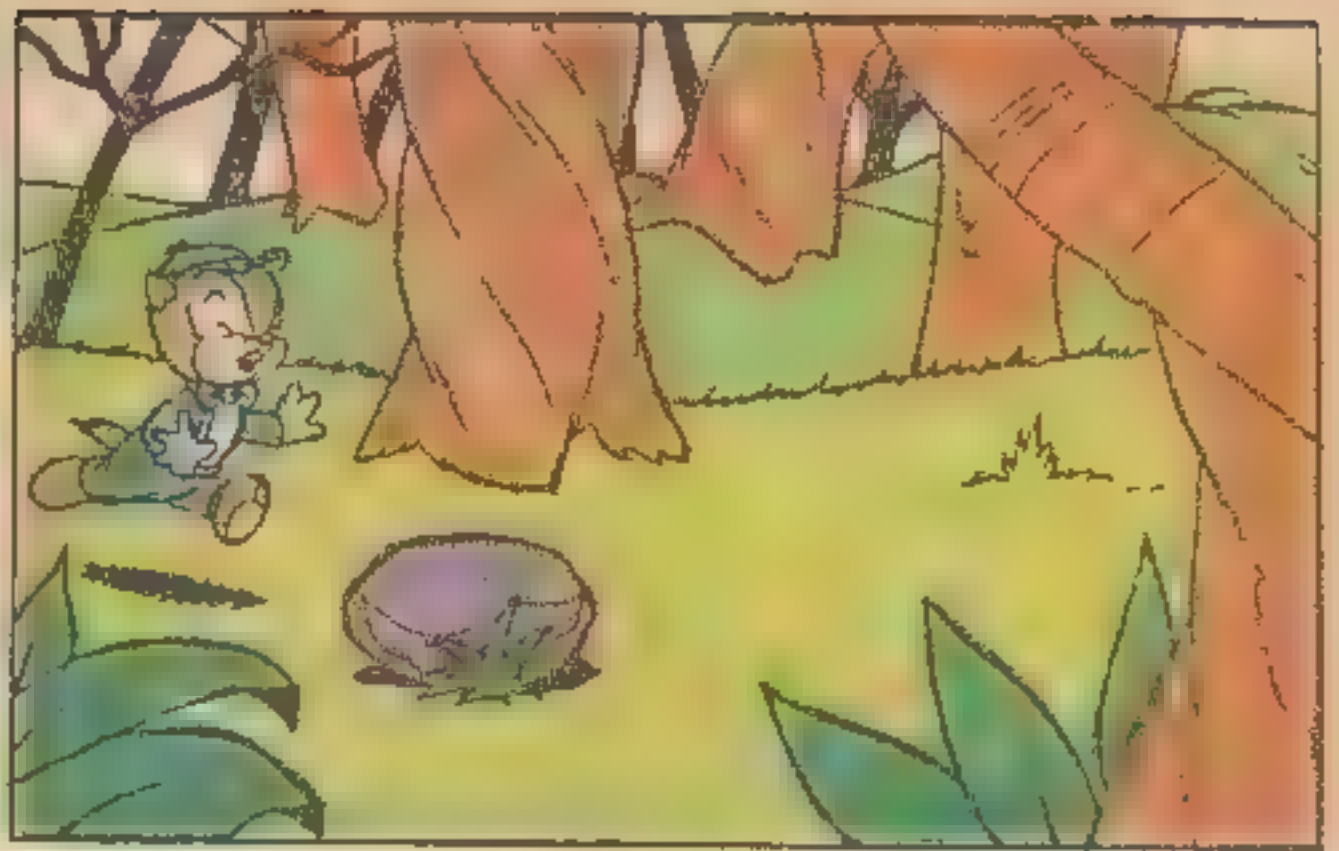
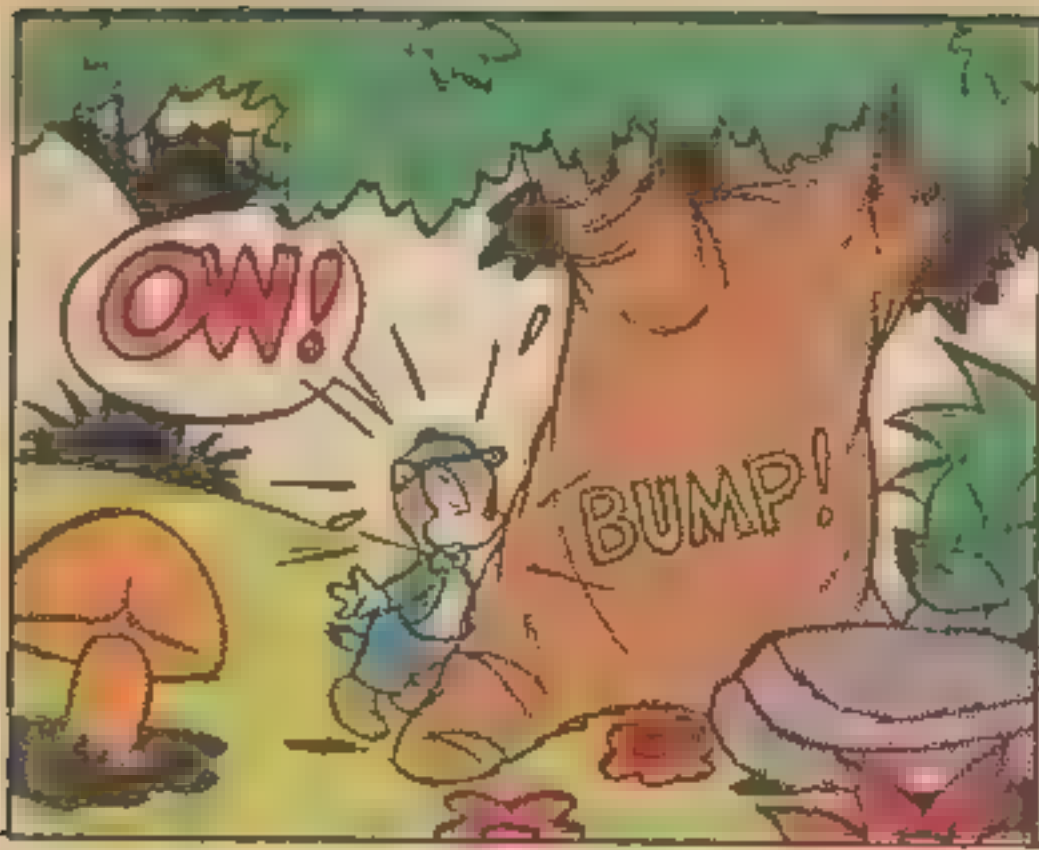
Jerry was watching a short time later, when the Family drove away in the car. Tom was curled up on the top of the back seat, looking out the window. He was on his way to the lake. He saw Jerry. He grinned. One green eye closed in a friendly wink.

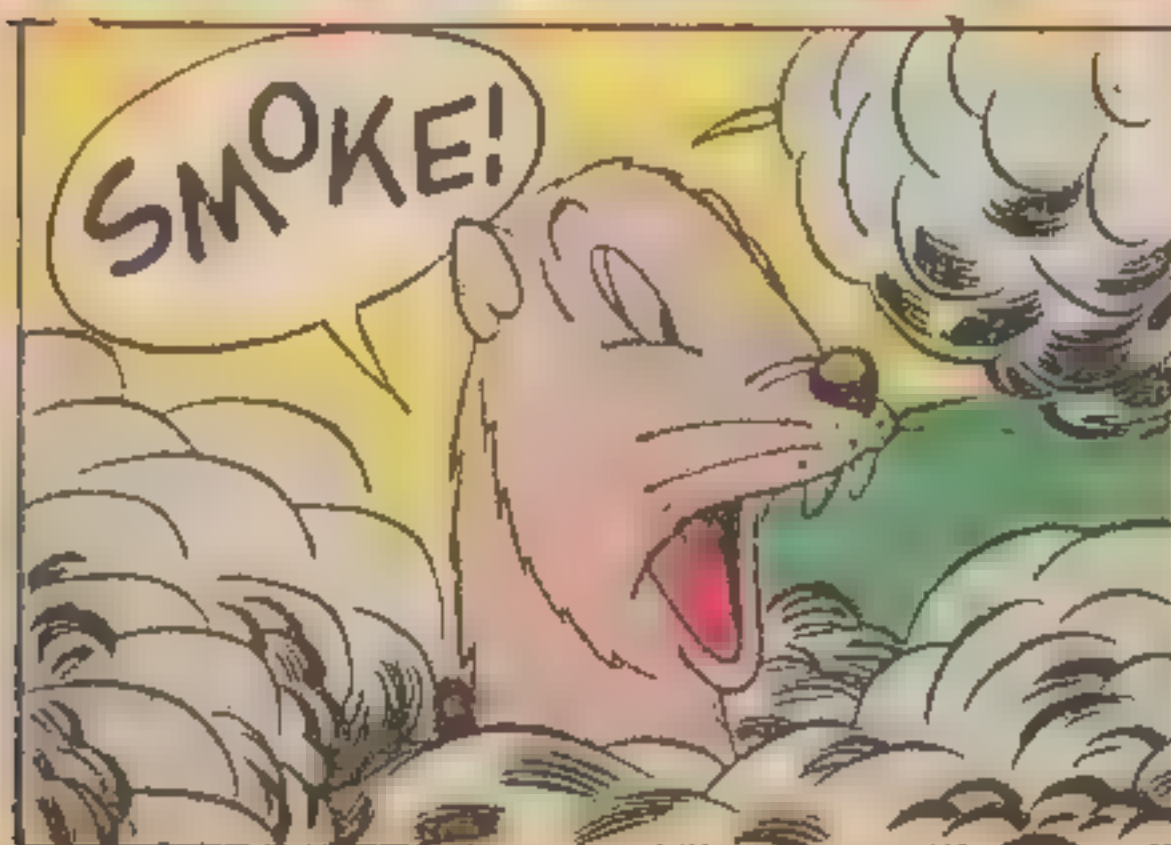
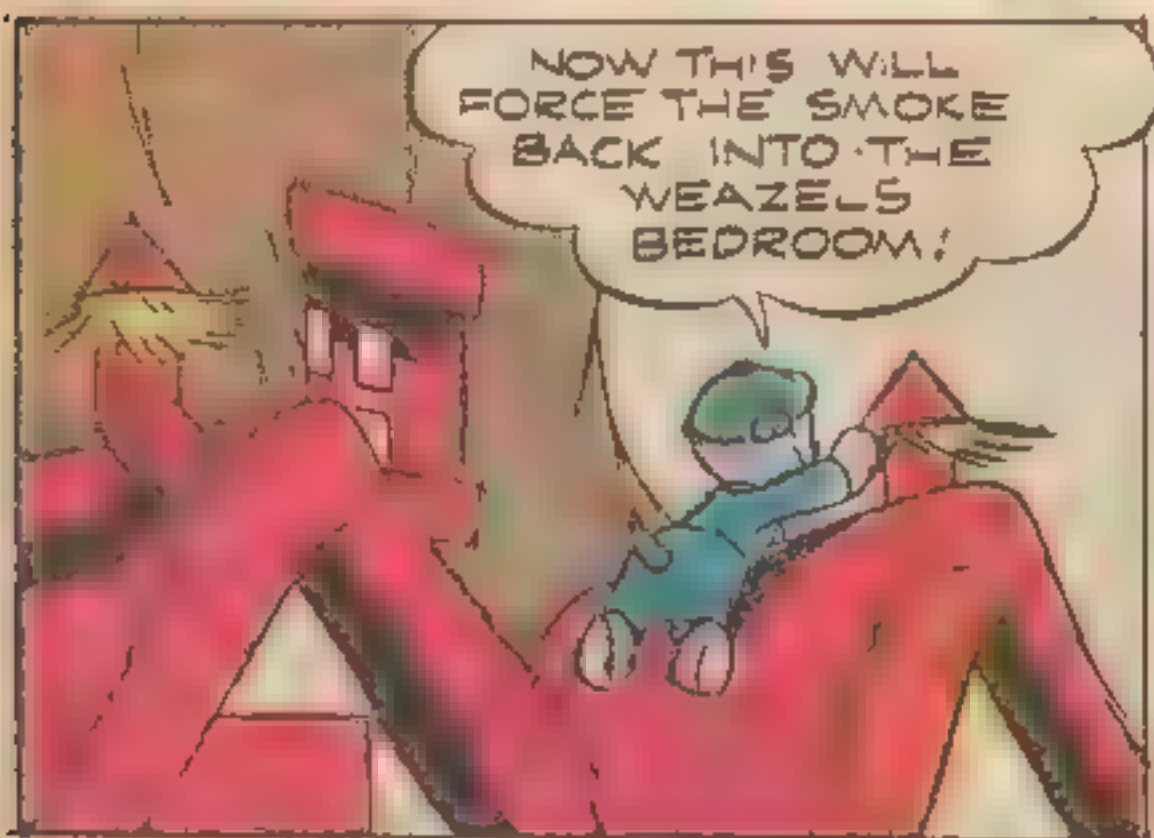
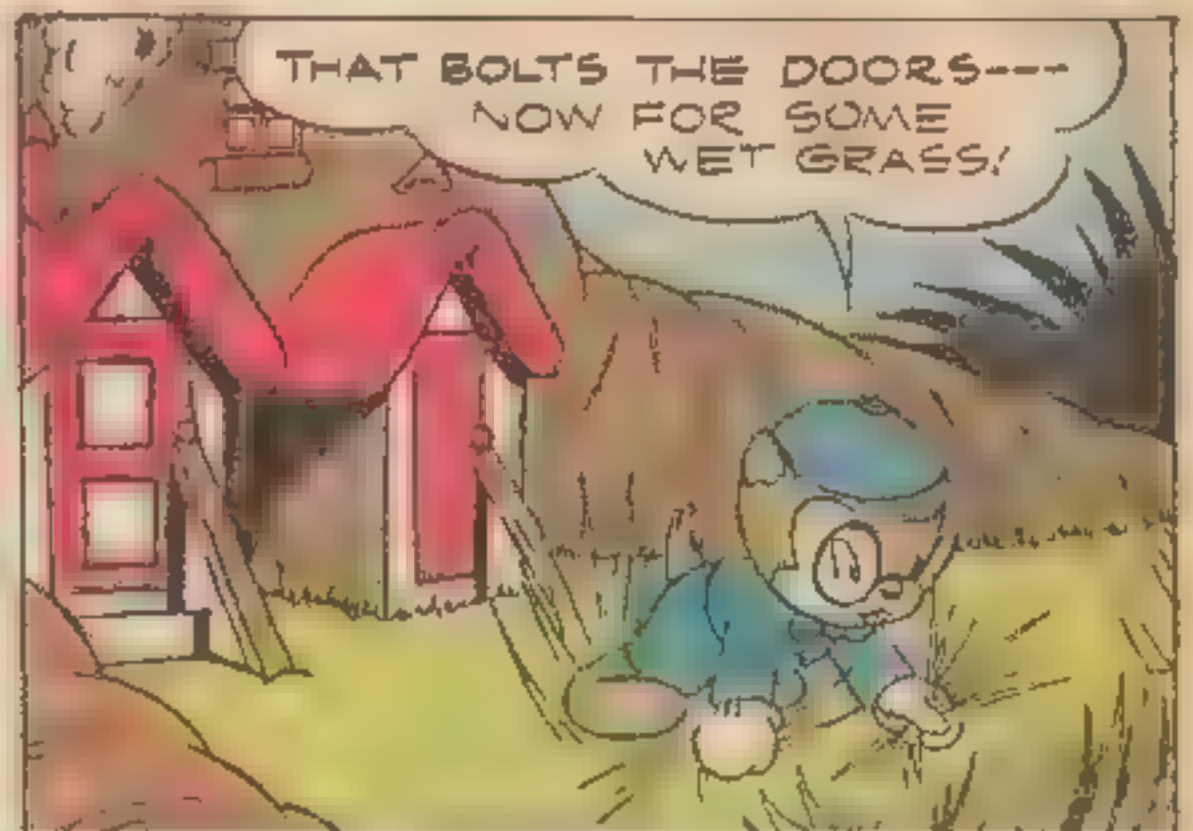
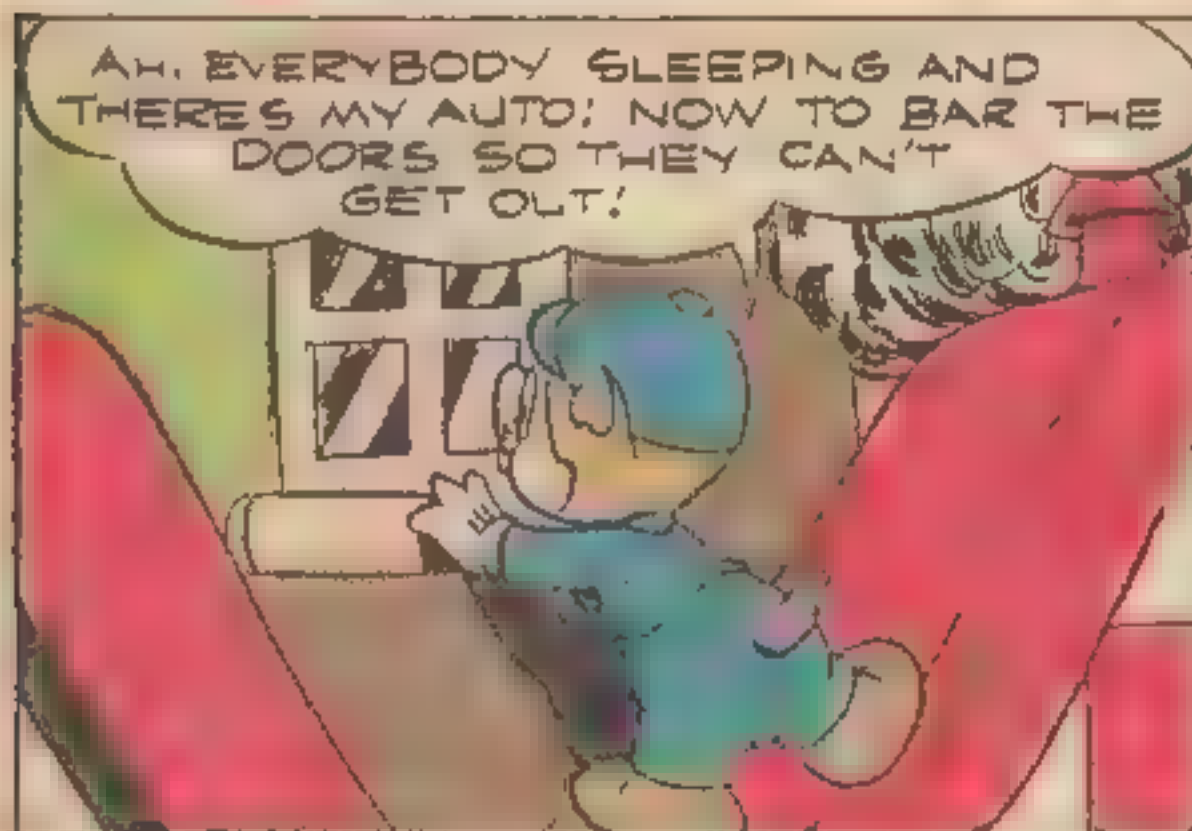
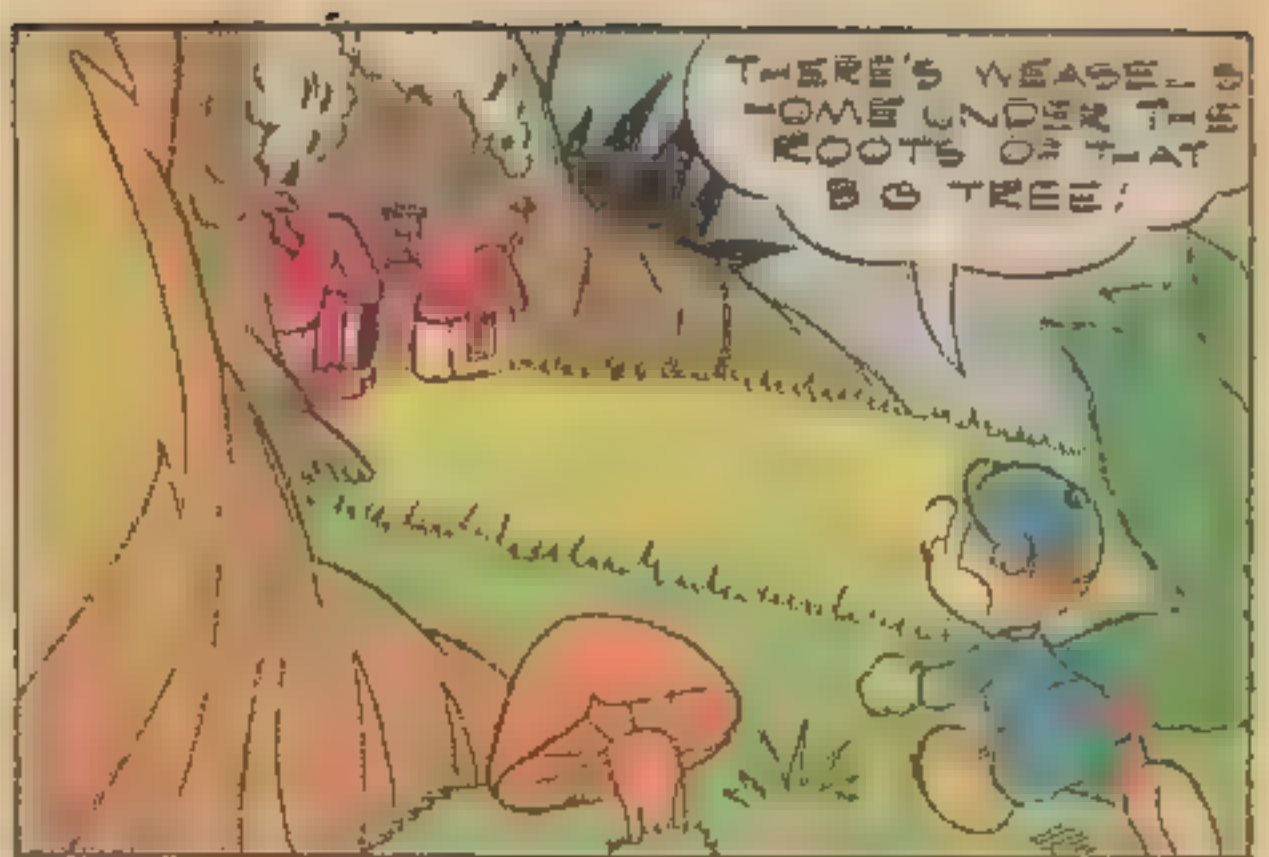
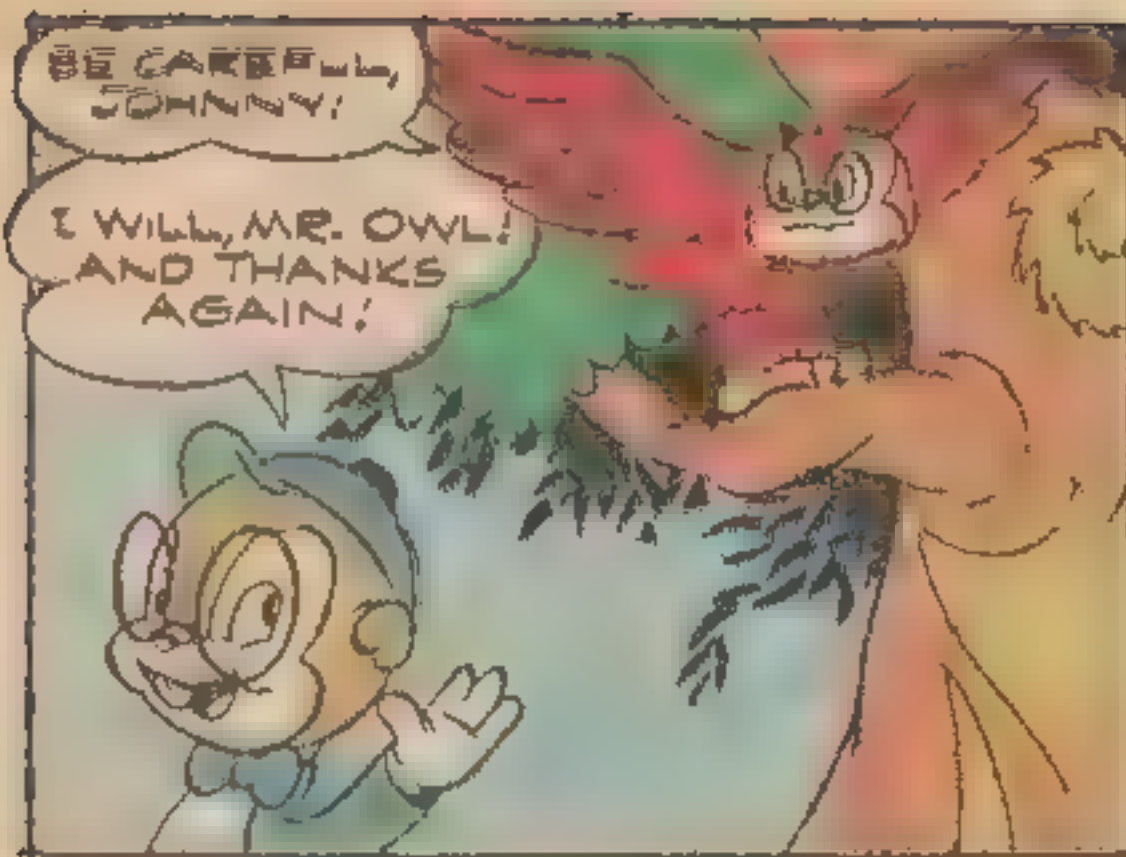
Jerry smiled. They were friends again. When Tom came back, he'd be his old self, gay, mischievous, and full of pranks. He wouldn't have any deep, dark secret to spoil the gay battles and the merry chases. Jerry laughed happily and scampered away to wait for Tom's return.

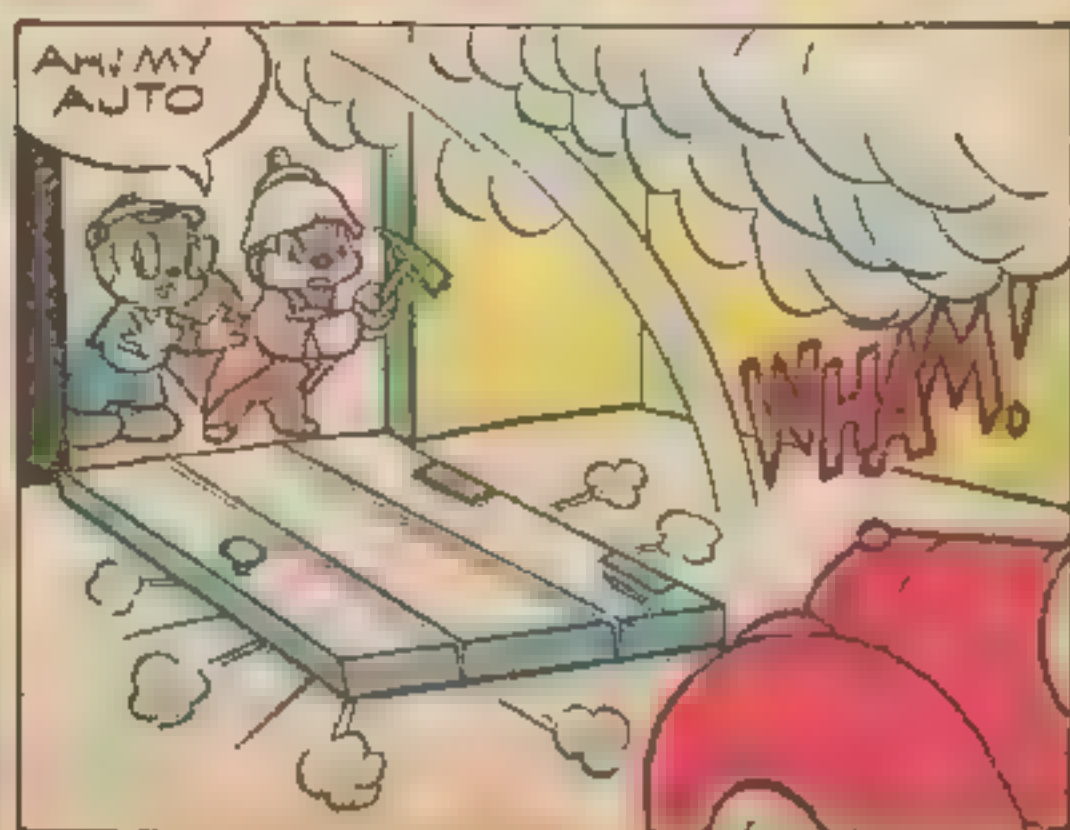
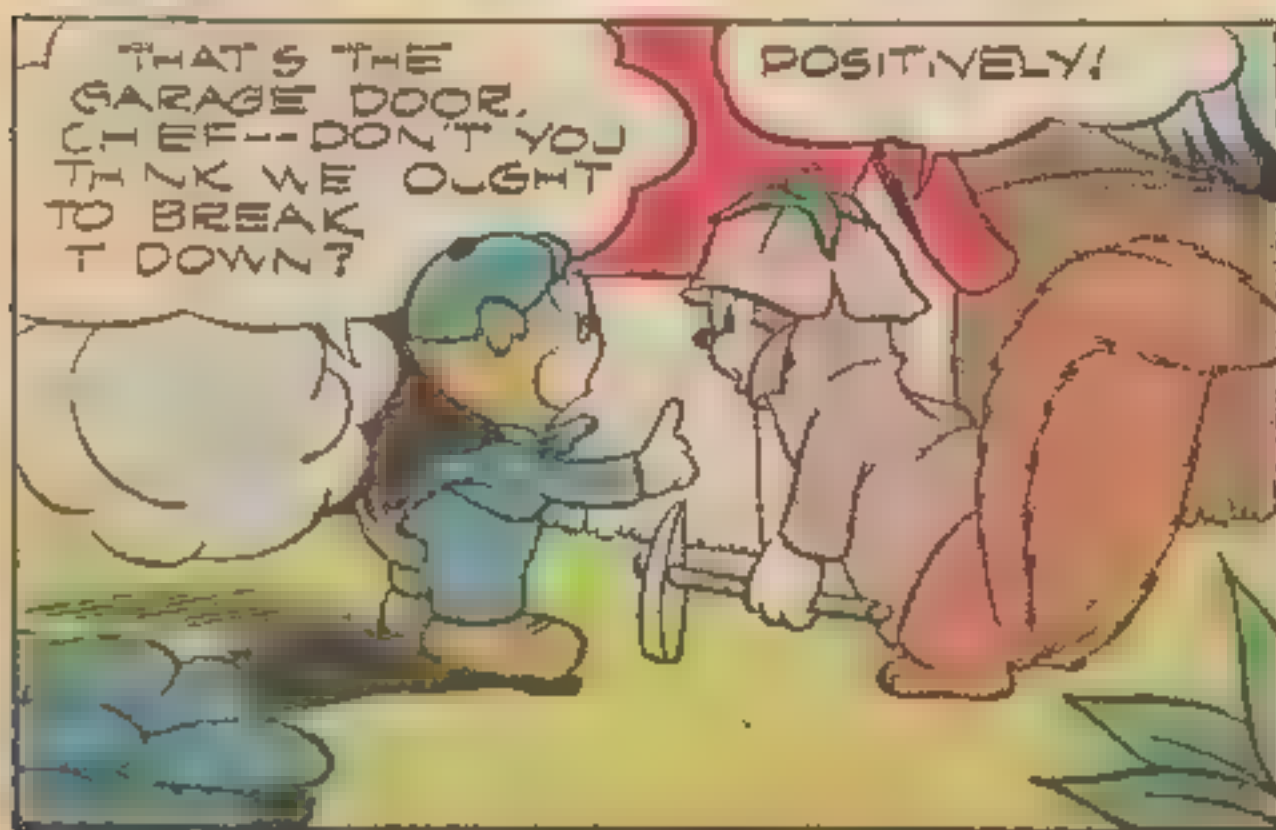
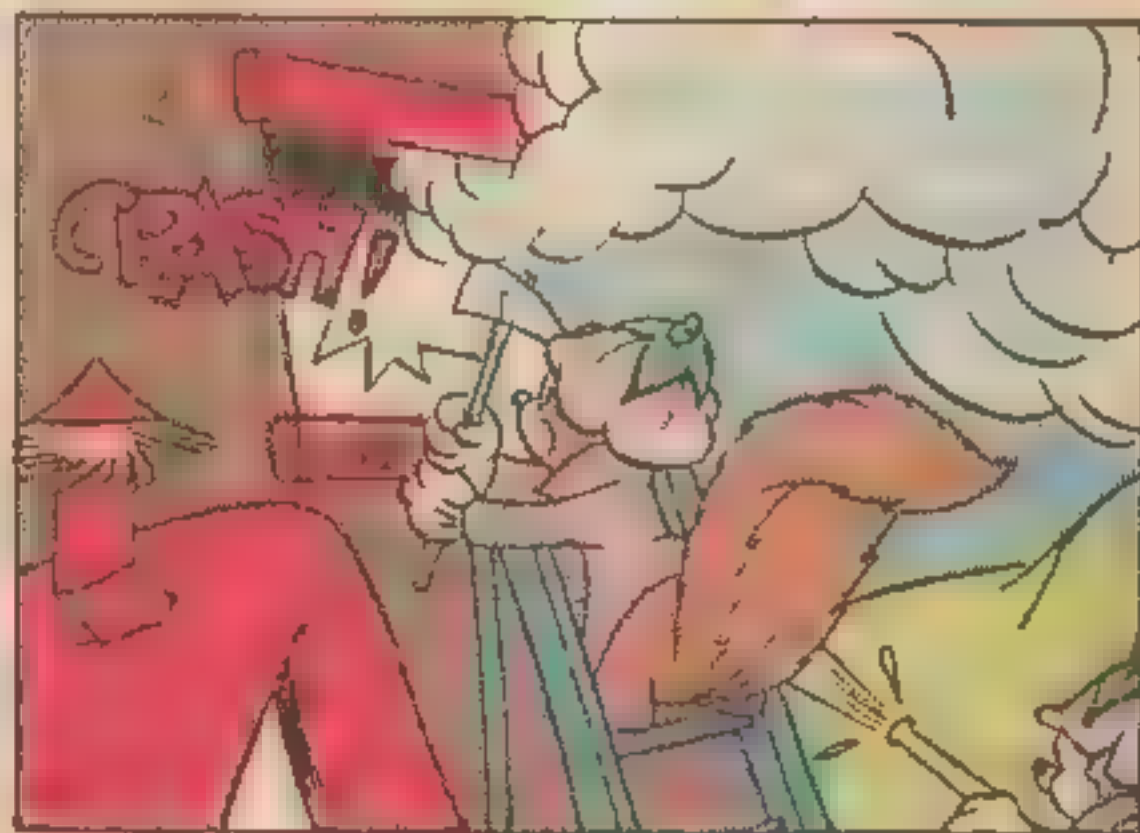
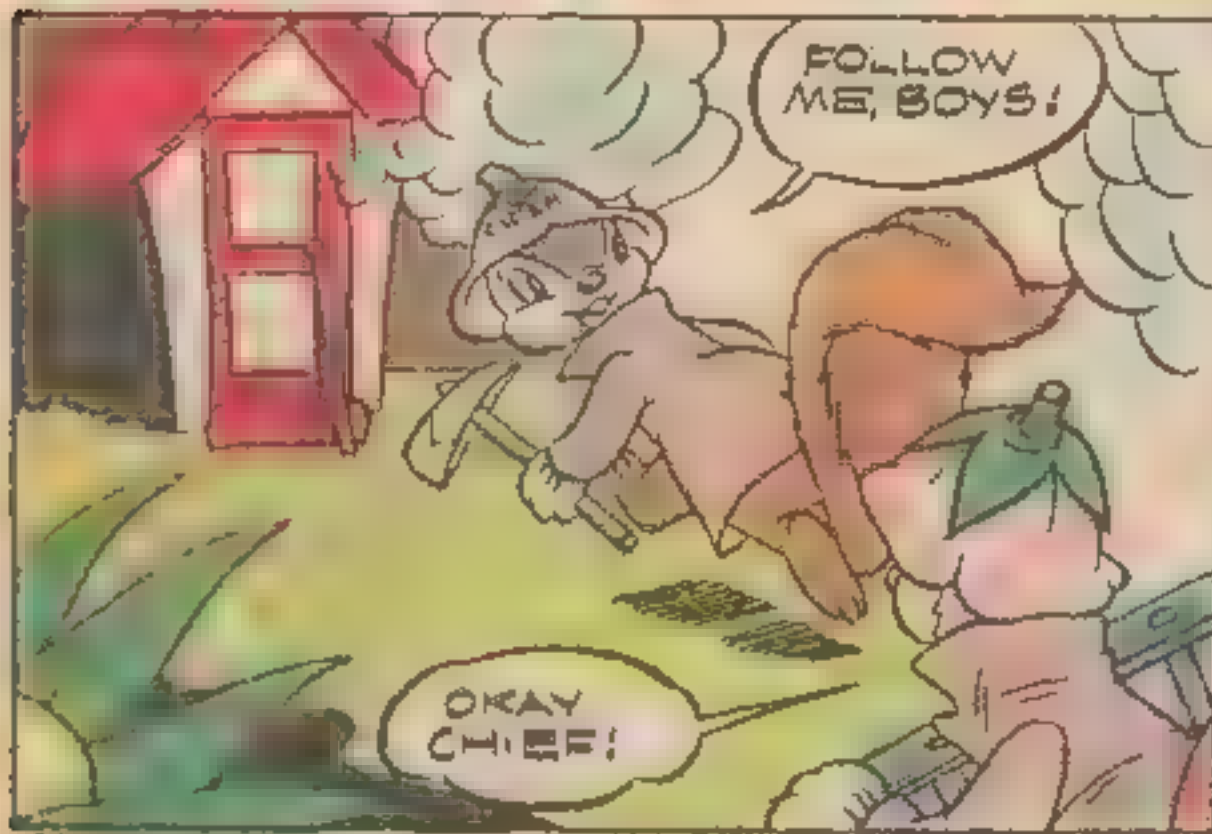
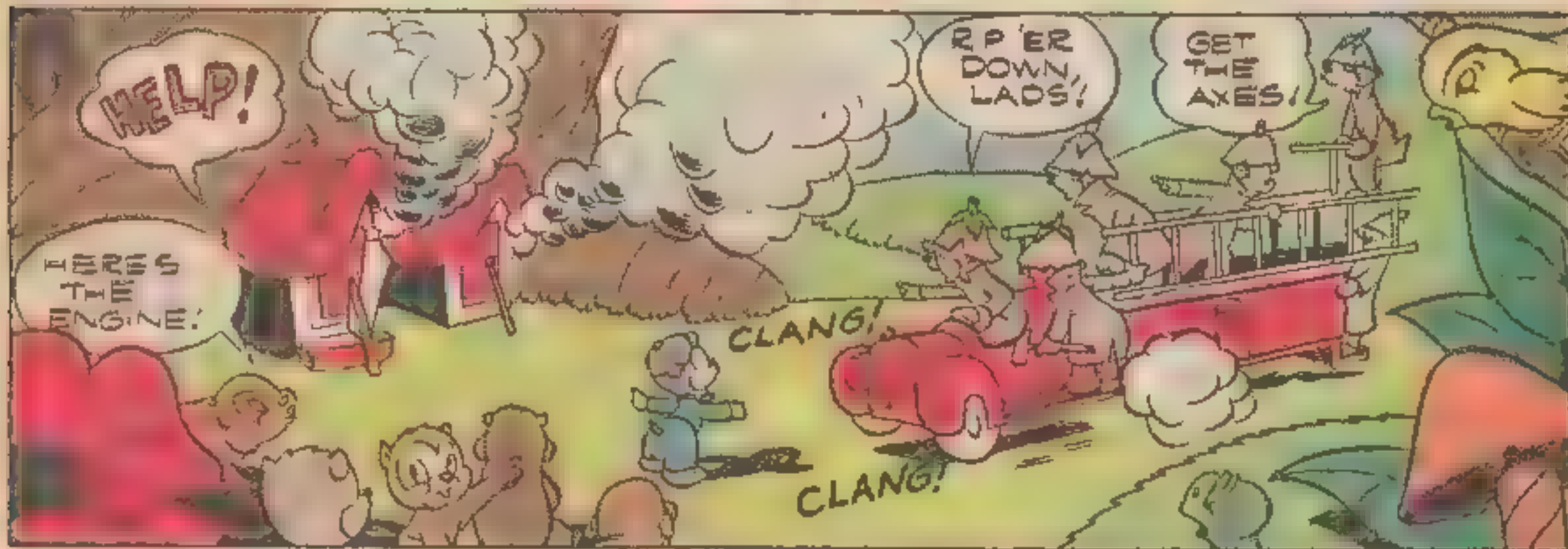
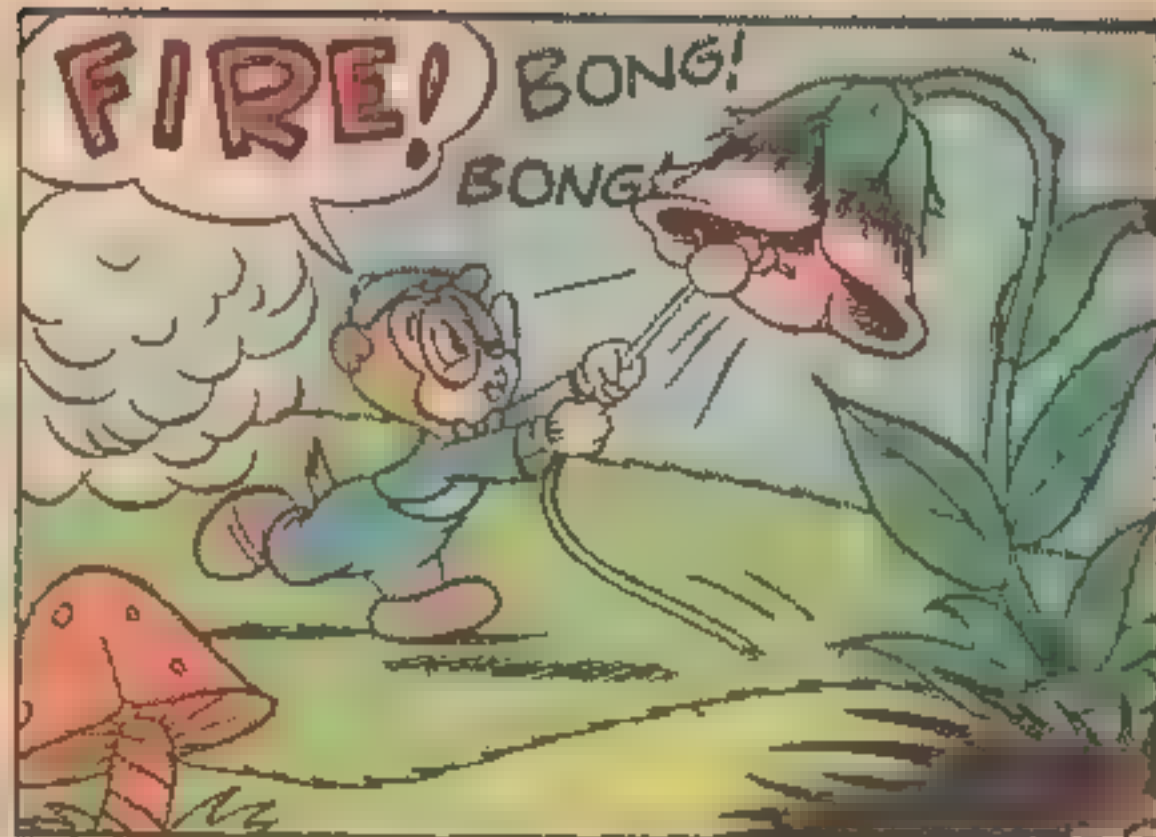
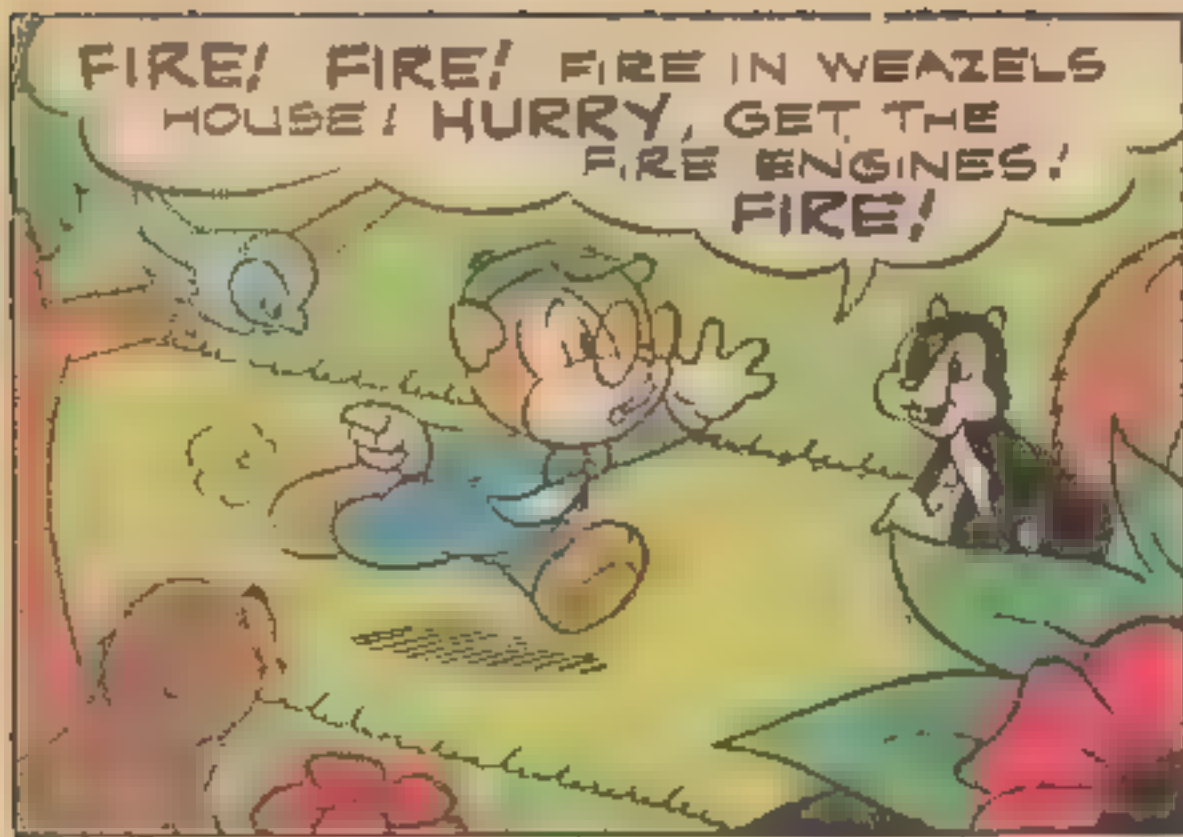


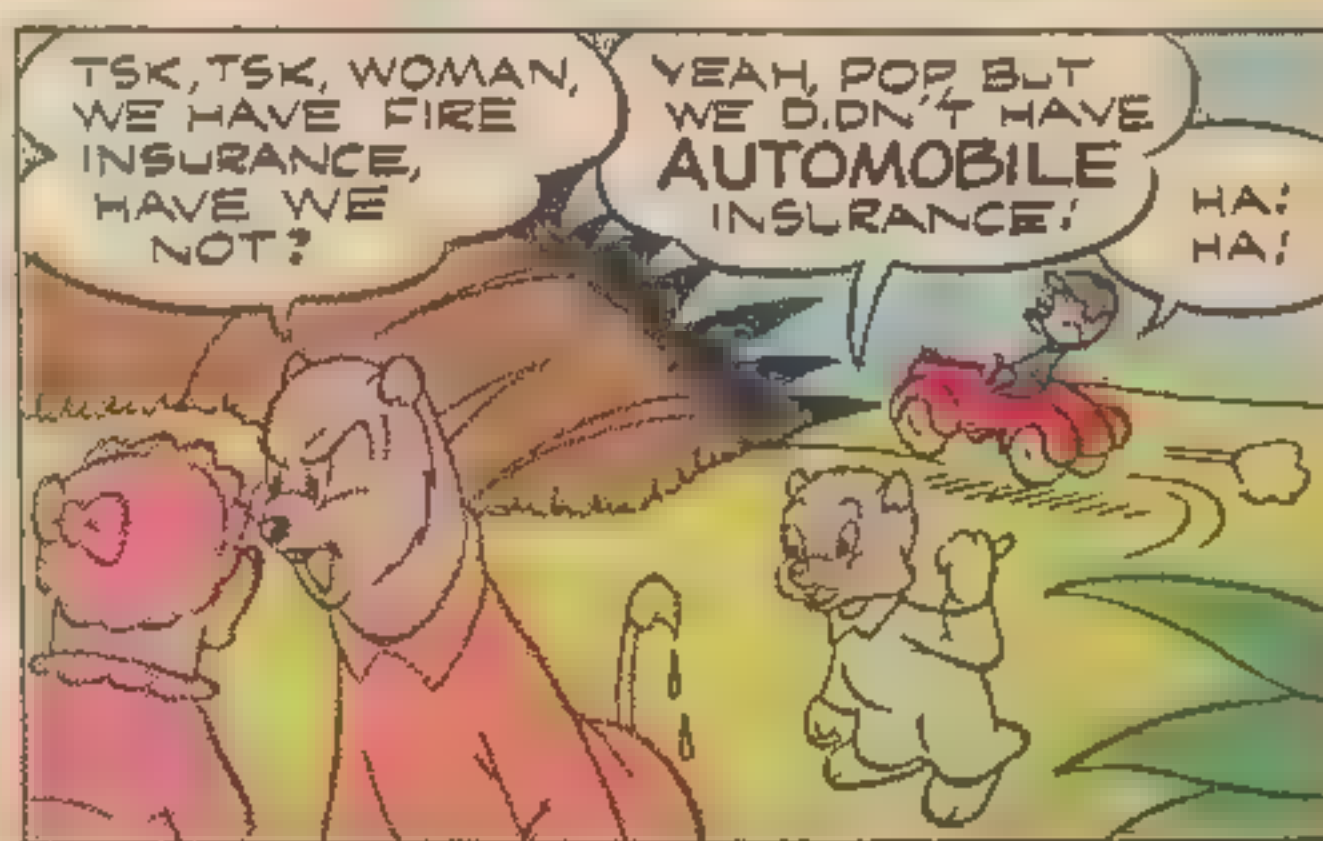
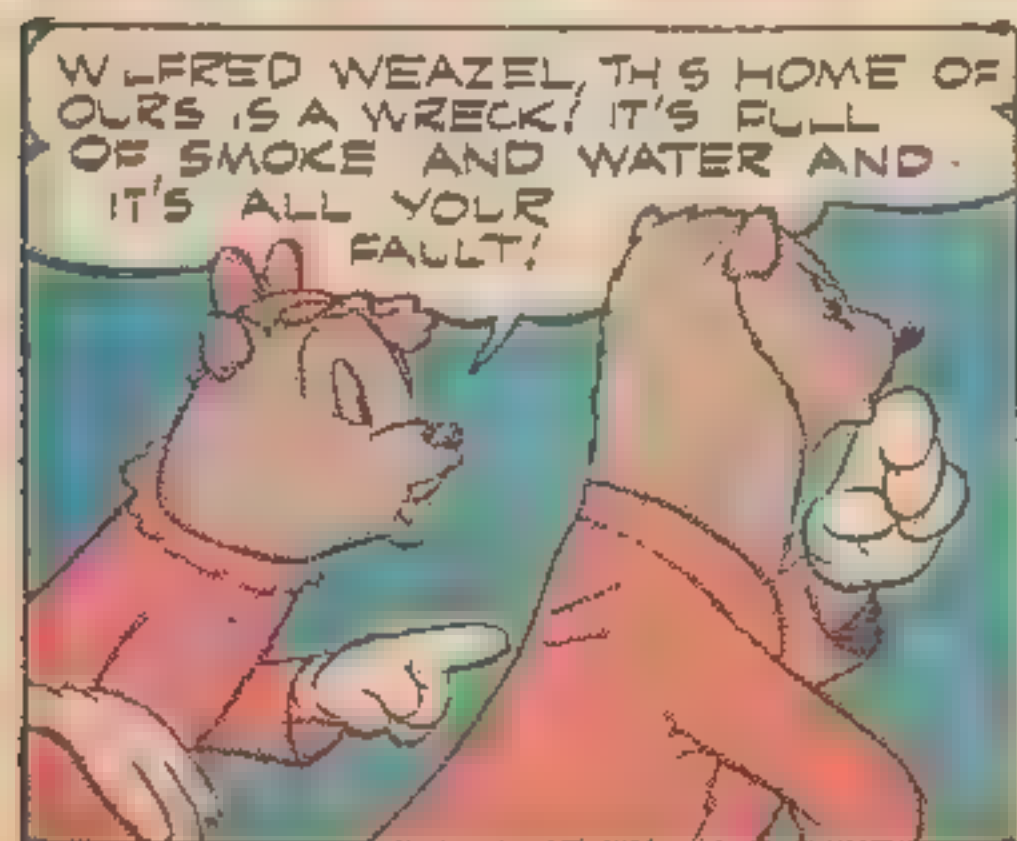
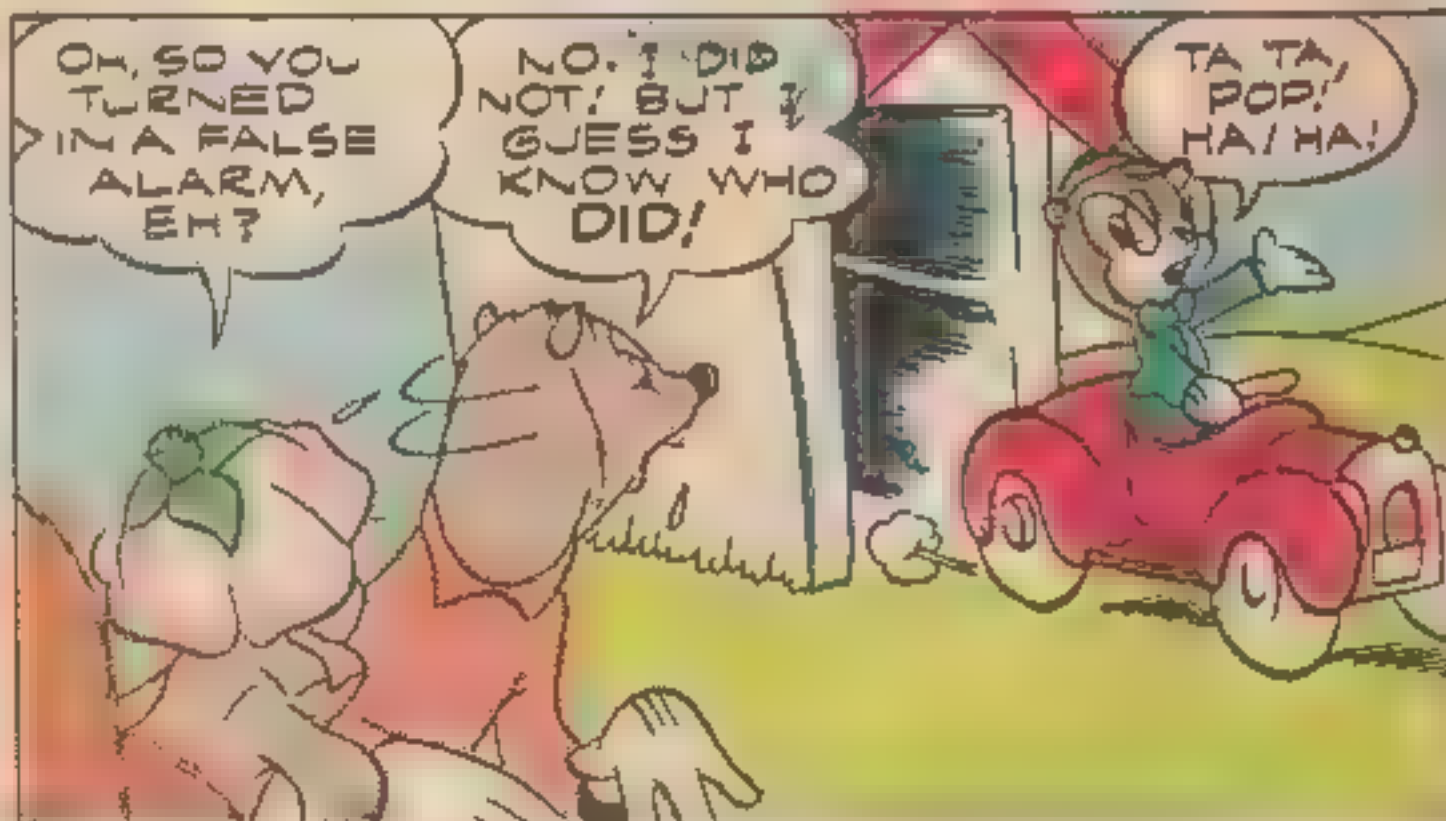
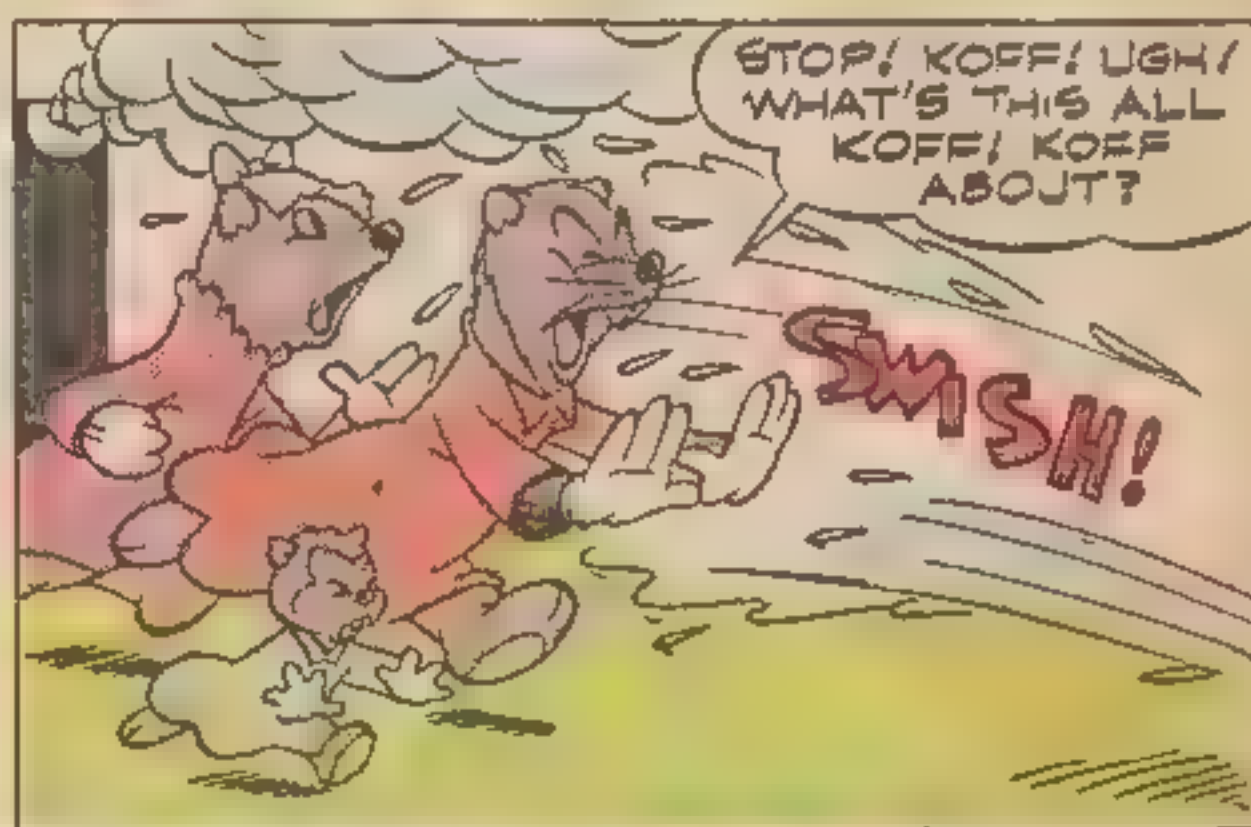
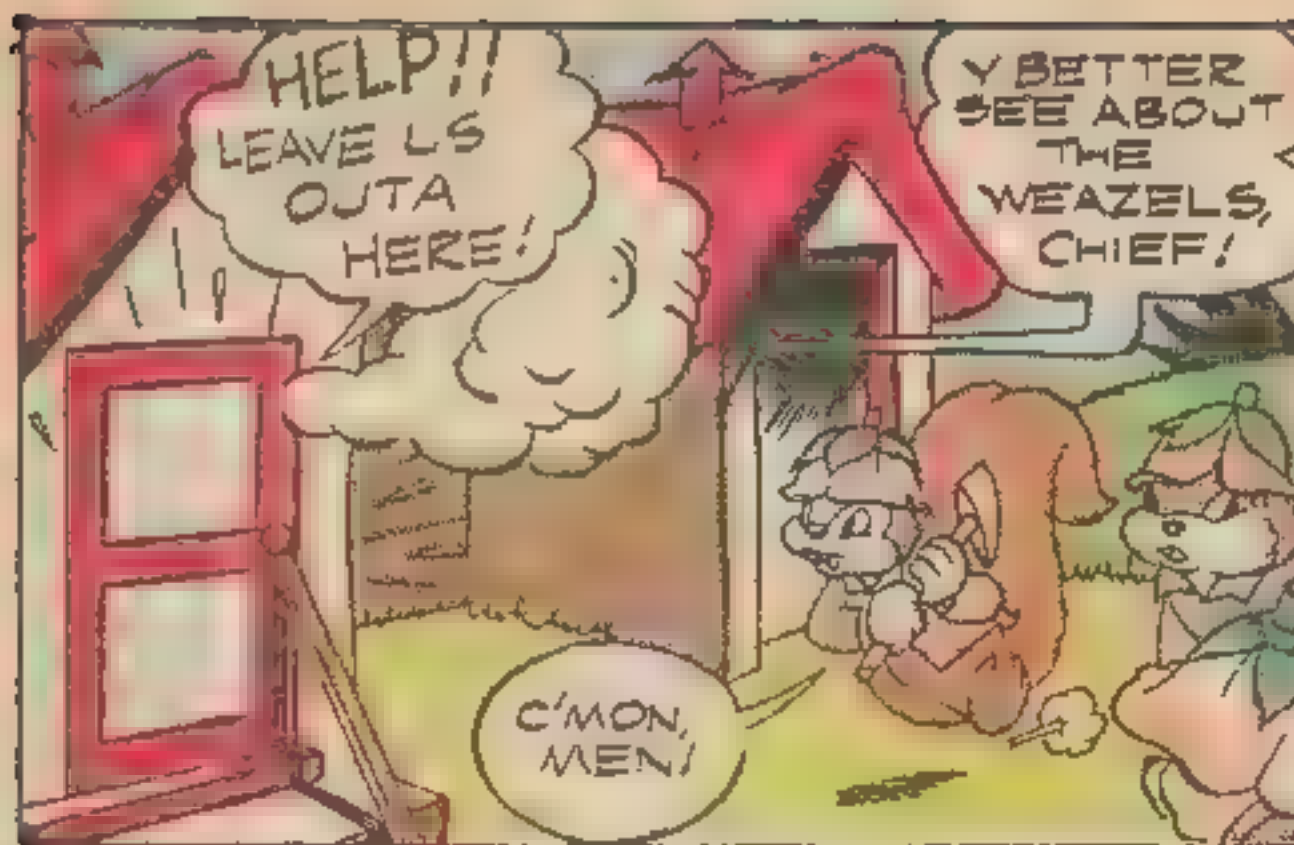












M-G-M
CARTOONS

present

SKREWY

the
SCREWBALL
SQUIRREL

HERE I AM
AGAIN, FOLKS!
GOT A
NEW TRICK
TO SHOW
YOU!

I MAY BE
CRA-AZEE!
BUT I
SURE CAN
JUGGLE!!

OOOPS!!
I MISSED
THAT ONE!

UGH!!?

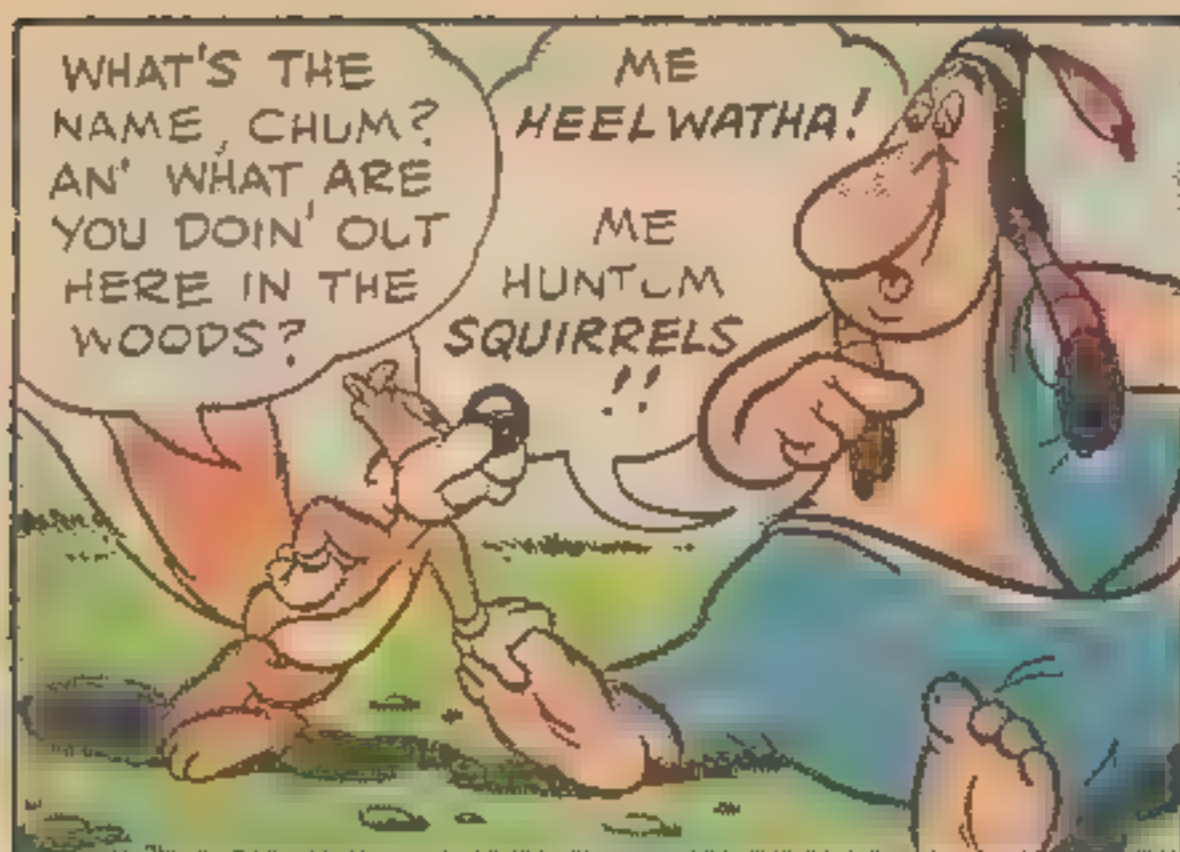
BONK

WELL,
WHADDYA
KNOW! I
DIDN'T
MISS, AFTER
ALL!

YOU HITTUM ME!
I FIXUM
YOU!!

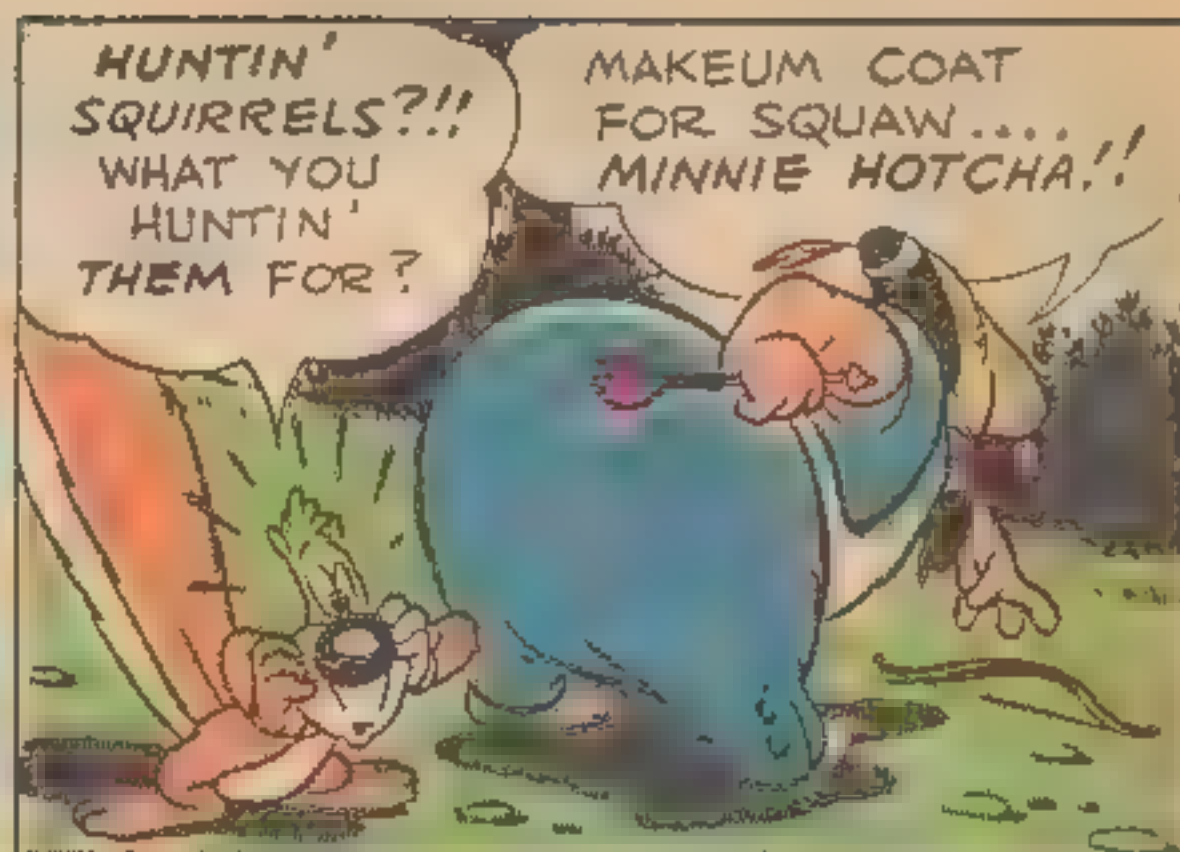
KEEP YOUR
BLANKET ON,
CHIEFIE! IT
WAS ALL
A
MISTAKE!!

C'MON, L'I'L REDSKIN!
WAKE UP AN' HEAR
THE BIRDIES
SING!!



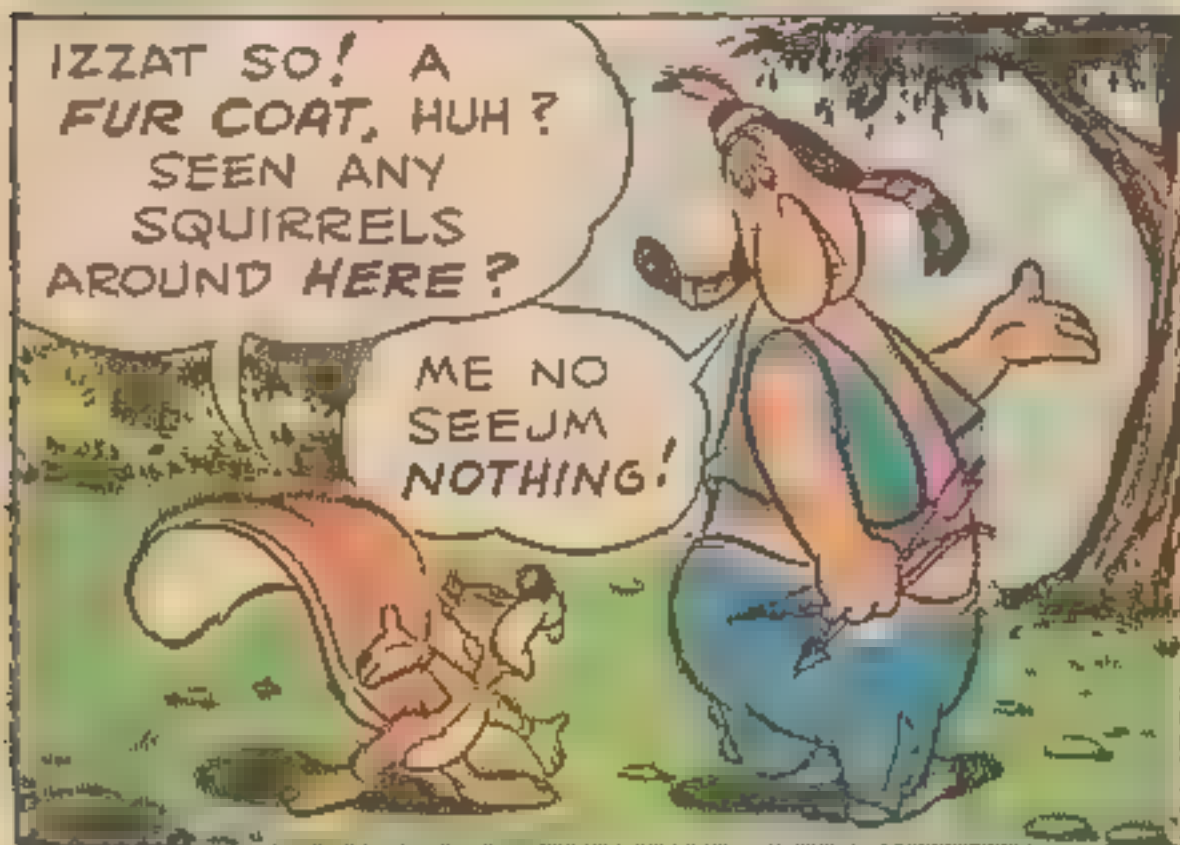
WHAT'S THE
NAME, CHUM?
AN' WHAT ARE
YOU DOIN' OUT
HERE IN THE
WOODS?

ME
HEELWATHA!
ME
HUNTUM
SQUIRRELS
!!



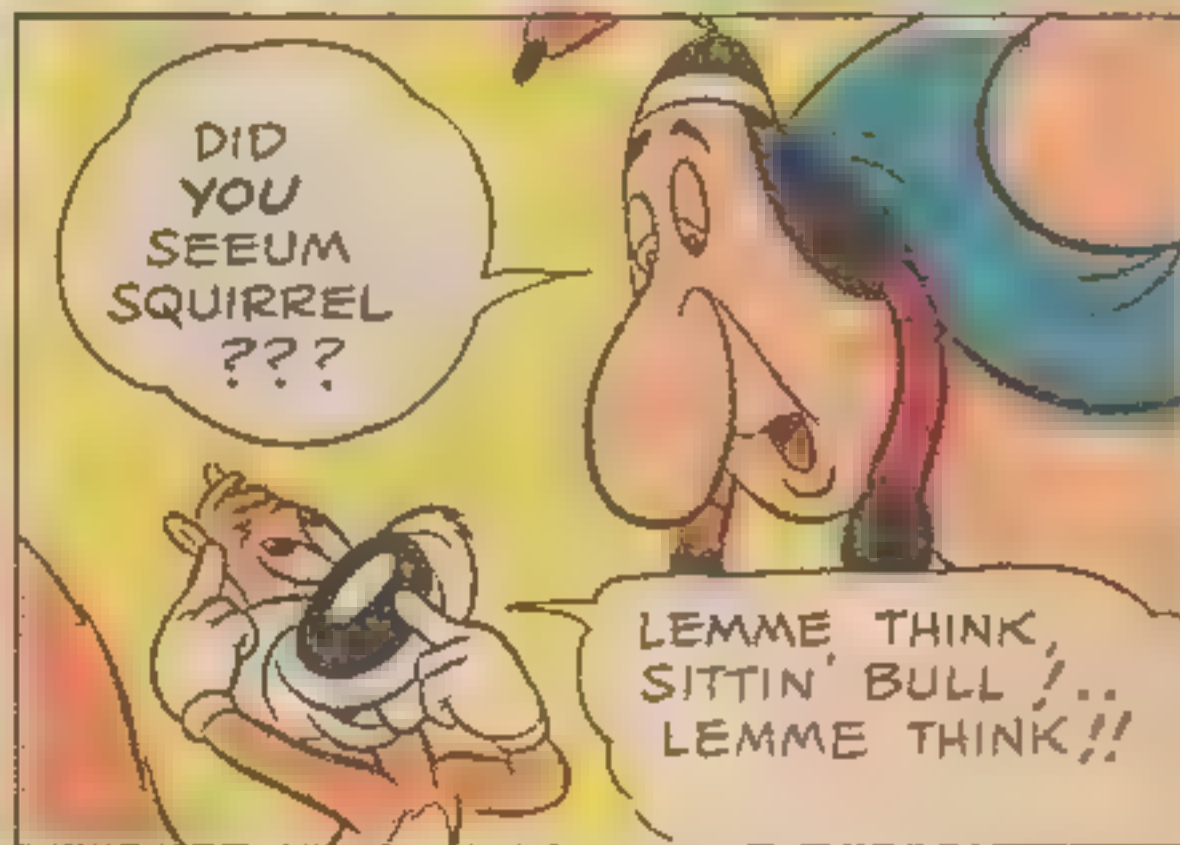
HUNTIN'
SQUIRRELS?!!
WHAT YOU
HUNTIN'
THEM FOR?

MAKEUM COAT
FOR SQUAW....
MINNIE HOTCHA!!



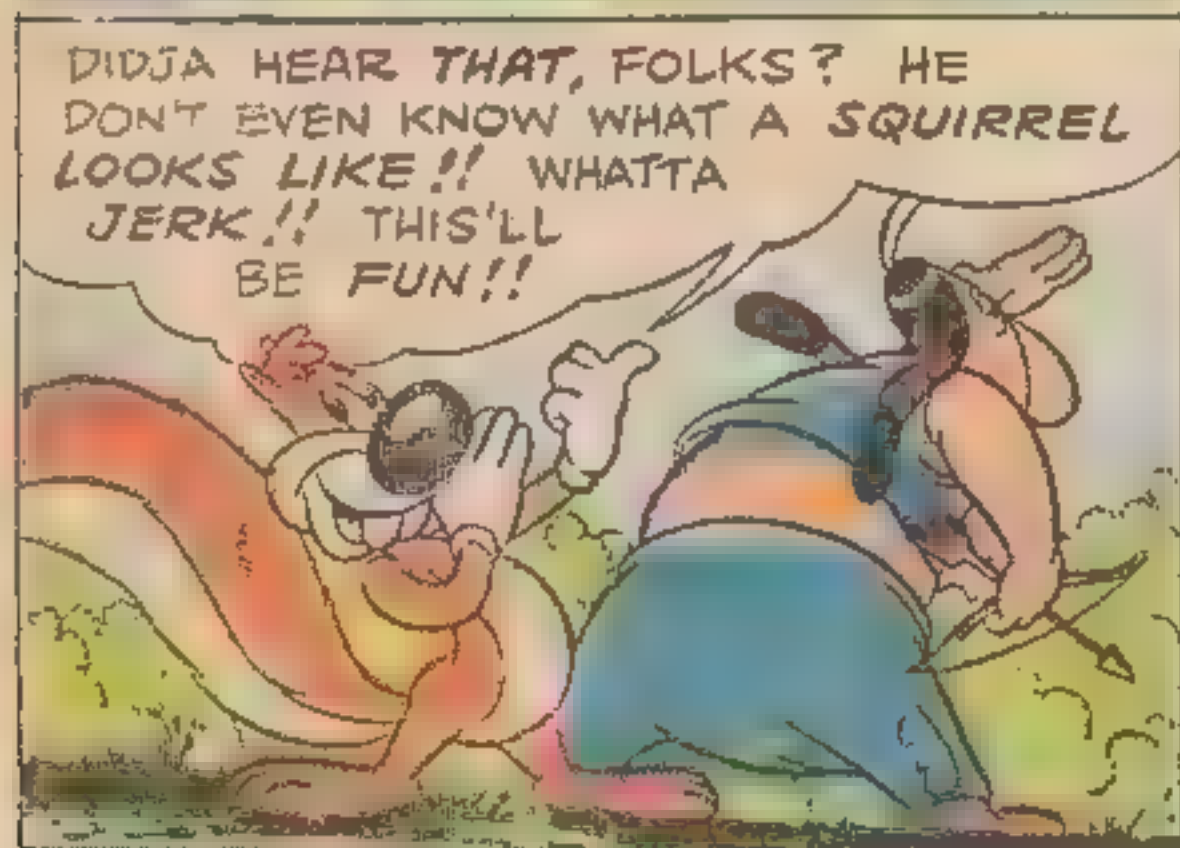
IZZAT SO! A
FUR COAT, HUH?
SEEN ANY
SQUIRRELS
AROUND HERE?

ME NO
SEEUM
NOTHING!

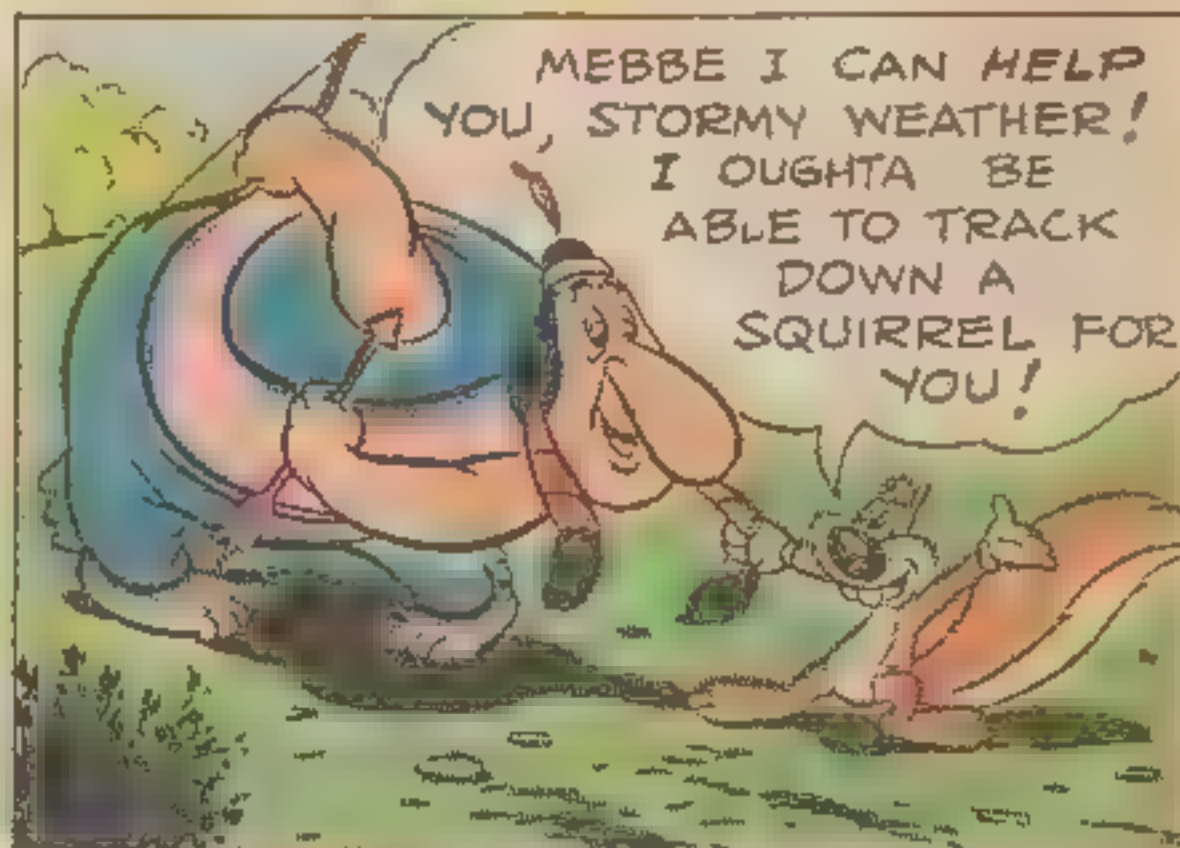


DID
YOU
SEEUM
SQUIRREL
???

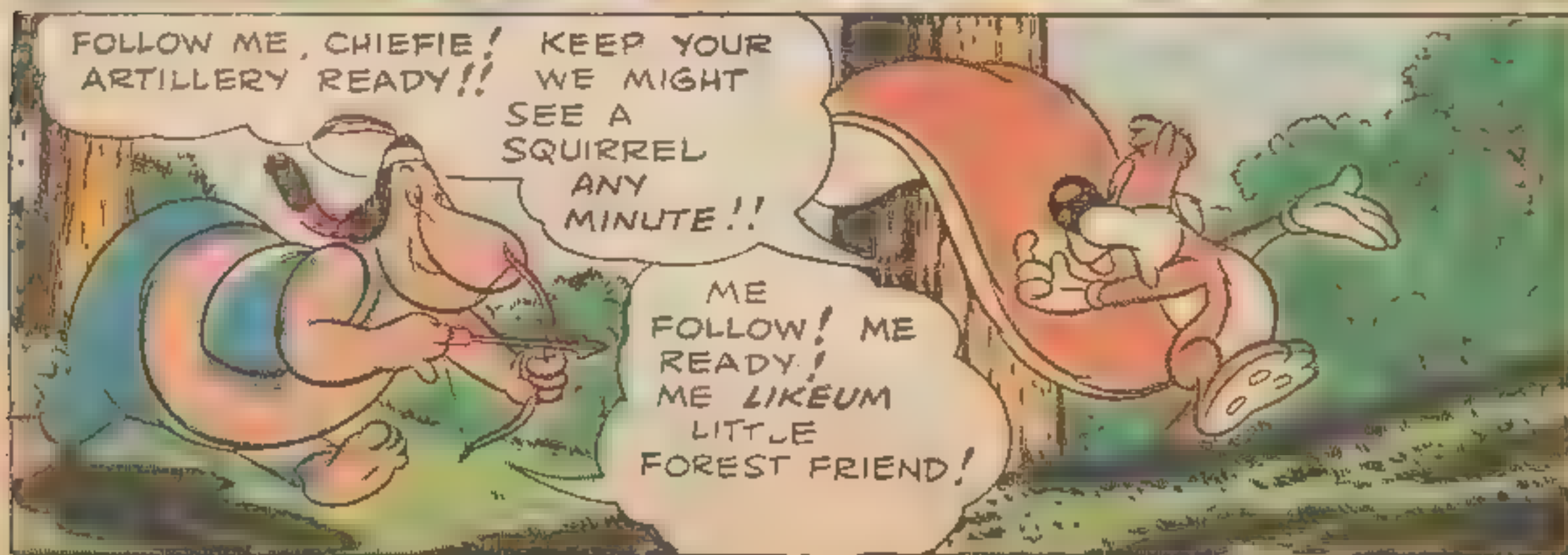
LEMME THINK,
SITTIN' BULL!...
LEMME THINK!!



DIDJA HEAR THAT, FOLKS? HE
DONT EVEN KNOW WHAT A SQUIRREL
LOOKS LIKE!! WHATTA
JERK!! THIS'LL
BE FUN!!

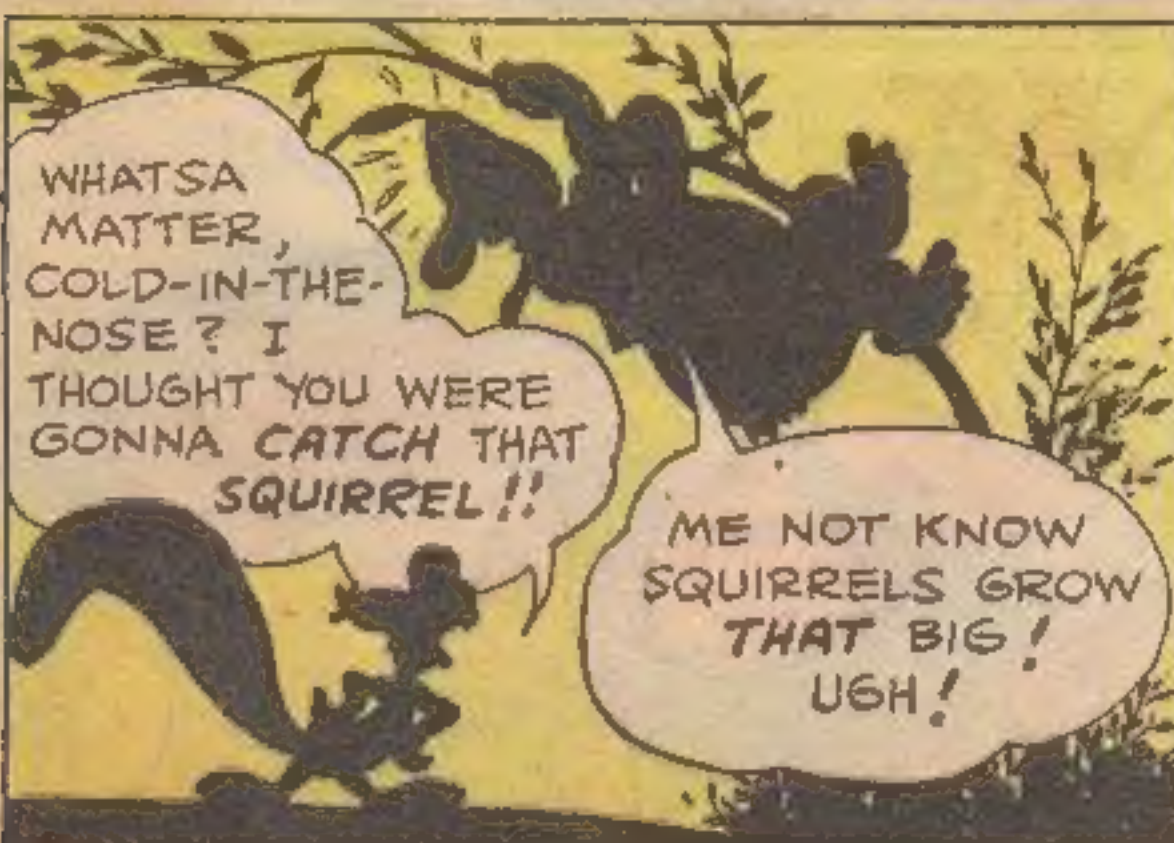
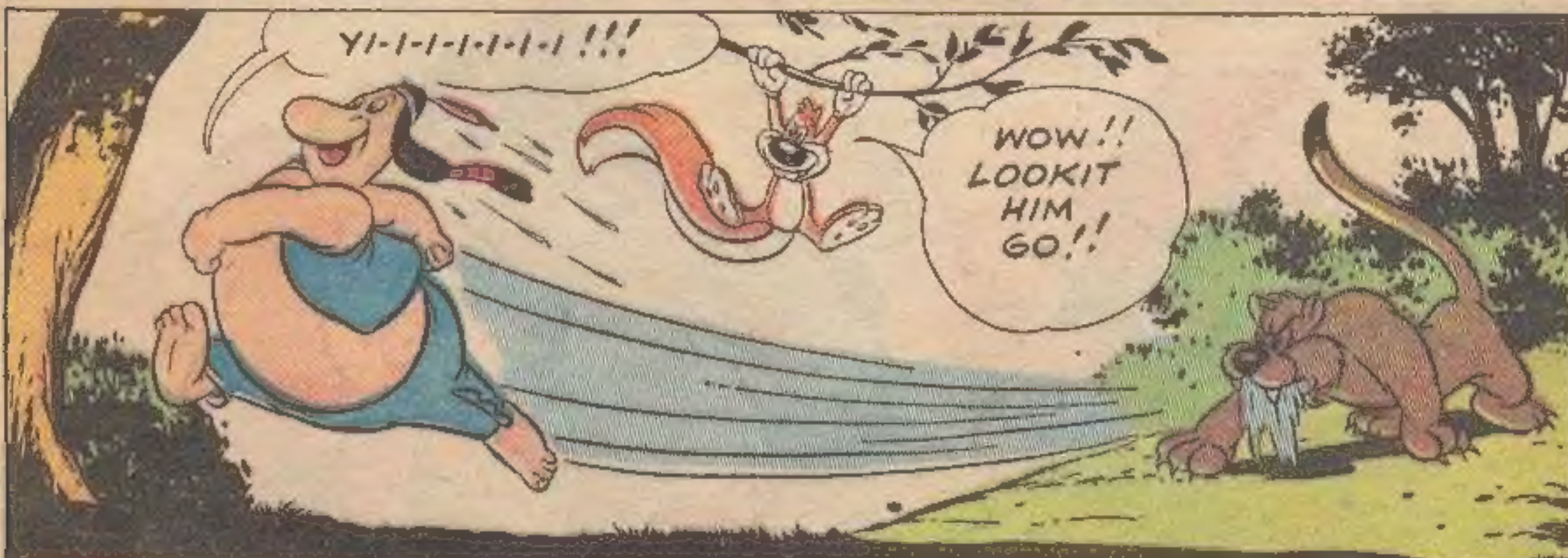
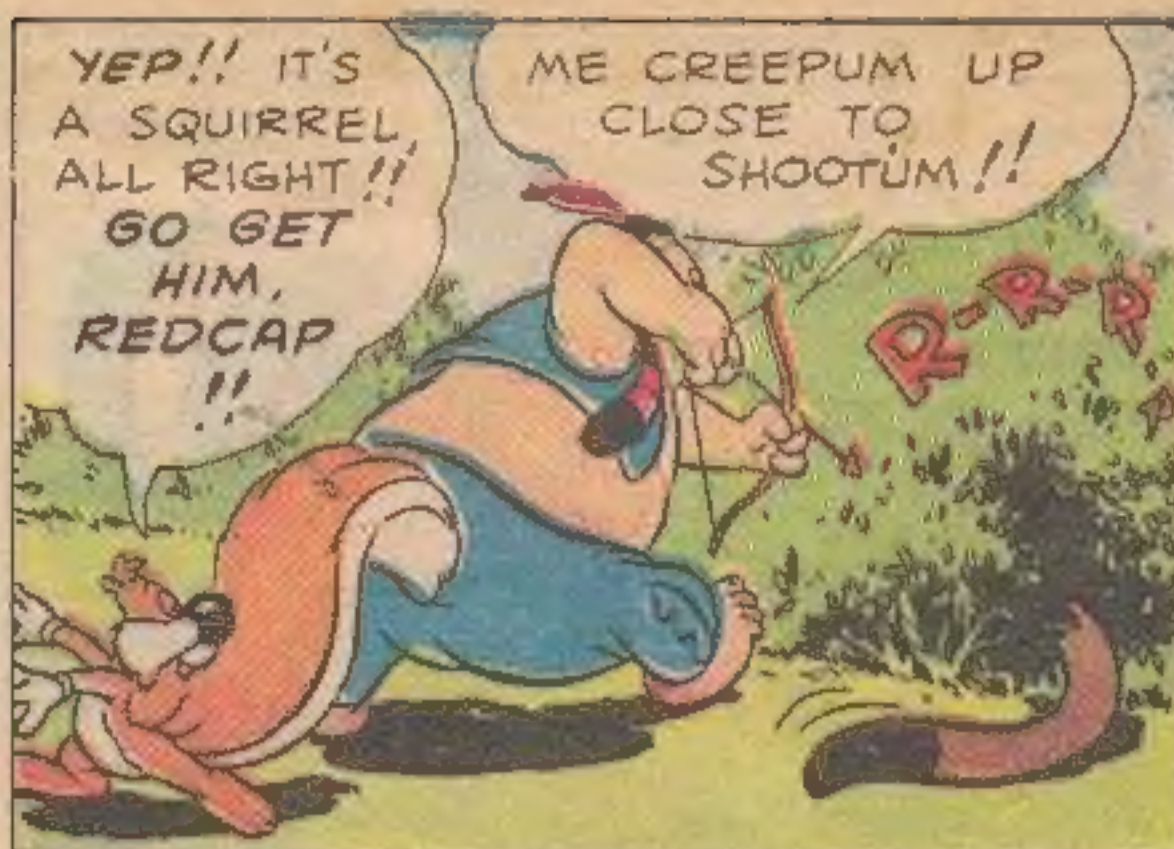


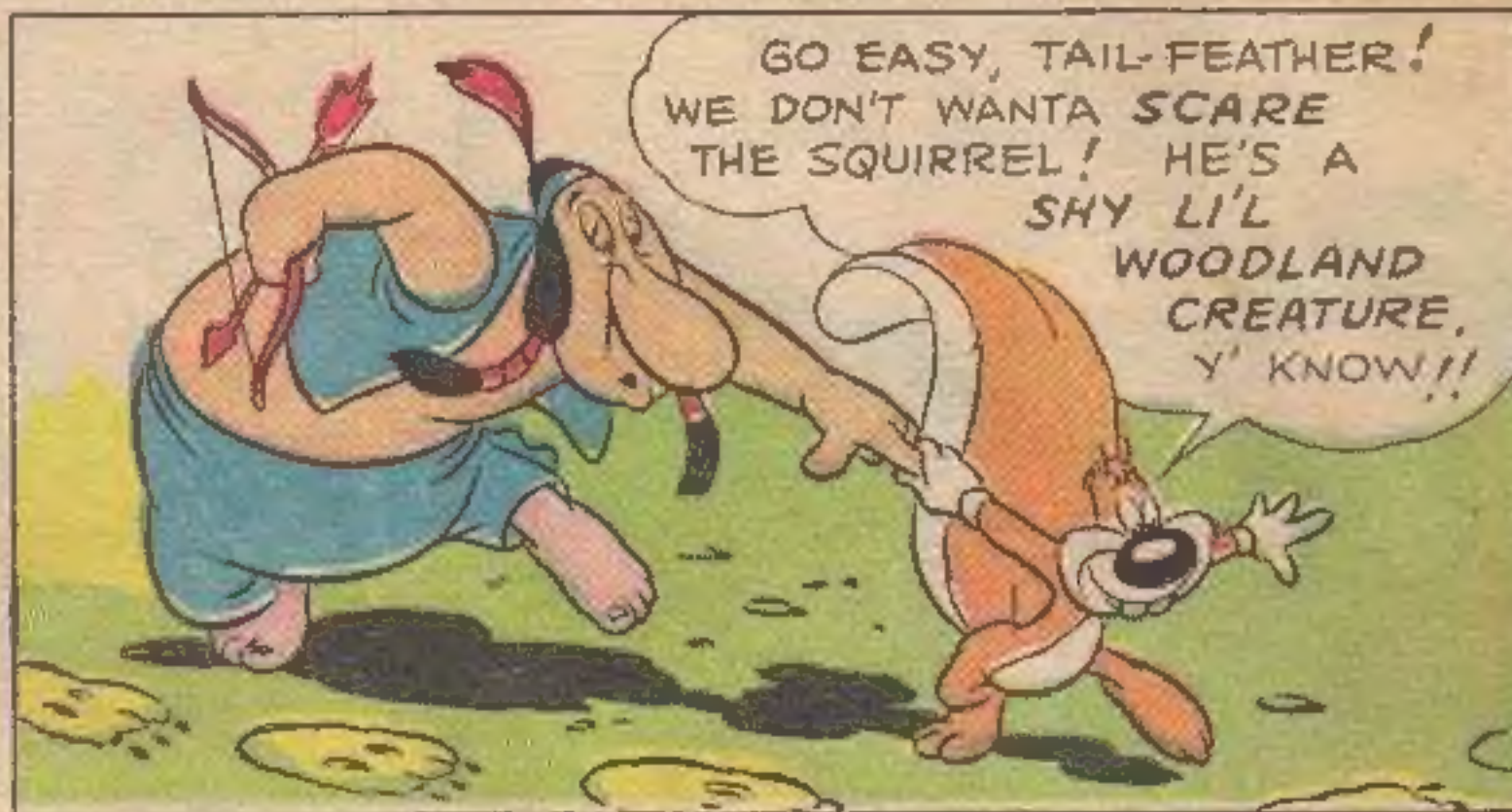
MEBBE I CAN HELP
YOU, STORMY WEATHER!
I OUGHTA BE
ABLE TO TRACK
DOWN A
SQUIRREL FOR
YOU!

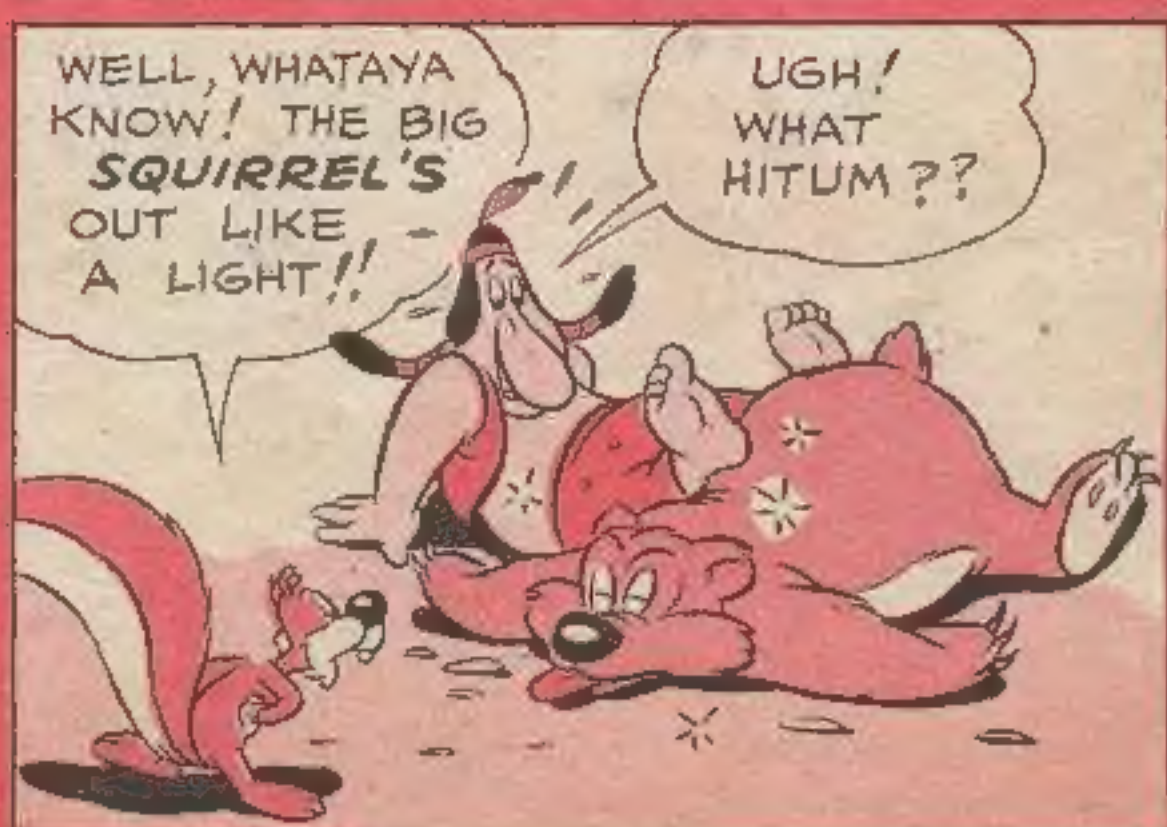
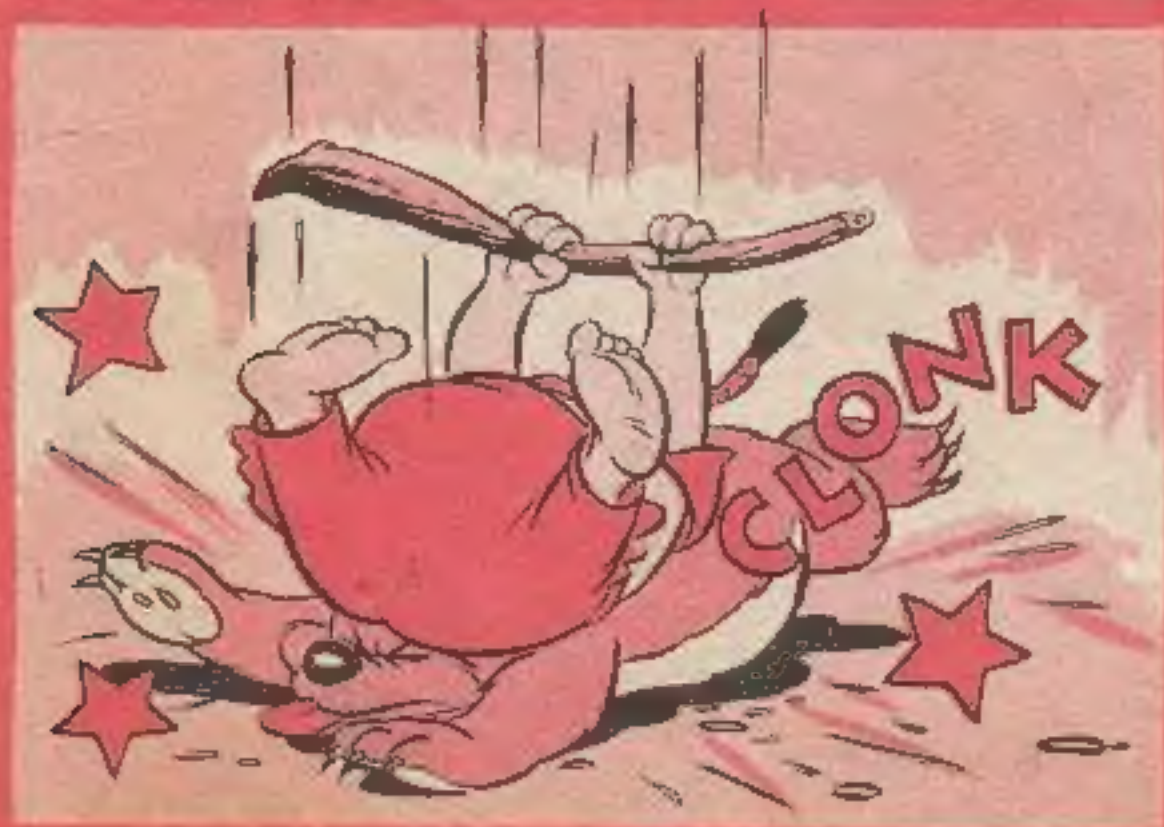
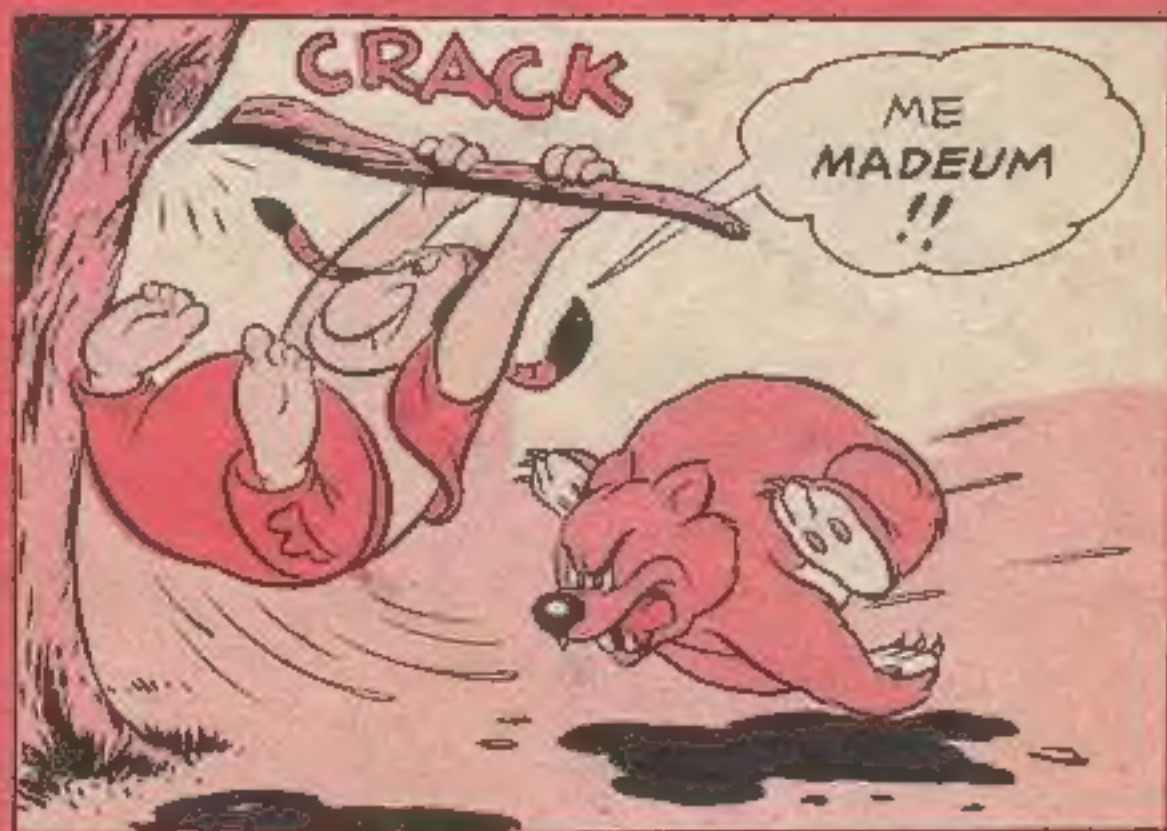
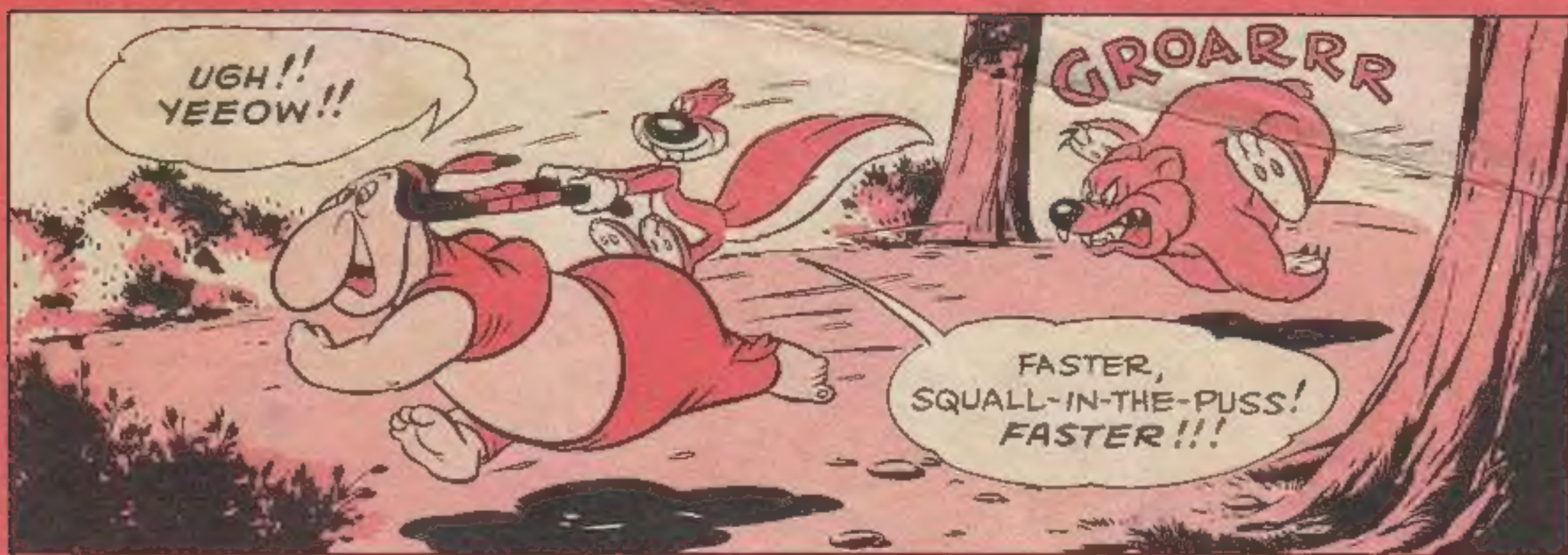


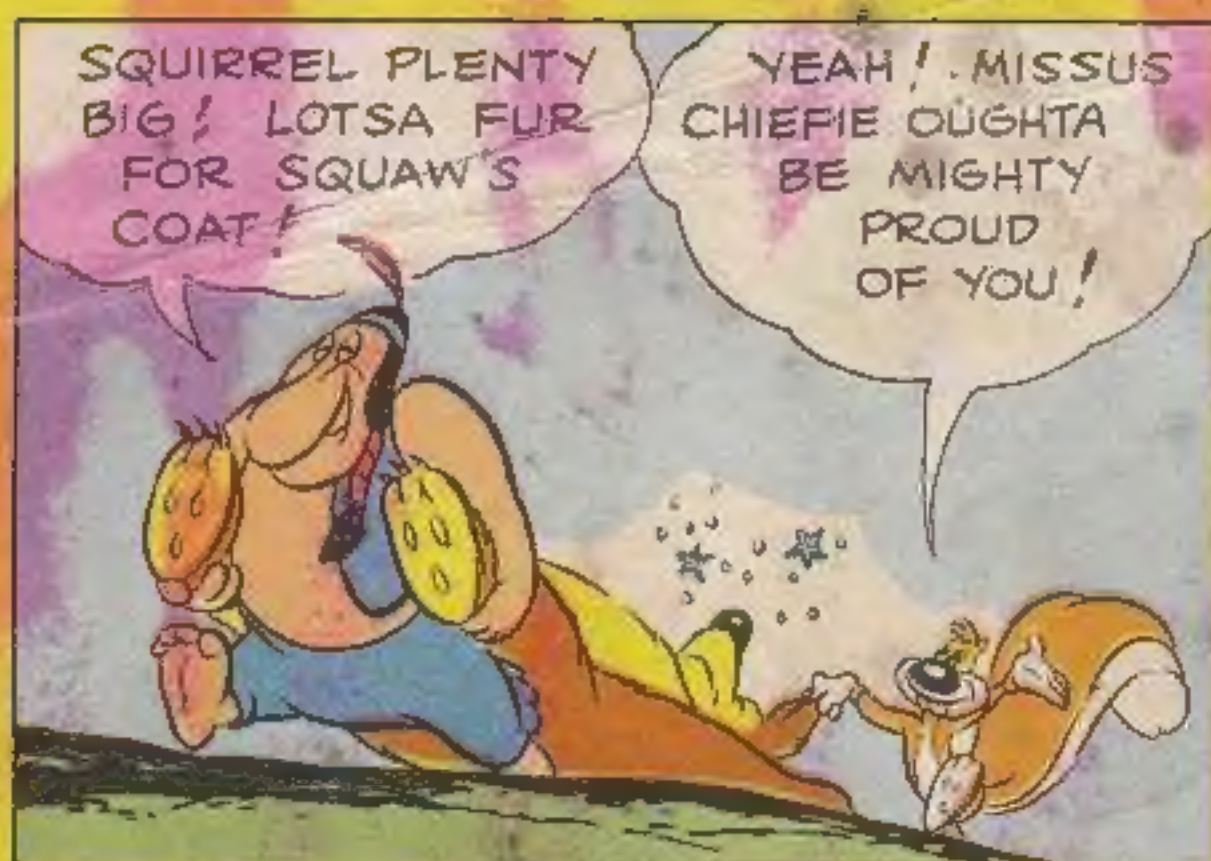
FOLLOW ME, CHIEFIE! KEEP YOUR
ARTILLERY READY!! WE MIGHT
SEE A
SQUIRREL
ANY
MINUTE!!

ME
FOLLOW! ME
READY!
ME LIKEUM
LITTLE
FOREST FRIEND!









SQUIRREL PLENTY
BIG! LOTSA FUR
FOR SQUAW'S
COAT!

YEAH! MISSUS
CHIEFIE OUGHTA
BE MIGHTY
PROUD
OF YOU!



SEEUUM?
MINNIE
HOTCHA
WAITUM!!

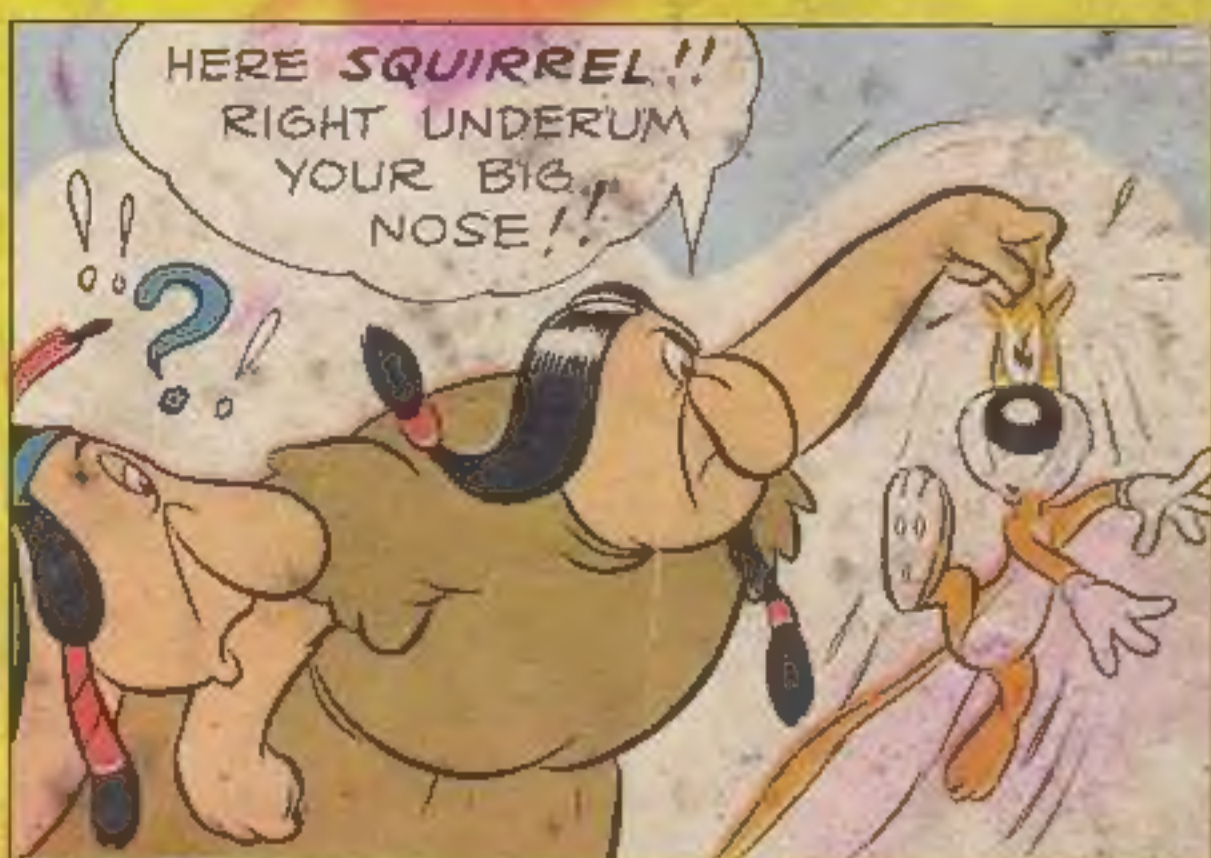
SHE'S A
BIG GAL,
AIN'T
SHE?



I TOLD YOU GETUM
SQUIRRELS!!...
.. **NOT BEAR!!**

BUT...

G-GUESS
I'D BETTER
BE
MOSEYIN'
ALONG!



HERE **SQUIRREL!!**
RIGHT UNDERUM
YOUR BIG
NOSE!!



PUT ME DOWN, MISSUS HOTCHA!
I GOT SOMETHIN' TO **SHOW YOU!**
SOMETHING **VERY INTERESTIN'!**



LOOK
AT THIS!!
YOU DON'T
WANTA
FUR
COAT!



SEE! YOU'D BE **OUTA**
STYLE IN A **FUR** COAT!
YOU WANT A **KNIT**
COAT!



WELL; ANYWAY,
THIS IS BETTER'N
BEIN' A
SLEEVE IN A
FUR JACKET!!